M
1503
S949R

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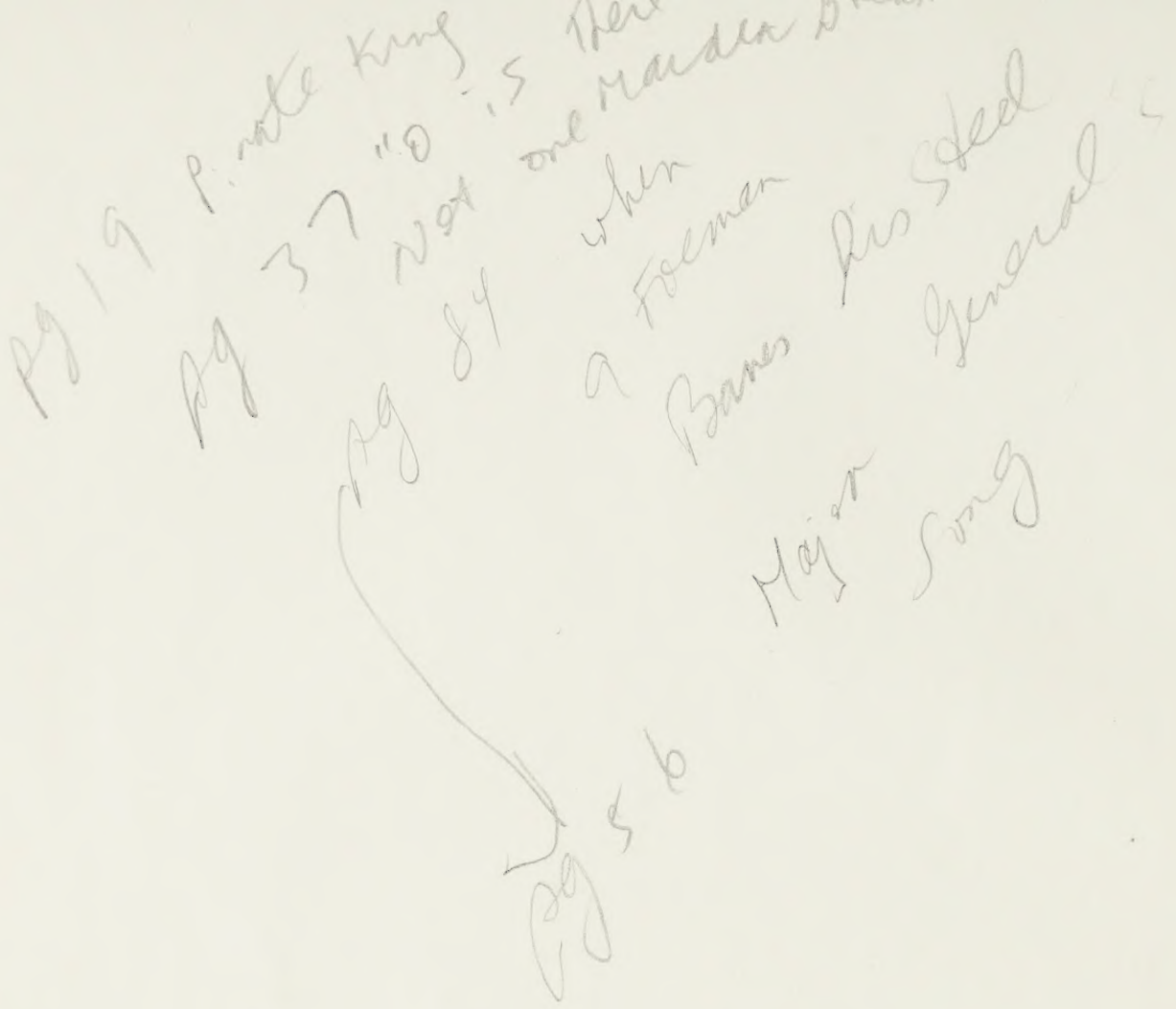

Pg 19 Pirate King
Pg 37 "D" is Hers
Not one maiden
Pg 84 when
a foeman
Bares His Steel
Major
Song
Pg 56

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

OR,

THE SLAVE OF DUTY.

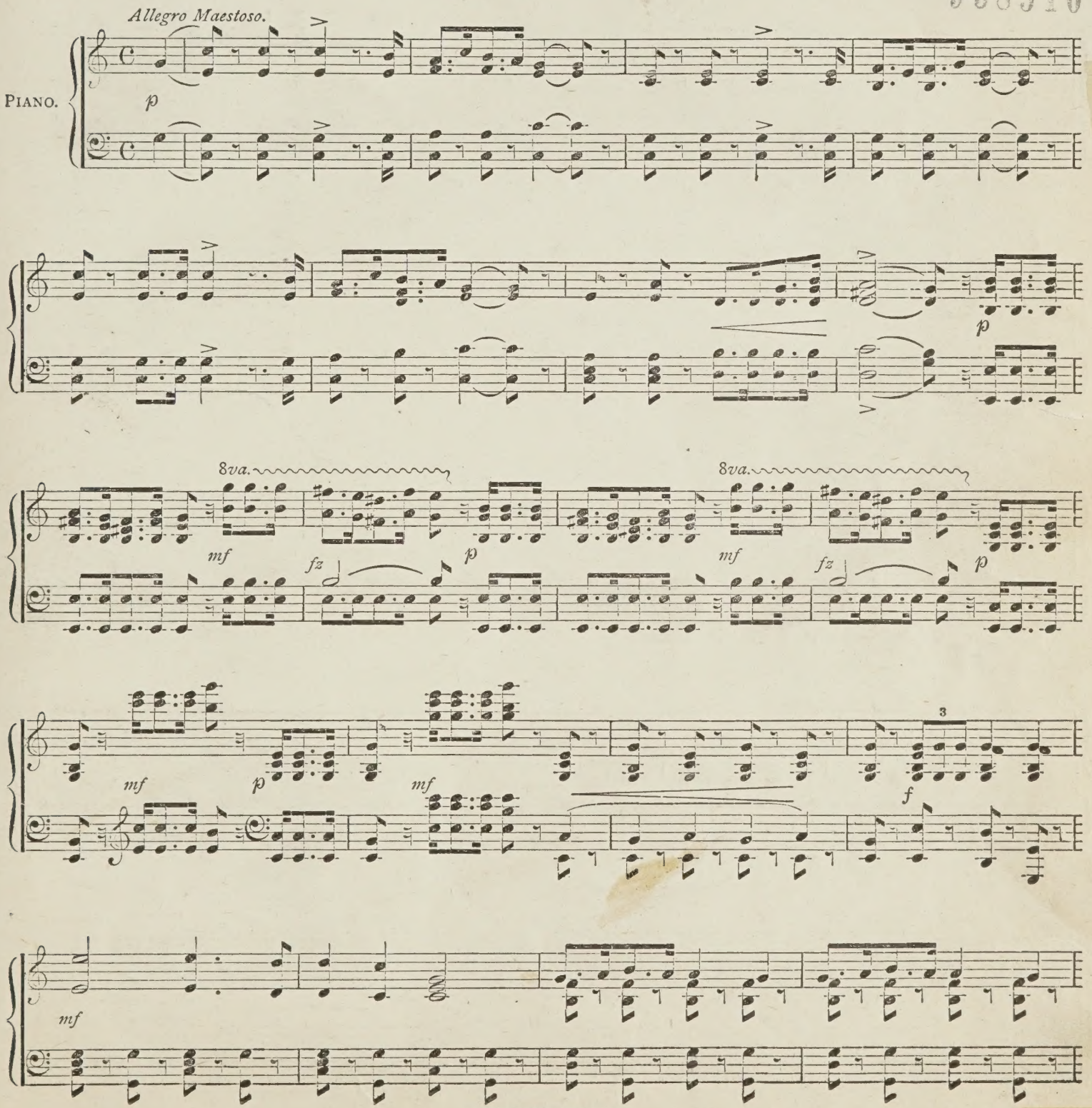
M
1503
S949P5

Written by W. S. GILBERT.

Composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

OVERTURE.

938510



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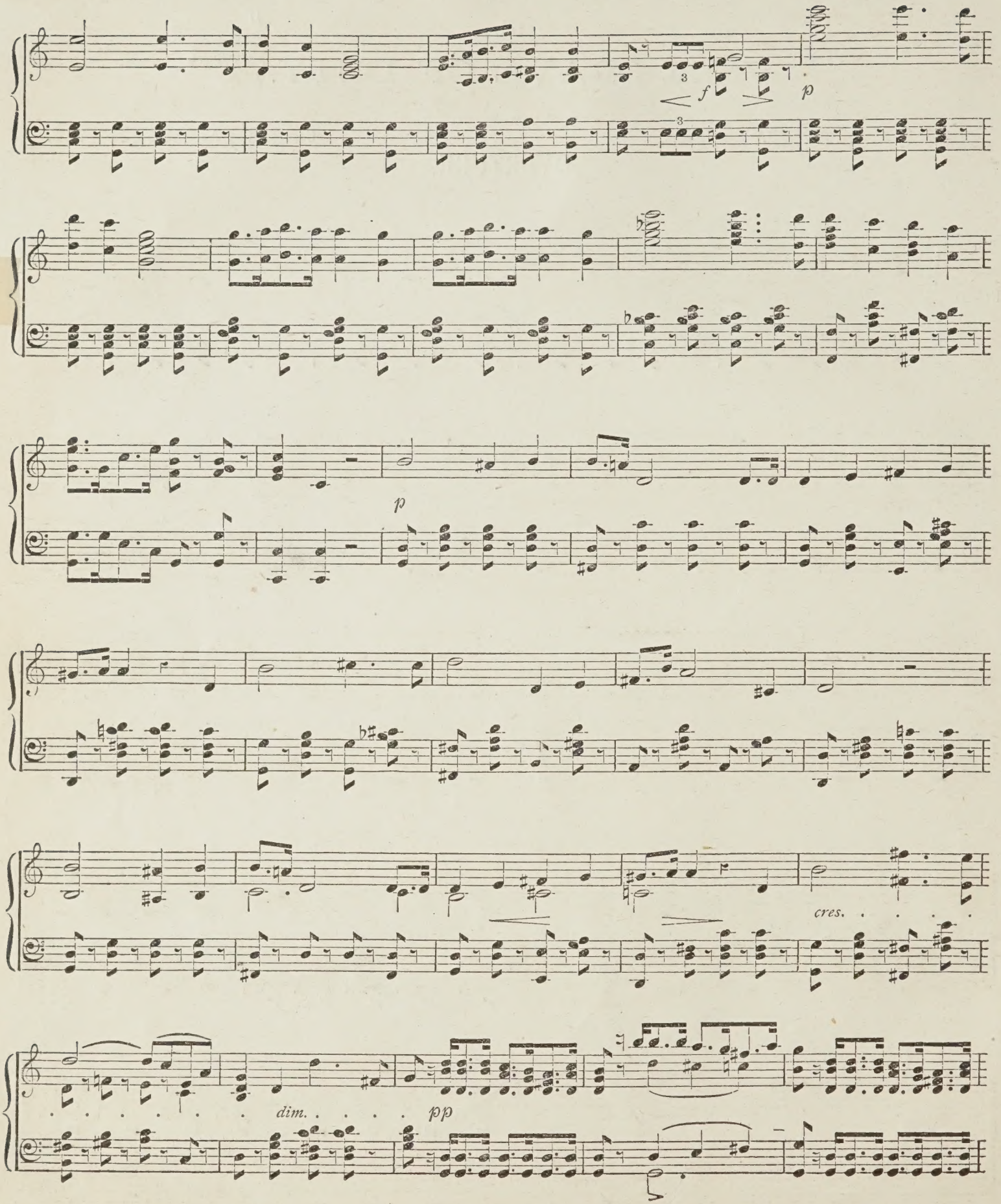
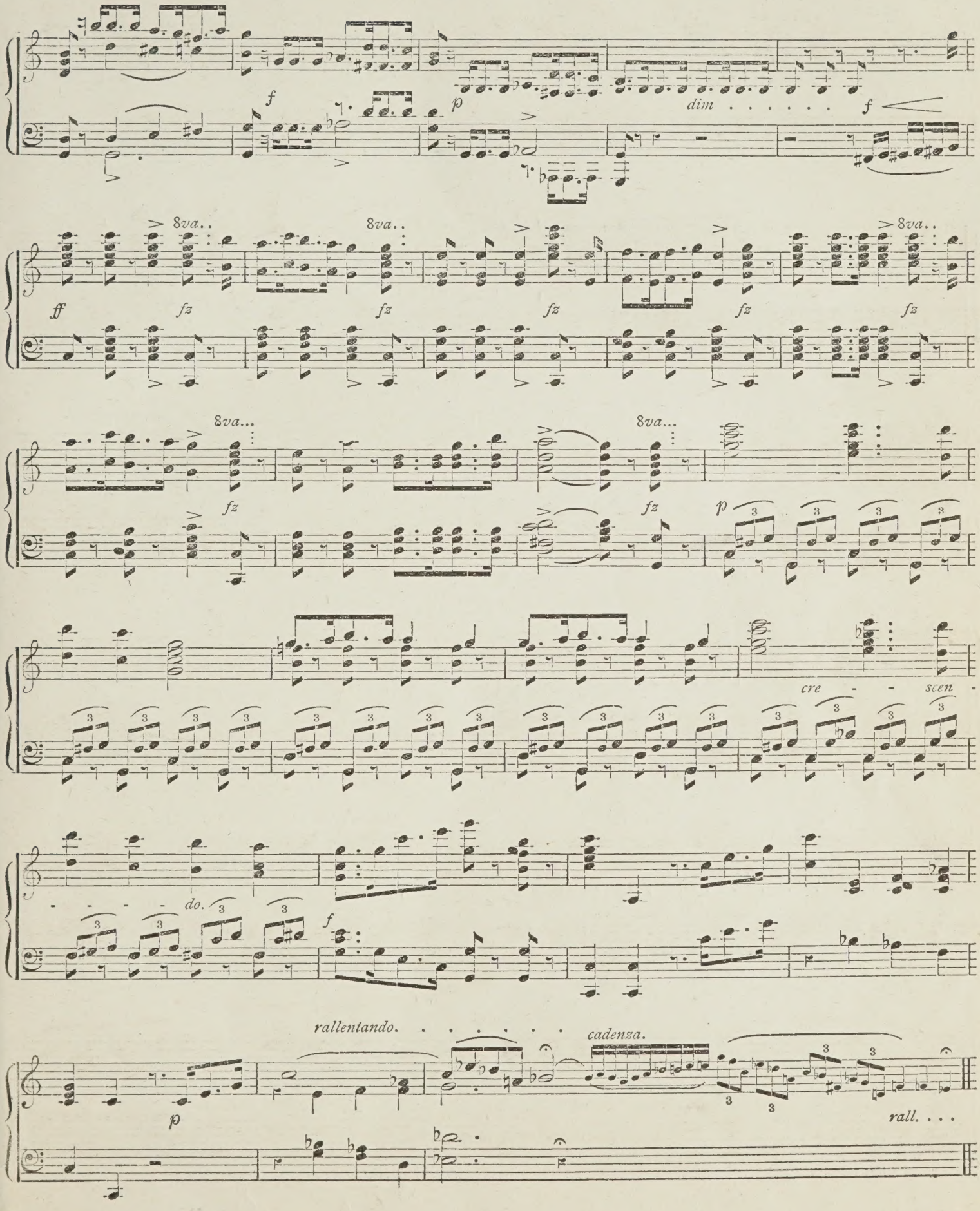
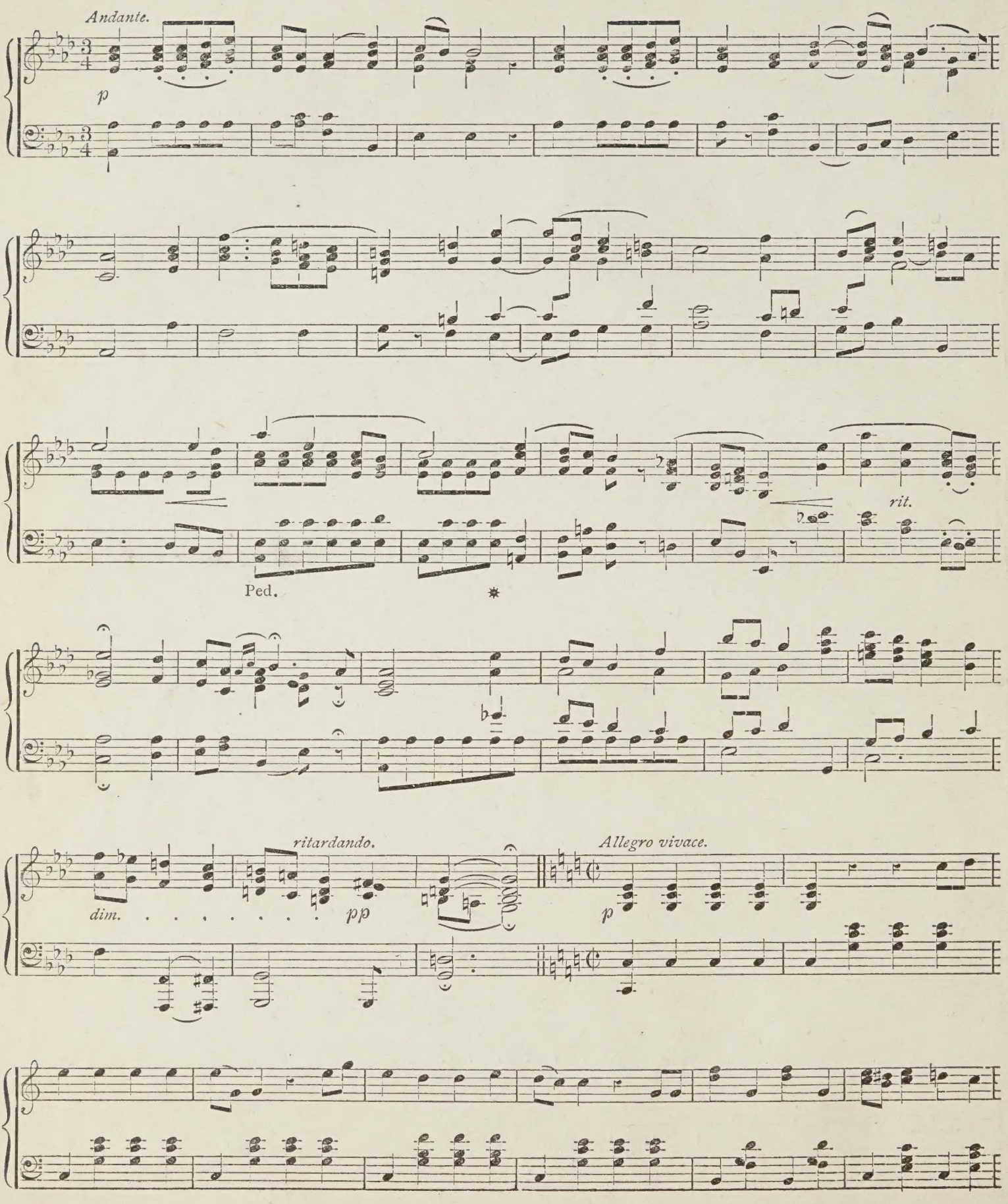
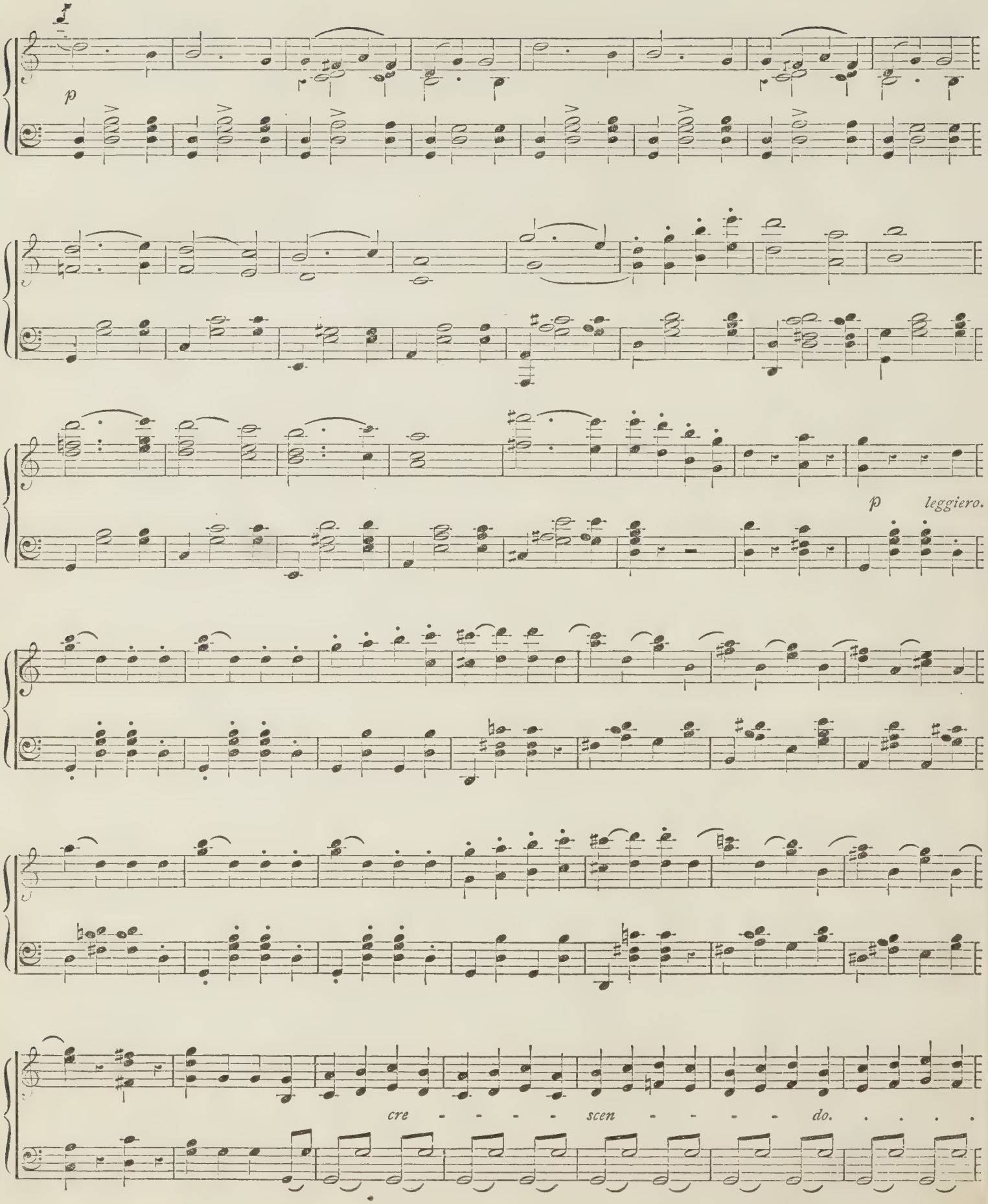
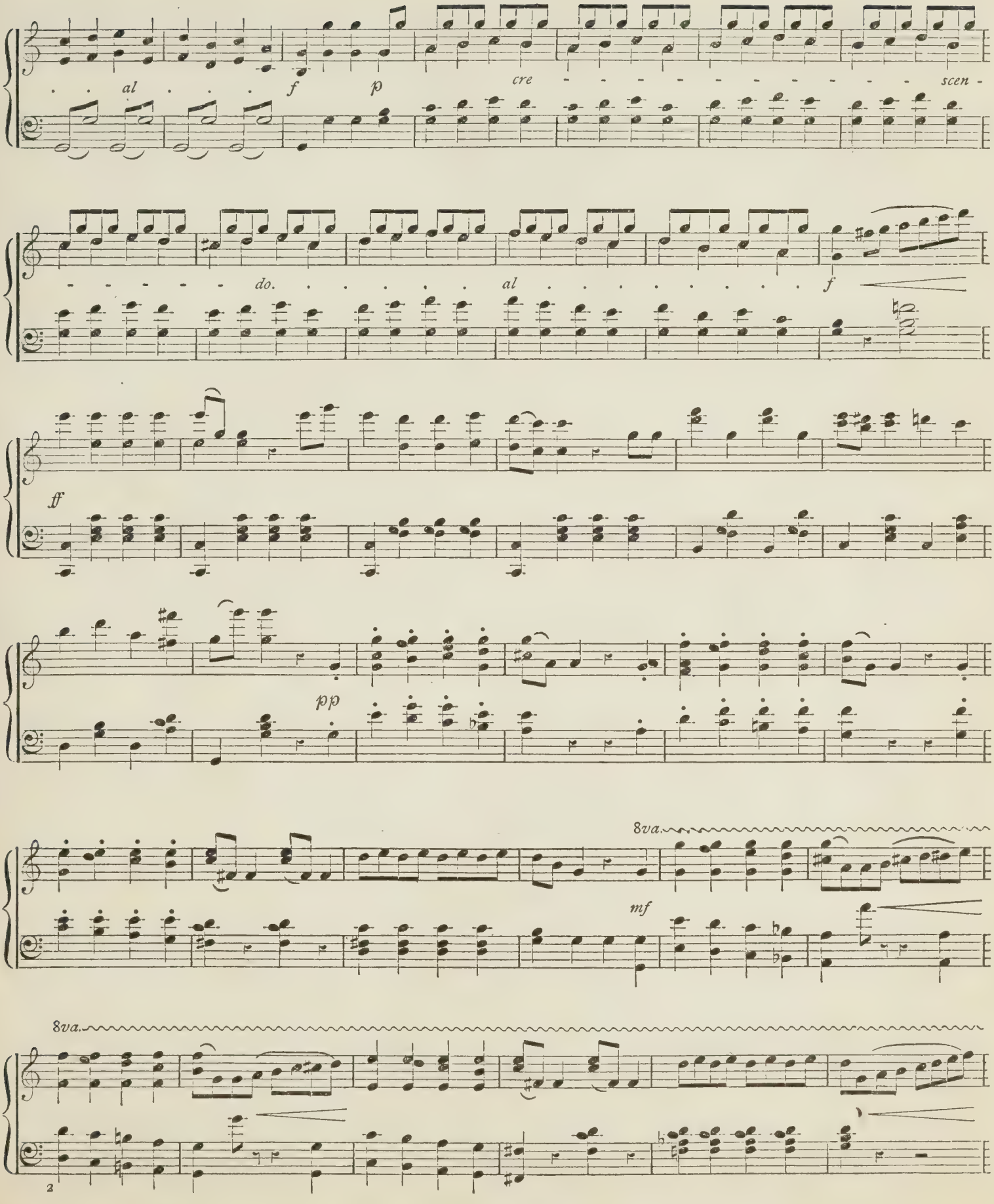

f
p
p
cres.
dim.
pp

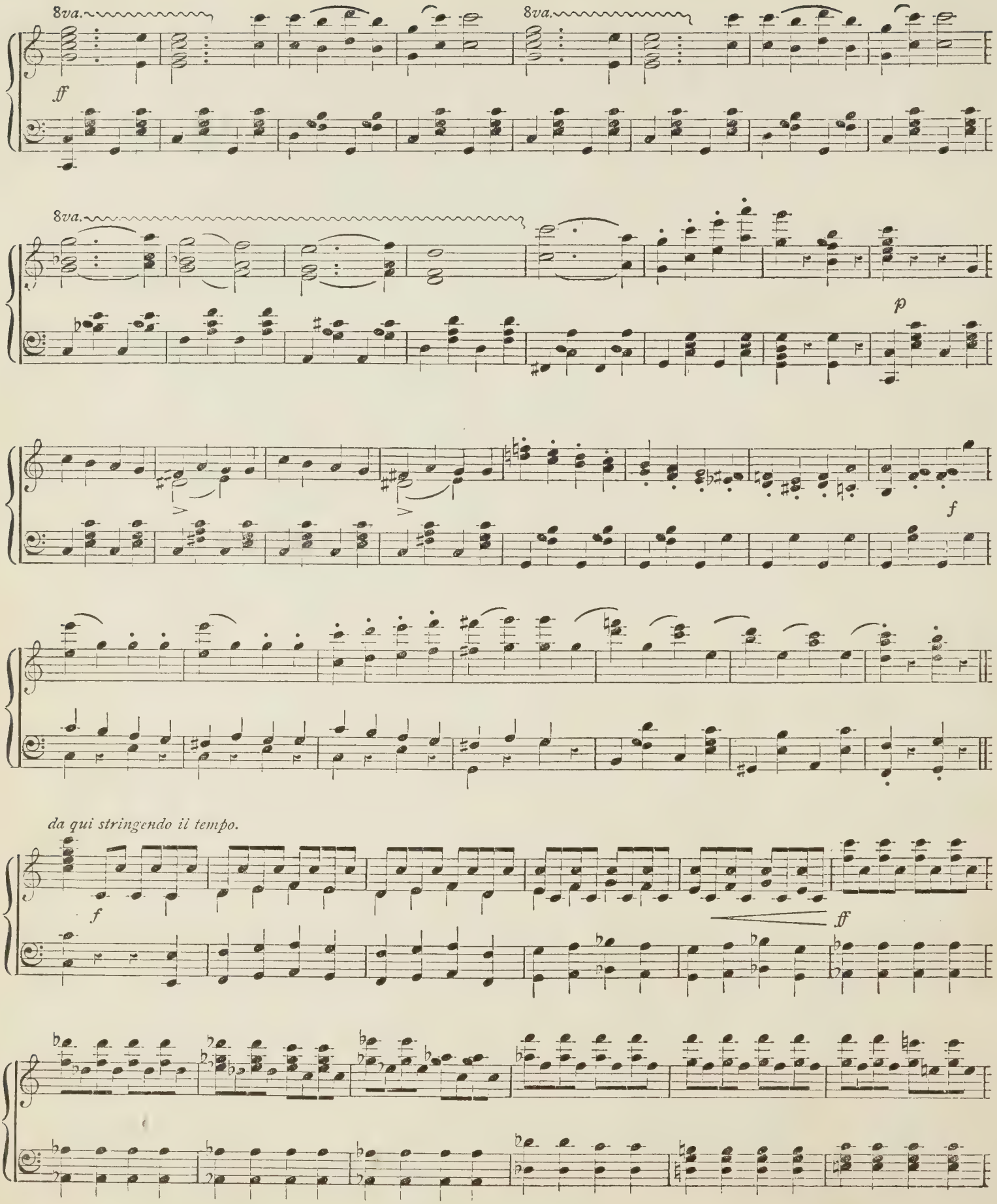

f
p
dim . . . . . .
f
8va..
8va..
8va..
ff
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
8va...
8va...
fz
fz
p
cre - - scen -
- - - - do.
f
rallentando. . . . . .
cadenza.
p
rall. . . .

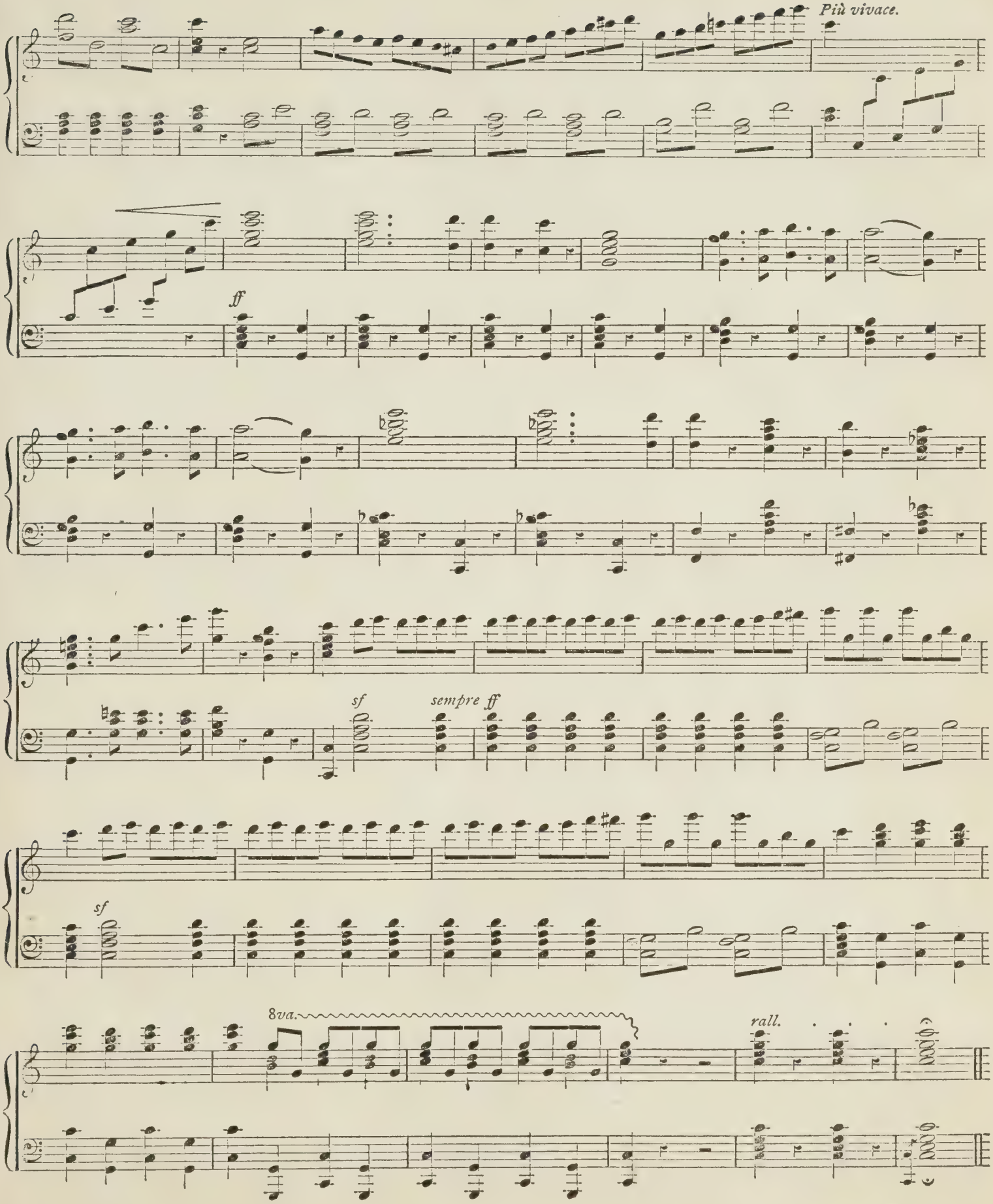

Andante.
p
rit.
Ped.
ritardando.
dim.
pp
Allegro vivace.
p

ff


p
p leggiero.
cre - - - - scen - - - - do. . . . .

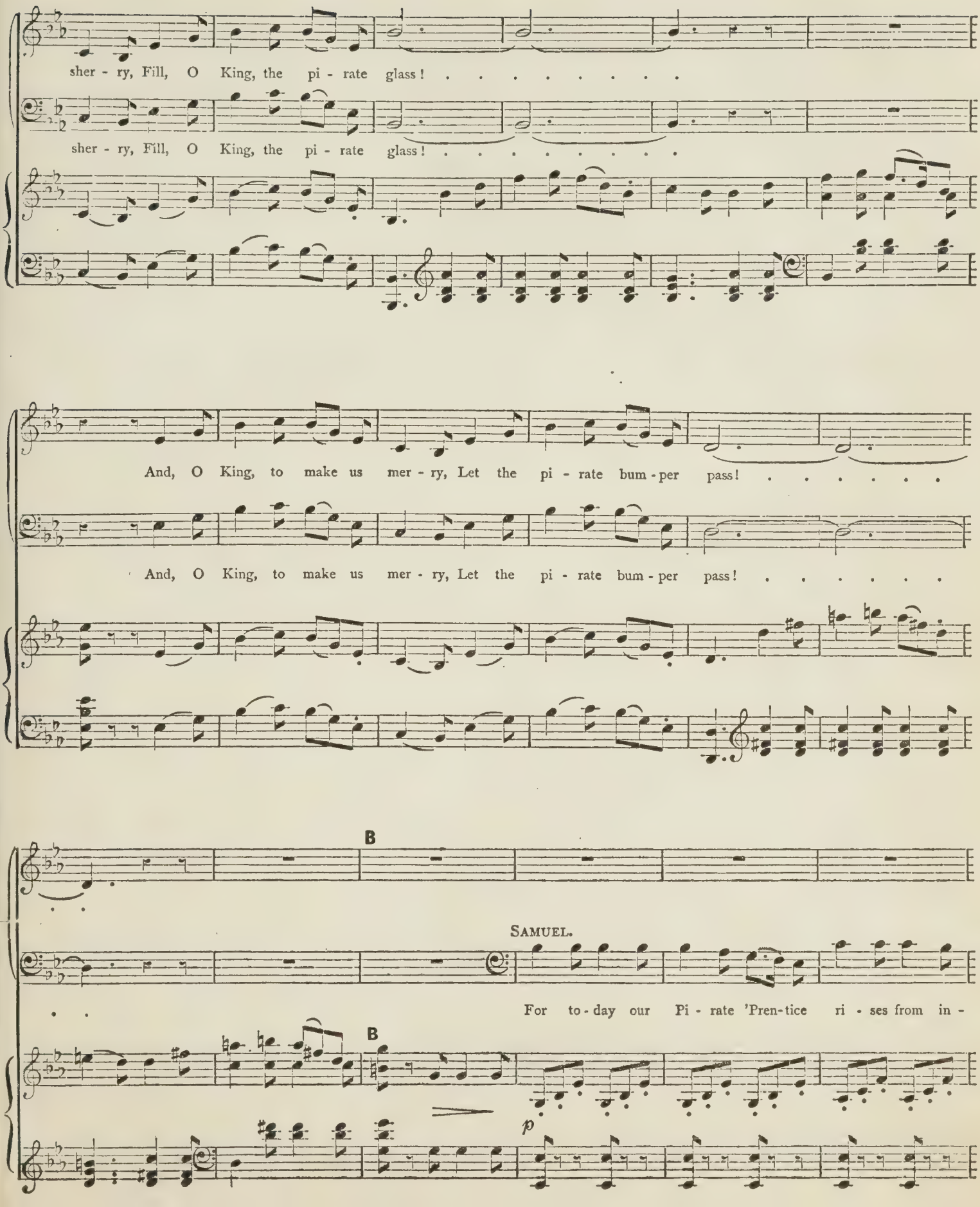

al
f
p
cre
scen -
do.
al
f
ff
pp
8va.
mf
8va.

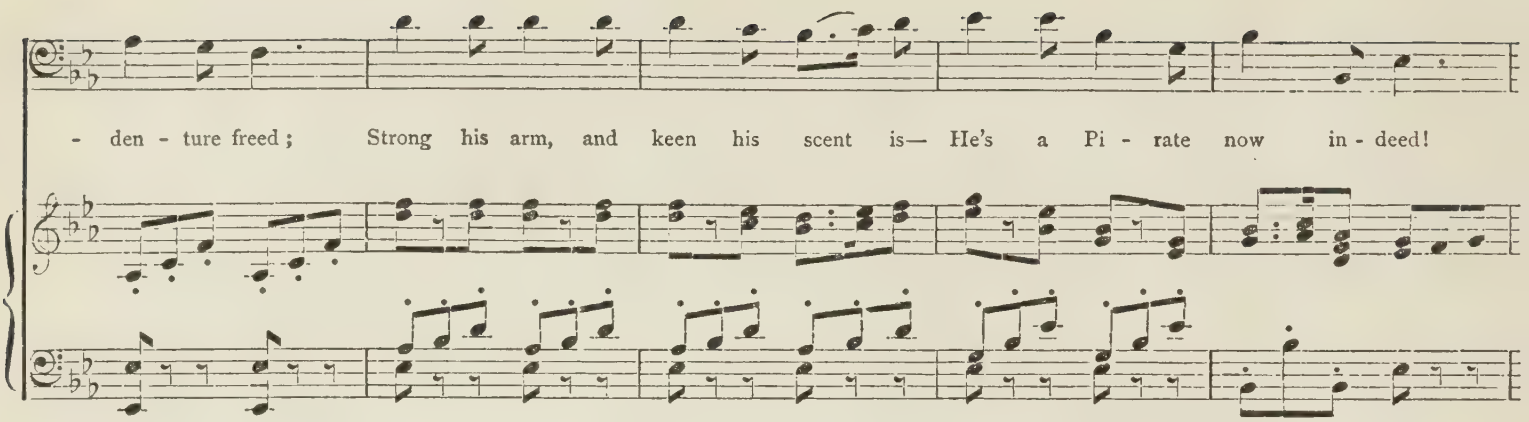

8va.
8va.
ff
8va.
p
f
da qui stringendo il tempo.
f
ff

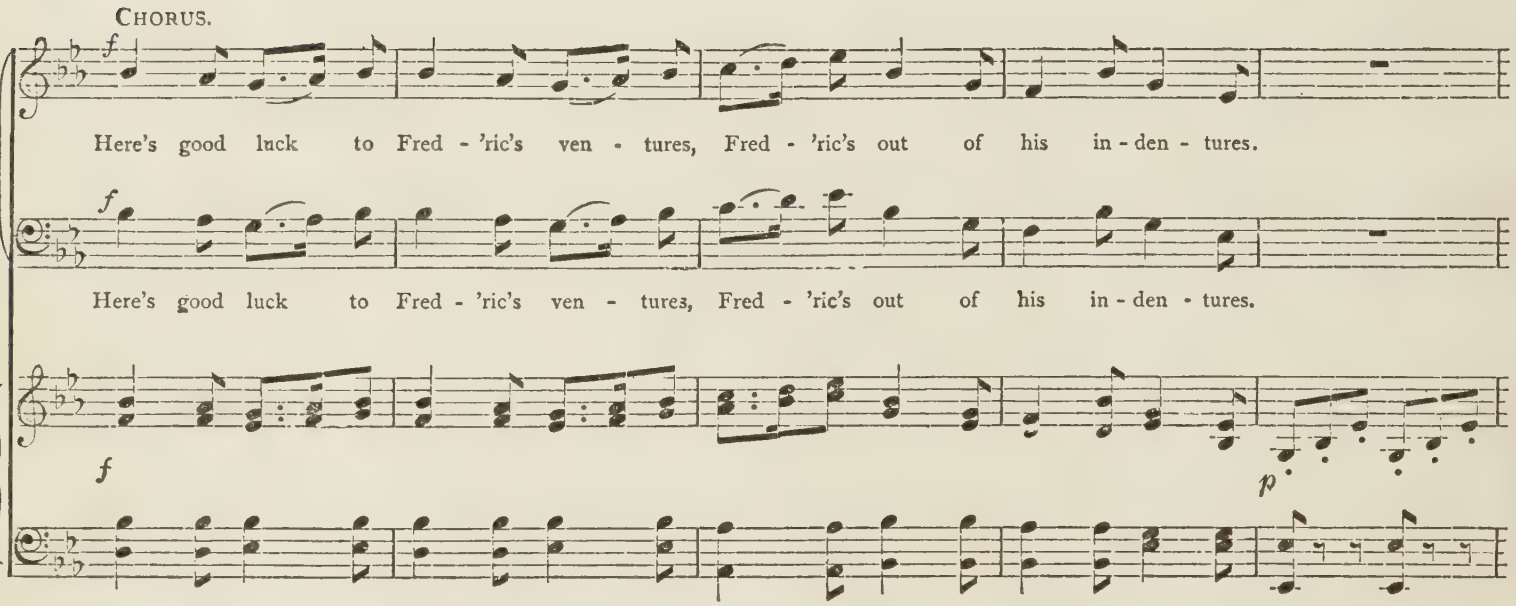

Più vivace.
ff
sf
sempre ff
sf
8va.
rall.

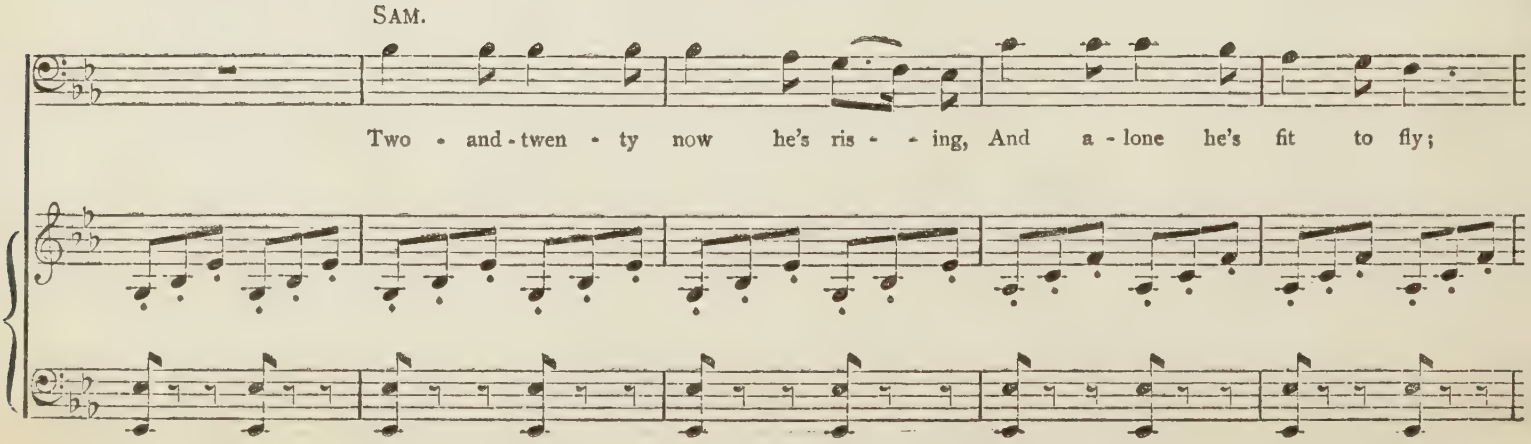
SCENE.—*A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. Rocks L., sloping down to L. C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen at first entrance L. A natural arch of rock occupies the R. C. of the stage. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor. As the curtain rises groups of Pirates are discovered, some drinking, some playing cards.* SAMUEL, *the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask.* FREDERIC *is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene, C.* RUTH *kneels at his feet.*

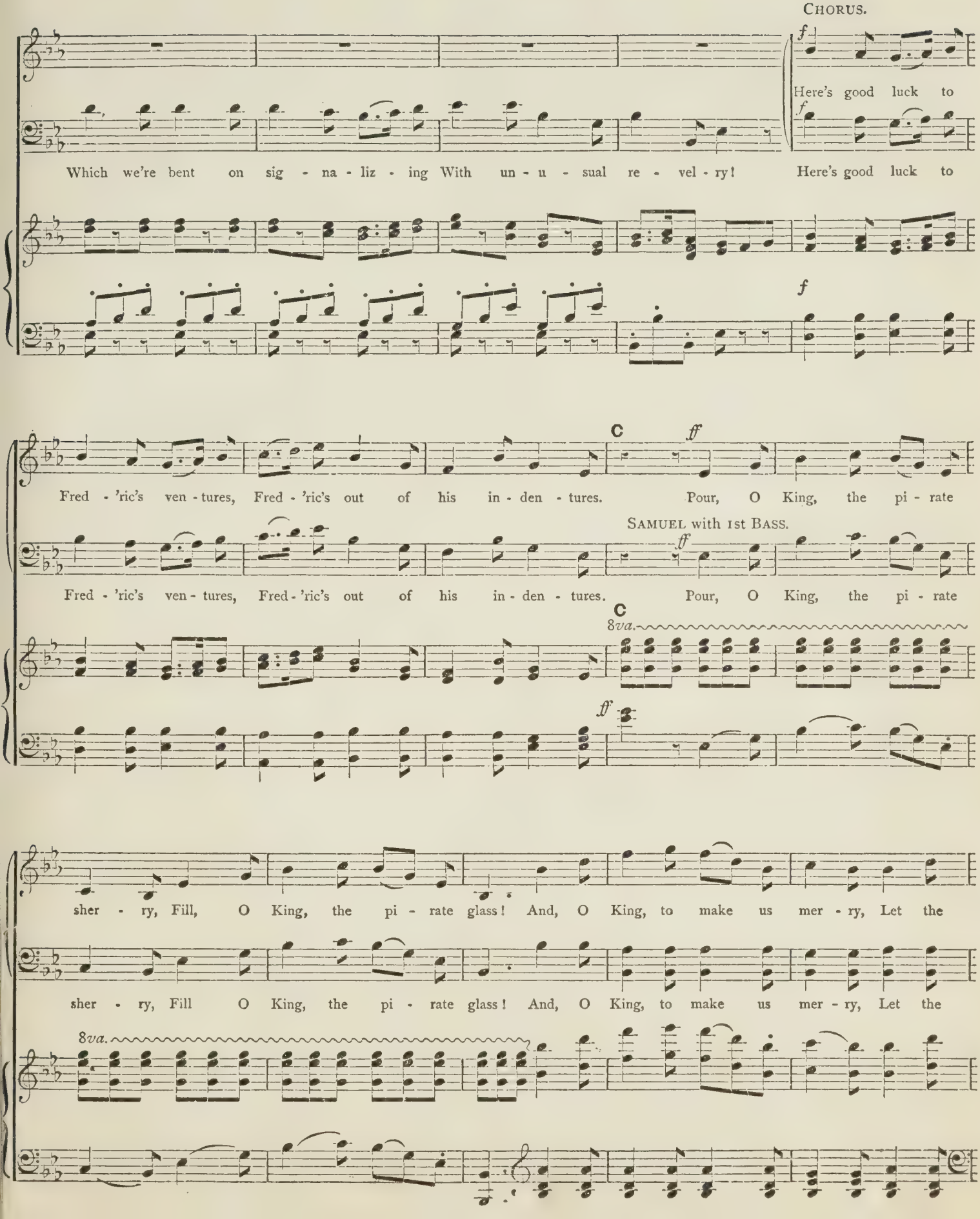
No. 1. OPENING CHORUS OF PIRATES, & SOLO—Samuel.

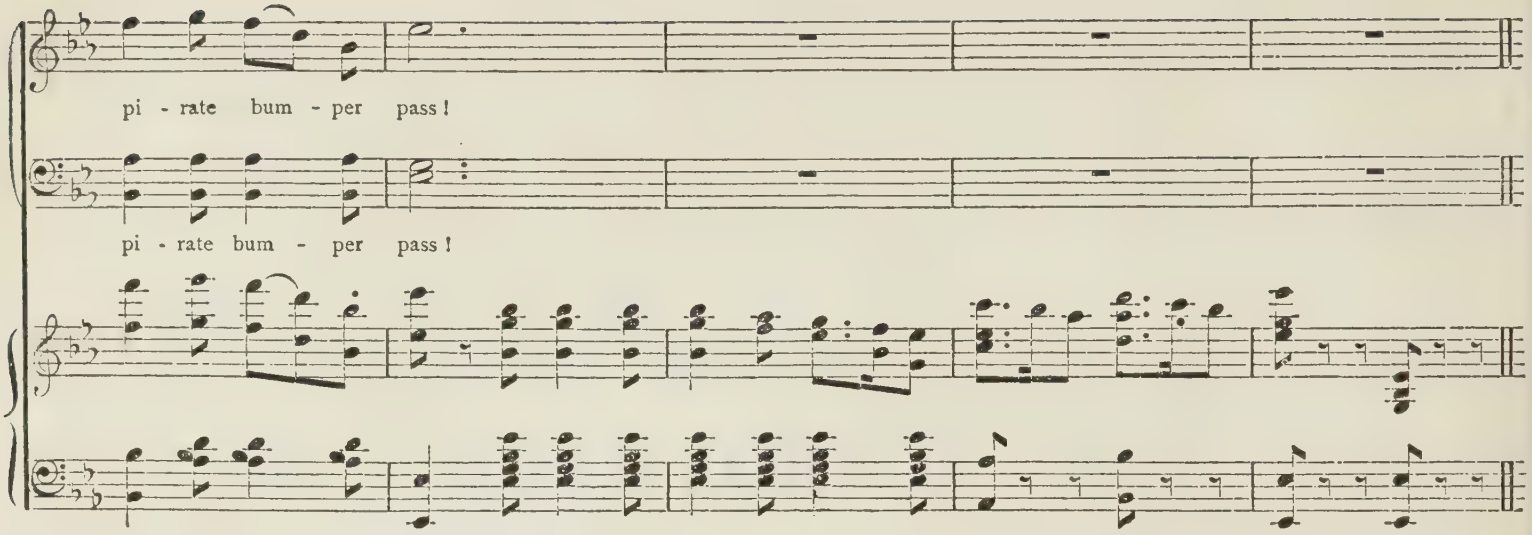

sher - ry, Fill, O King, the pi - rate glass!
sher - ry, Fill, O King, the pi - rate glass!
And, O King, to make us mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bum - per pass!
And, O King, to make us mer - ry, Let the pi - rate bum - per pass!
B
SAMUEL.
For to - day our Pi - rate 'Pren - tice ri - ses from in -
B
p


- den - ture freed; Strong his arm, and keen his scent is— He's a Pi - rate now in - deed!


CHORUS.
f
Here's good luck to Fred - 'ric's ven - tures, Fred - 'ric's out of his in - den - tures.
f
Here's good luck to Fred - 'ric's ven - tures, Fred - 'ric's out of his in - den - tures.
f
p


SAM.
Two - and - twen - ty now he's ris - - ing, And a - lone he's fit to fly;


CHORUS.
Here's good luck to
Which we're bent on sig - na - liz - ing With un - u - sual re - vel - ry! Here's good luck to
Fred - 'ric's ven - tures, Fred - 'ric's out of his in - den - tures. Pour, O King, the pi - rate
SAMUEL with 1st BASS.
Fred - 'ric's ven - tures, Fred - 'ric's out of his in - den - tures. Pour, O King, the pi - rate
sher - ry, Fill, O King, the pi - rate glass! And, O King, to make us mer - ry, Let the
sher - ry, Fill O King, the pi - rate glass! And, O King, to make us mer - ry, Let the



(FREDERIC *rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R. U. E.*)

KING. Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

ALL. Hurrah!

FREDERIC. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

KING. What do you mean?

FRED. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you for ever.

ALL. Leave us?

FRED. For ever!

KING. But this is quite unaccountable. A keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handspike.

FRED. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error. No matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honor bound by it.

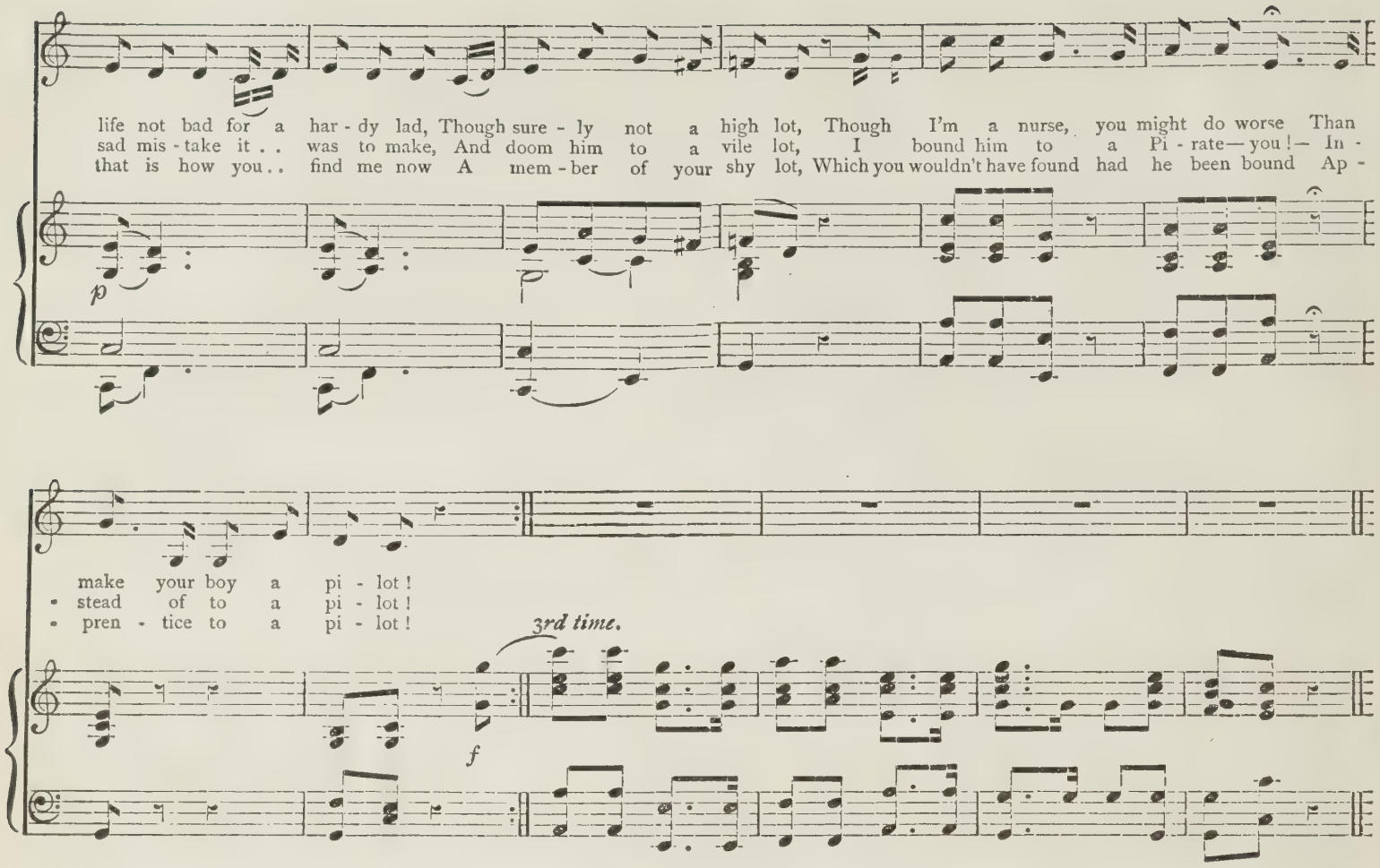
SAMUEL. An error? What error?

FRED. I may not tell you. It would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

(RUTH *comes down C.*)

RUTH. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

No. 2. SONG—Ruth.



RUTH. (*Kneeling at his feet.*) Oh pardon, Frederic! pardon!

FRED. Rise, sweet one; I have long pardoned you.

(RUTH *rises.*)

RUTH. The two words were so much alike!

FRED. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads! (RUTH *goes up with* SAMUEL.) But this afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable; but collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that once out of my indentures I shall feel myself bound to devote myself, heart and soul, to your extermination.

ALL. Poor lad! poor lad! (*All weep.*)

KING. Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

SAMUEL. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.

FRED. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you: it wouldn't be right.

KING. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.

SAM. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.

[illegible]. Hear! hear!

Well, then, it is my duty as a pirate to tell you that
tender-hearted. For instance, you make a point of
a weaker party than yourselves, and when you
party you invariably get thrashed.
some truth in that.

FRED. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan.

SAM. Of course: we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

FRED. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let 'em go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums, which we know is not the case. (*Crosses R.*)

SAM. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?

FRED. There's my difficulty. Until twelve o'clock I would; after twelve o'clock I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

(RUTH *comes down C.*)

RUTH. And Ruth, your own Ruth, whom you love so well, and who has won her middle-aged way into your boyish heart—what is to become of her?

KING. Oh, he will take you with him.

FRED. Well, Ruth, I feel some little difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much, but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

RUTH. It is—oh, it is!

FRED. I say I *think* it is—that is my impression. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other women, it is just possible I may be mistaken.

KING. True.

FRED. What a terrible thing it would be if I were to marr

this innocent person, and then find out that she is, on the whole, plain!

KING. Oh, Ruth is very well—very well indeed.

SAM. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.

FRED. Do you really think so? Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her and in consideration for you I will leave her behind. (*Hands* RUTH *to* KING.)

KING. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would deprive thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

ALL. (*Loudly.*) Not one!

KING. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic —keep thy love! (*Hands her back to* FREDERIC.)

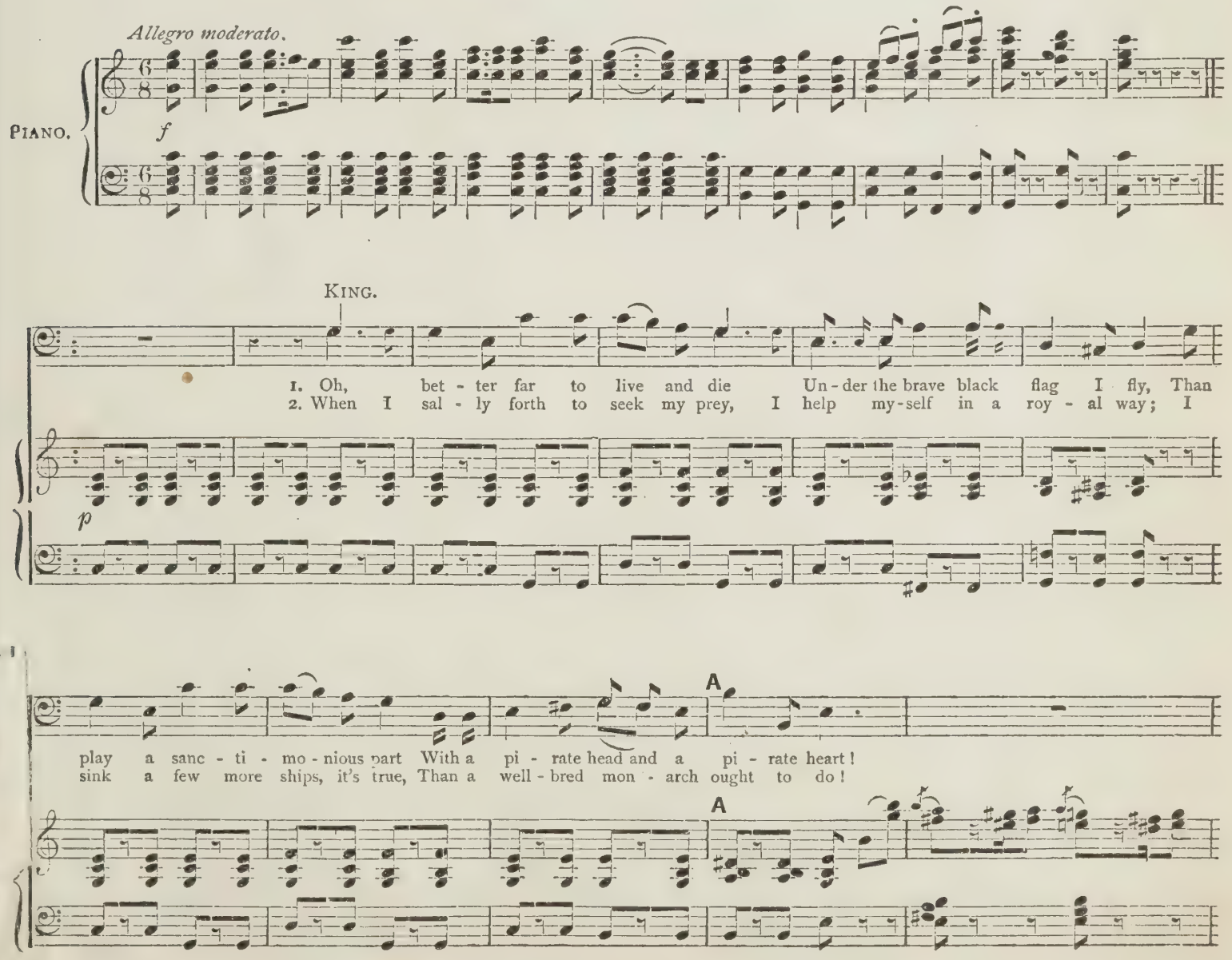
FRED. You're very good, I'm sure.

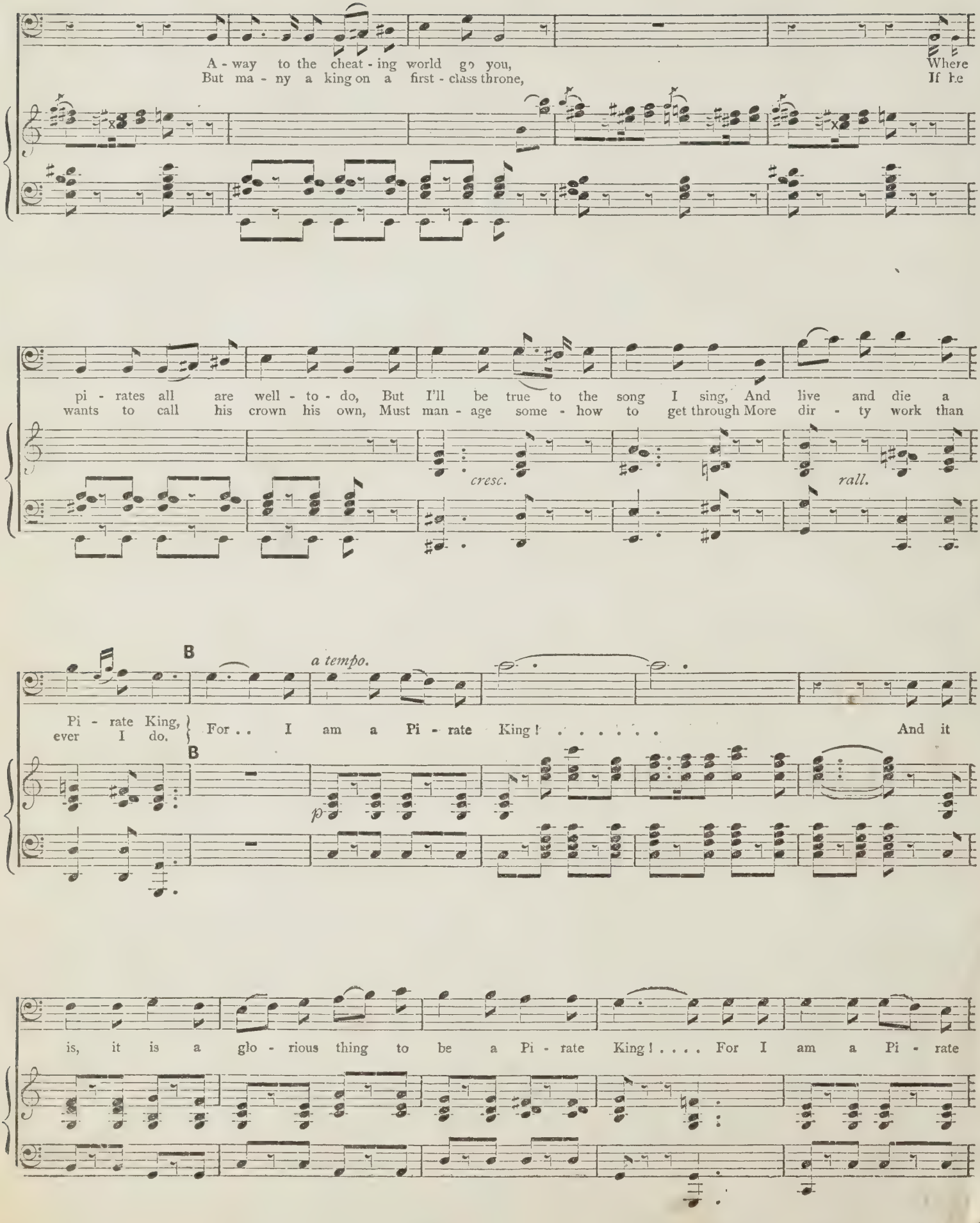
KING. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

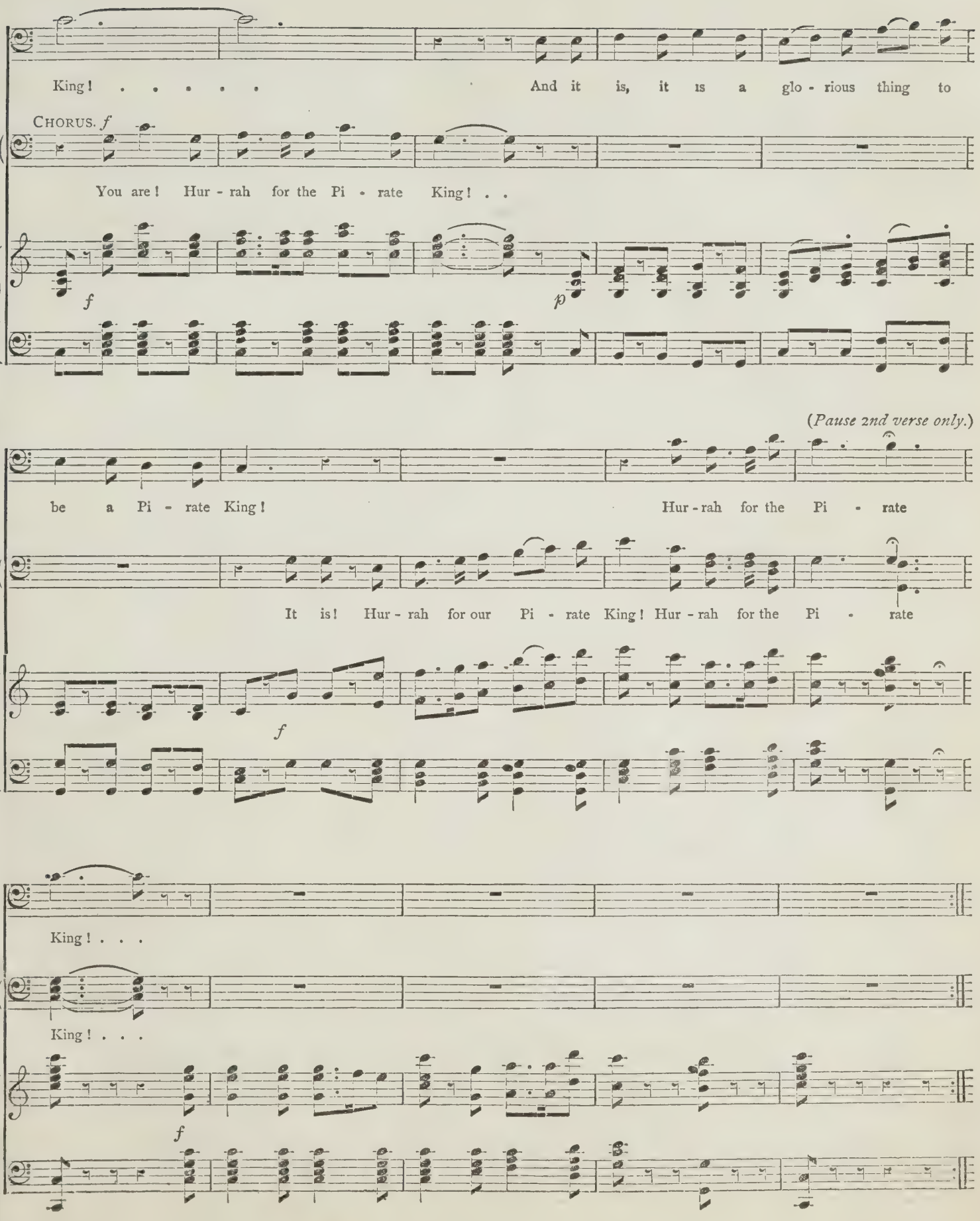
FRED. I will. By the love I have for you, I swear it. Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to civilization!

KING. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic; I shall live and die a pirate king.

No. 3. SONG—Pirate King & Chorus




A - way to the cheat - ing world go you,
But ma - ny a king on a first - class throne,
Where
If he
pi - rates all are well - to - do, But I'll be true to the song I sing, And live and die a
wants to call his crown his own, Must man - age some - how to get through More dir - ty work than
cresc.
rall.
B
a tempo.
Pi - rate King,
ever I do.
For . . I am a Pi - rate King! . . . . . .
And it
B
p
is, it is a glo - rious thing to be a Pi - rate King! . . . . For I am a Pi - rate


King! . . . . . And it is, it is a glo - rious thing to
CHORUS. f
You are! Hur - rah for the Pi - rate King! . .
f
p
(Pause 2nd verse only.)
be a Pi - rate King! Hur - rah for the Pi - rate
It is! Hur - rah for our Pi - rate King! Hur - rah for the Pi - rate
f
King! . . .
King! . . .
f

(*After Song, the* KING, SAMUEL, *and all the Pirates, except* FREDERIC *and* RUTH, *go off R. and R. U. E.* FREDERIC *comes down C., followed by* RUTH.)

RUTH. Oh take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

FRED. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I: a lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

RUTH. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

FRED. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough now. Ruth, tell me candidly and without reserve: compared with other women, how are *you?*

RUTH. I will answer you truthfully, master: I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

FRED. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other women, are you beautiful?

RUTH. (*Bashfully.*) I have been told so, dear master.

FRED. Ah, but lately?

RUTH. Oh no; years and years ago.

FRED. But what do you think yourself?

RUTH. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman.

FRED. That is your candid opinion?

RUTH. Yes: I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

FRED. Thank you, Ruth, I believe you, for I am sure you would not practise on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if—I say, *if*—you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union. (*Shakes hands with her.*)

(*Chorus of girls heard in the extreme distance, "Climbing over rocky mountains," etc. See entrance of girls.*)

FRED. Hark! surely I hear voices. Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be custom-house? No, it does not sound like custom-house.

RUTH. (*Aside.*) Confusion! It is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

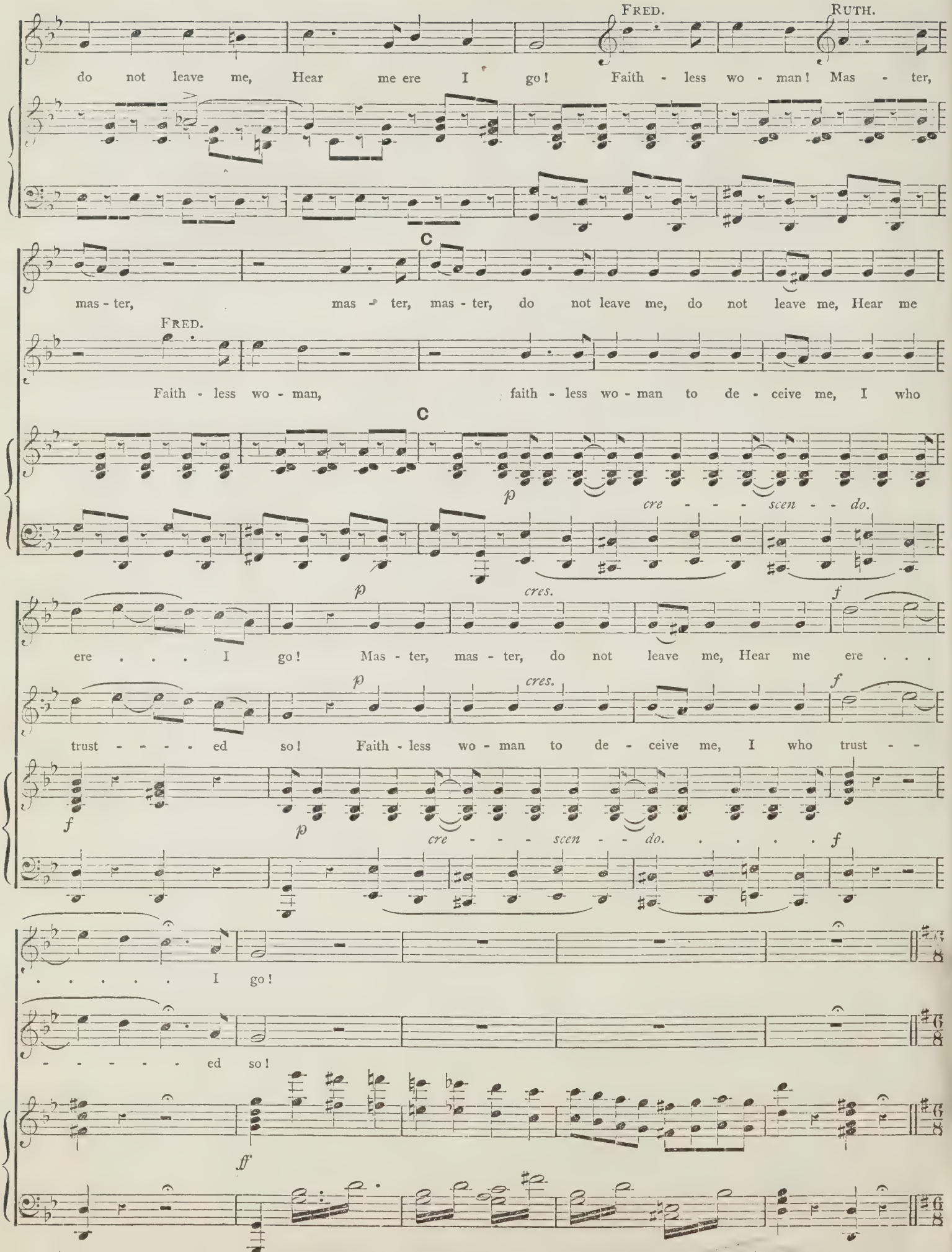
FRED. (*Climbing rocky arch R. C. and looking off L.*) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

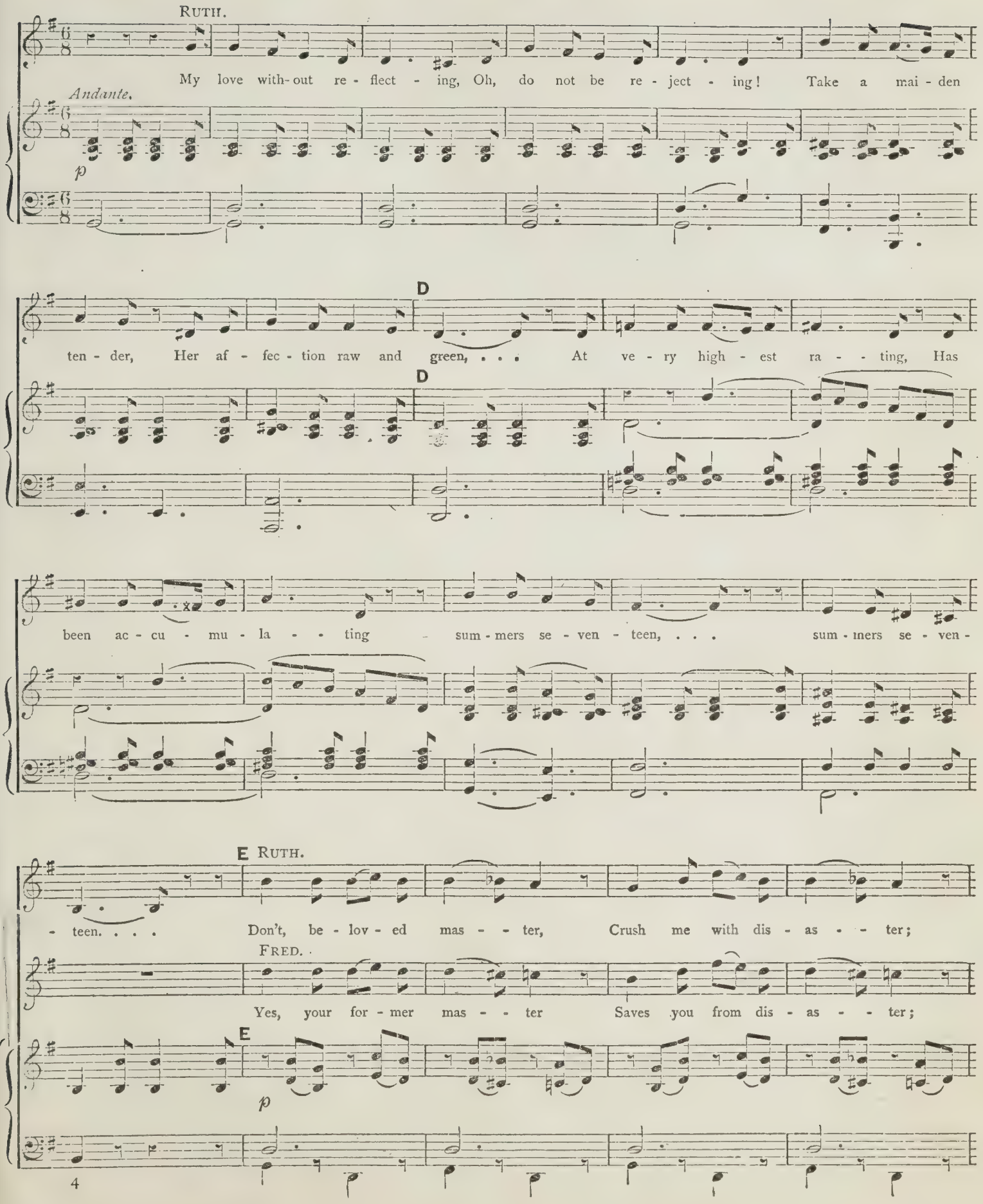
RUTH. (*Aside.*) Lost! lost! lost!

FRED. How lovely, how surpassingly lovely, is the plainest of them! What grace! what delicacy! what refinement! and Ruth—Ruth told me she was beautiful!

No. 4. RECITATIVE & DUET—Ruth & Frederic.

RUTH.
plain and old! I'm sure I'm not a jot so!
FRED.
Up - on my in - no -
RUTH.
- cence you play. I'm not the one to plot so.
FRED.
Your face is lined, your
RUTH.
hair is grey. It's gra - du - al - ly got so.
B FRED.
Faith - less wo - man
B
p
RUTH.
to de-ceive me, I who trust - ed so!
Mas - ter, mas - ter,


FRED.
RUTH.
do not leave me, Hear me ere I go! Faith - less wo - man! Mas - ter,
C
mas - ter, mas - ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, do not leave me, Hear me
FRED.
Faith - less wo - man, faith - less wo - man to de - ceive me, I who
C
p
cre - - - - scen - - do.
p
cres.
f
ere . . . I go! Mas - ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, Hear me ere . . .
p
cres.
f
trust - - - - - ed so! Faith - less wo - man to de - ceive me, I who trust - -
f
p
cre - - - - scen - - do. . . . . f
. . . . . I go!
- - - - - - ed so!
ff

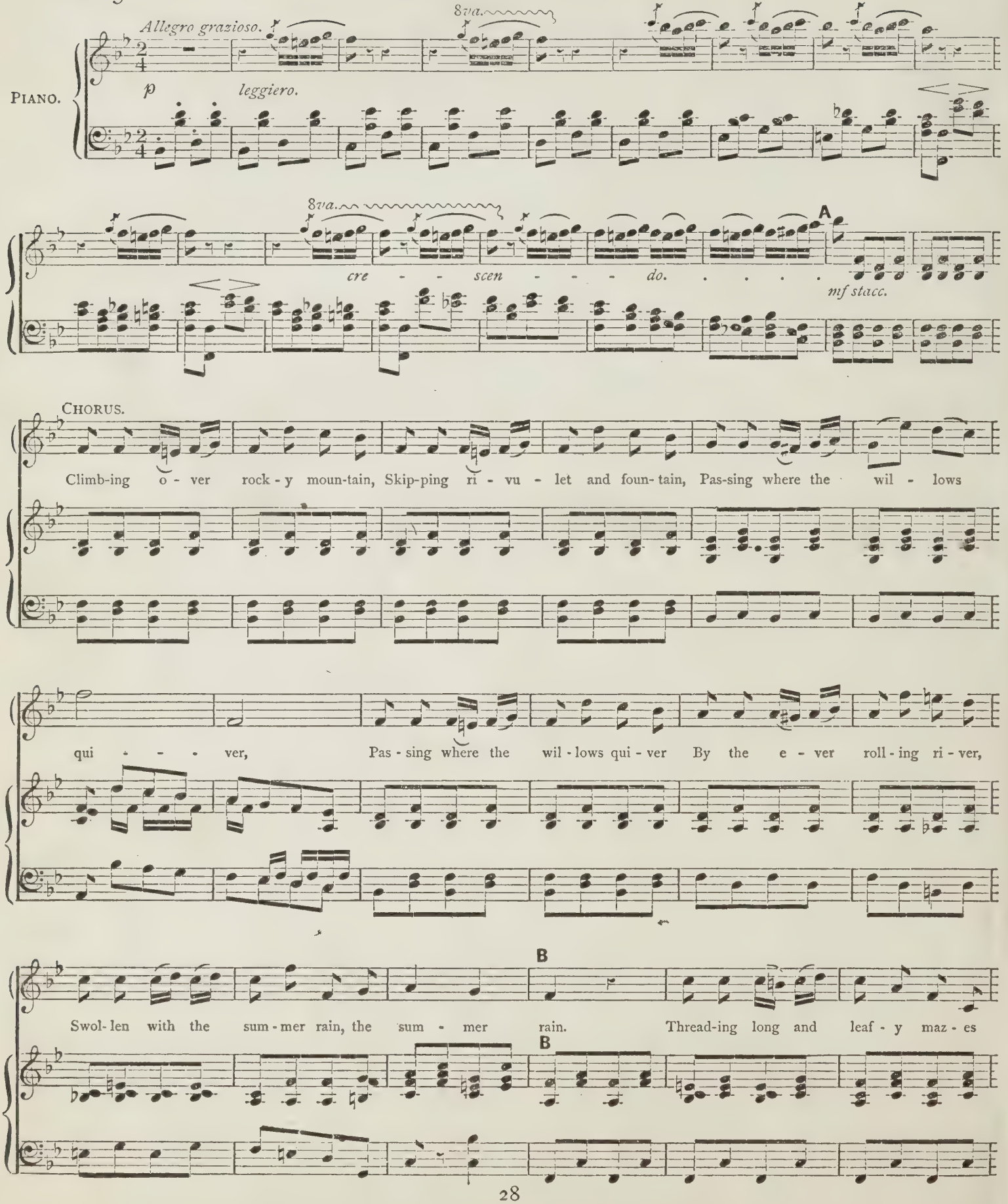

RUTH.
My love with-out re - flect - ing, Oh, do not be re - ject - ing! Take a mai - den
Andante.
p
D
ten - der, Her af - fec - tion raw and green, . . . At ve - ry high - est ra - - ting, Has
been ac - cu - mu - la - - ting sum - mers se - ven - teen, . . . sum - mers se - ven -
E RUTH.
- teen. . . . Don't, be - lov - ed mas - - ter, Crush me with dis - as - - ter;
FRED.
Yes, your for - mer mas - - ter Saves you from dis - as - - ter;
p

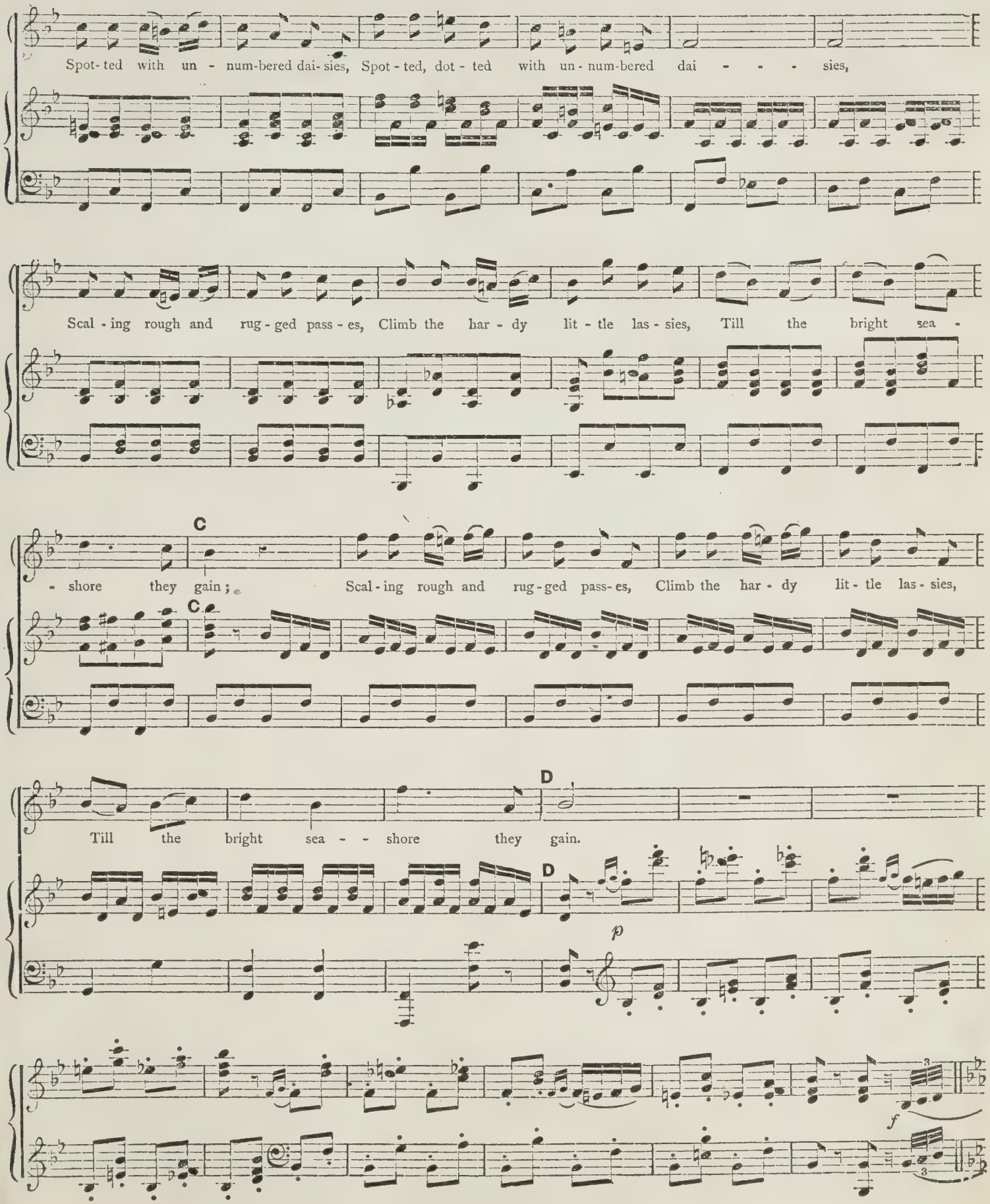
What is such a dow - er to the dow - er I have here! . . . . My love un - a -
Your love would be un - com - fort - a - bly fer - vid, it is clear, ...
- ba - - - ting Has been ac - cu - mu - la - - - ting for - ty - se - ven year! . . .
If, as you are sta - ting, It's been ac - cu - mu - la - ting for - ty - se - ven
Allegro vivace.
for - ty - se - ven year!
rall.
year! Faith-less wo - man to de - ceive me, I who trust - - - ed
Allegro vivace.
rall.
p cre - - - - - scen - do. . . f

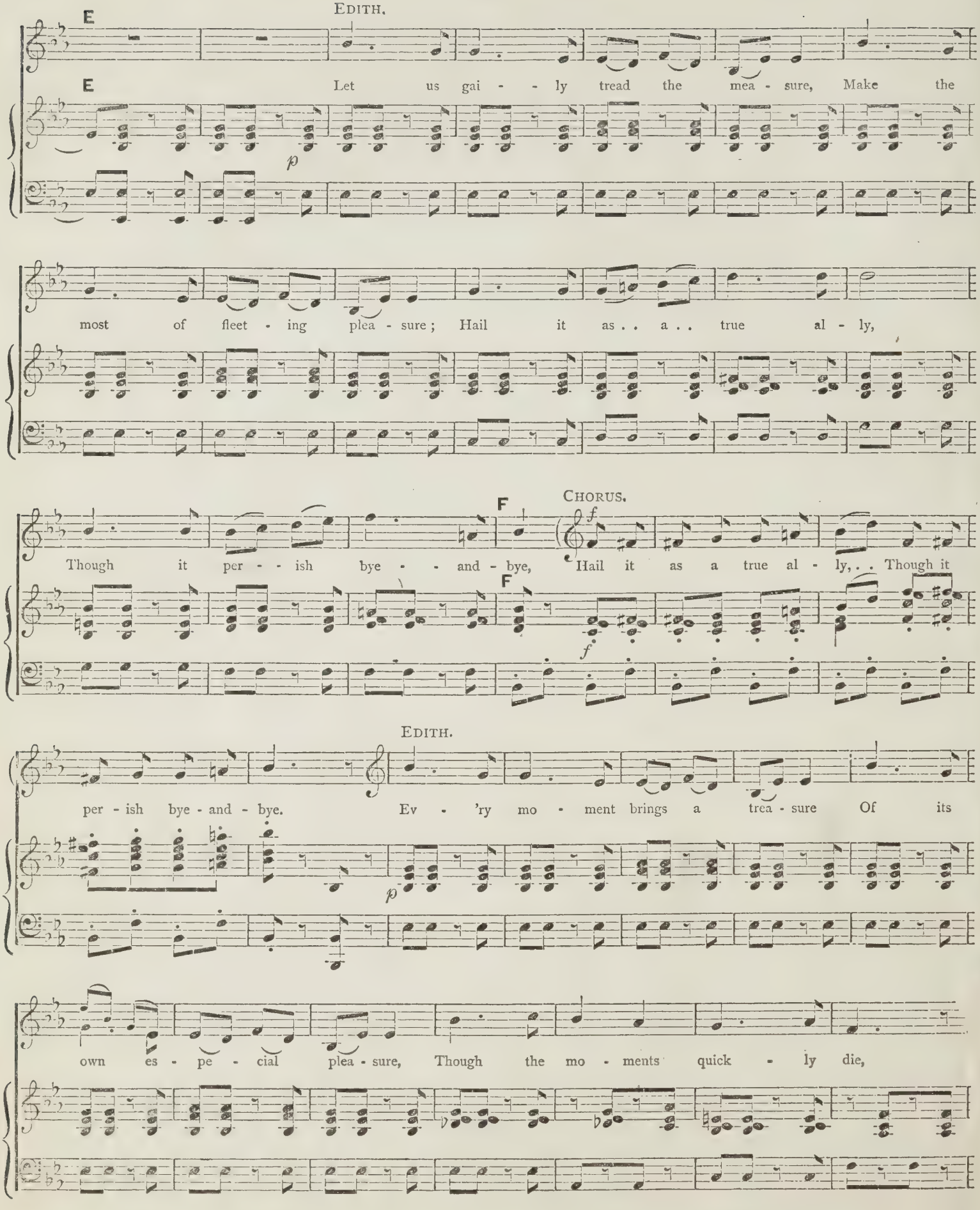
cres.
f
Mas - ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, Hear me ere I
cres.
f
so! Faith - less wo - man to de - ceive me, I who trust - - - - - - ed
p
cre - - scen - - do. . . .
f
go!
RECIT. FRED.
so!
What shall I do? Be -
ff
- fore these gen - tle mai - dens I dare not show in this a - larm - ing cos - tume! No,
f
no, I must re - main in close con - ceal - ment, Un - til I can ap - pear in de - cent cloth - ing.

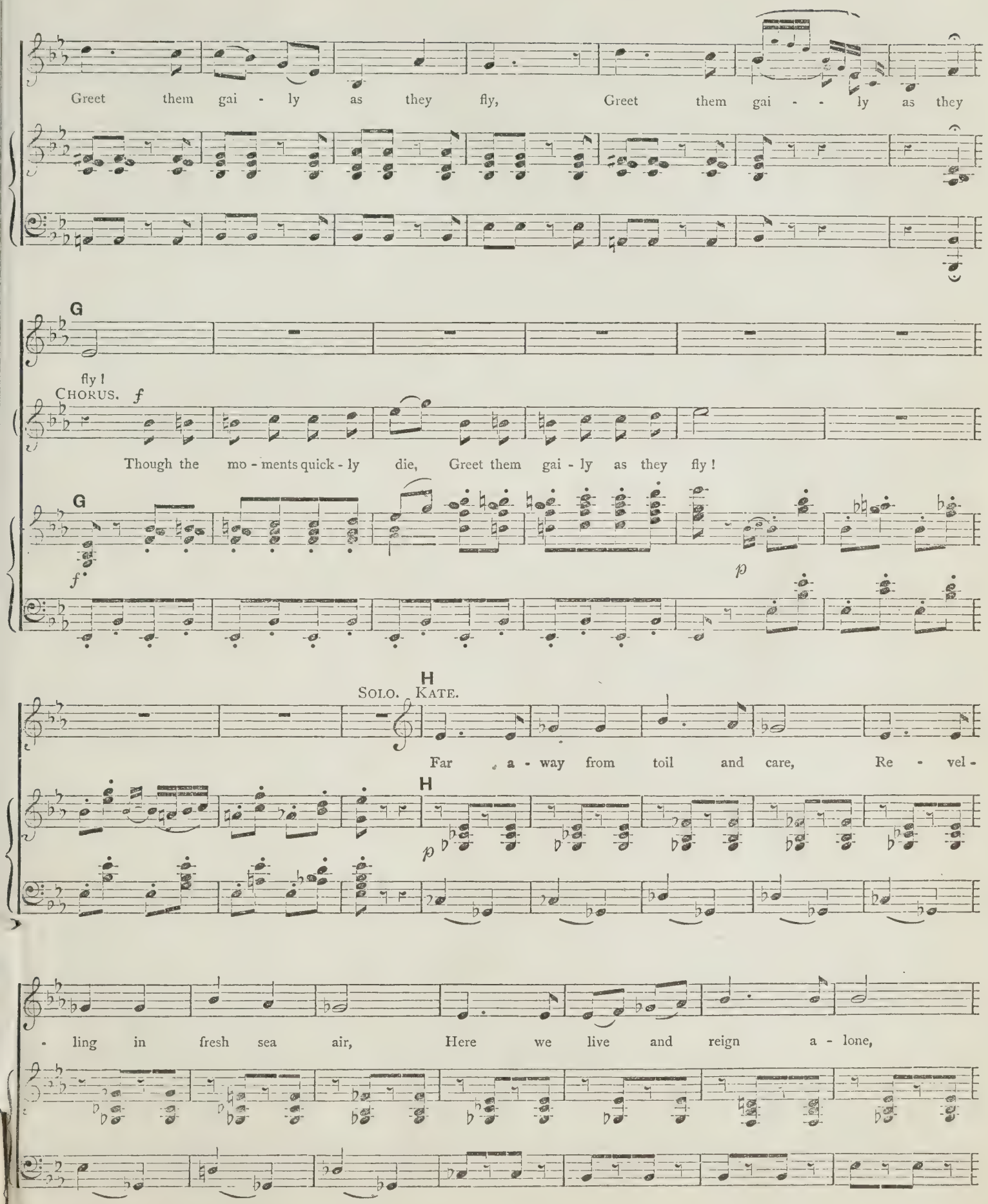
(Hides in cave as they enter from R. and L., climbing over the rocks at L. of the stage and through arched rock R.)

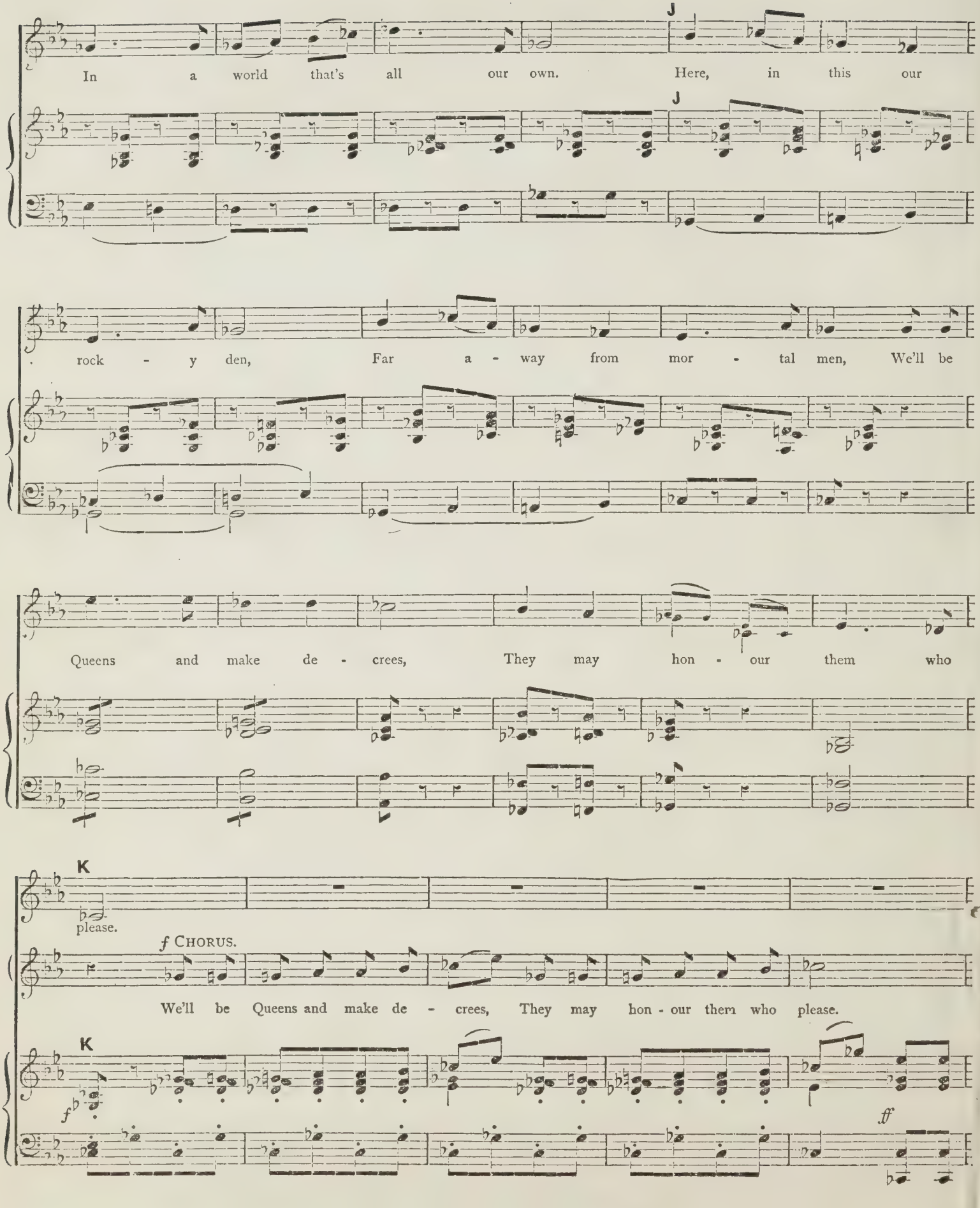
No. 5. CHORUS OF GIRLS.

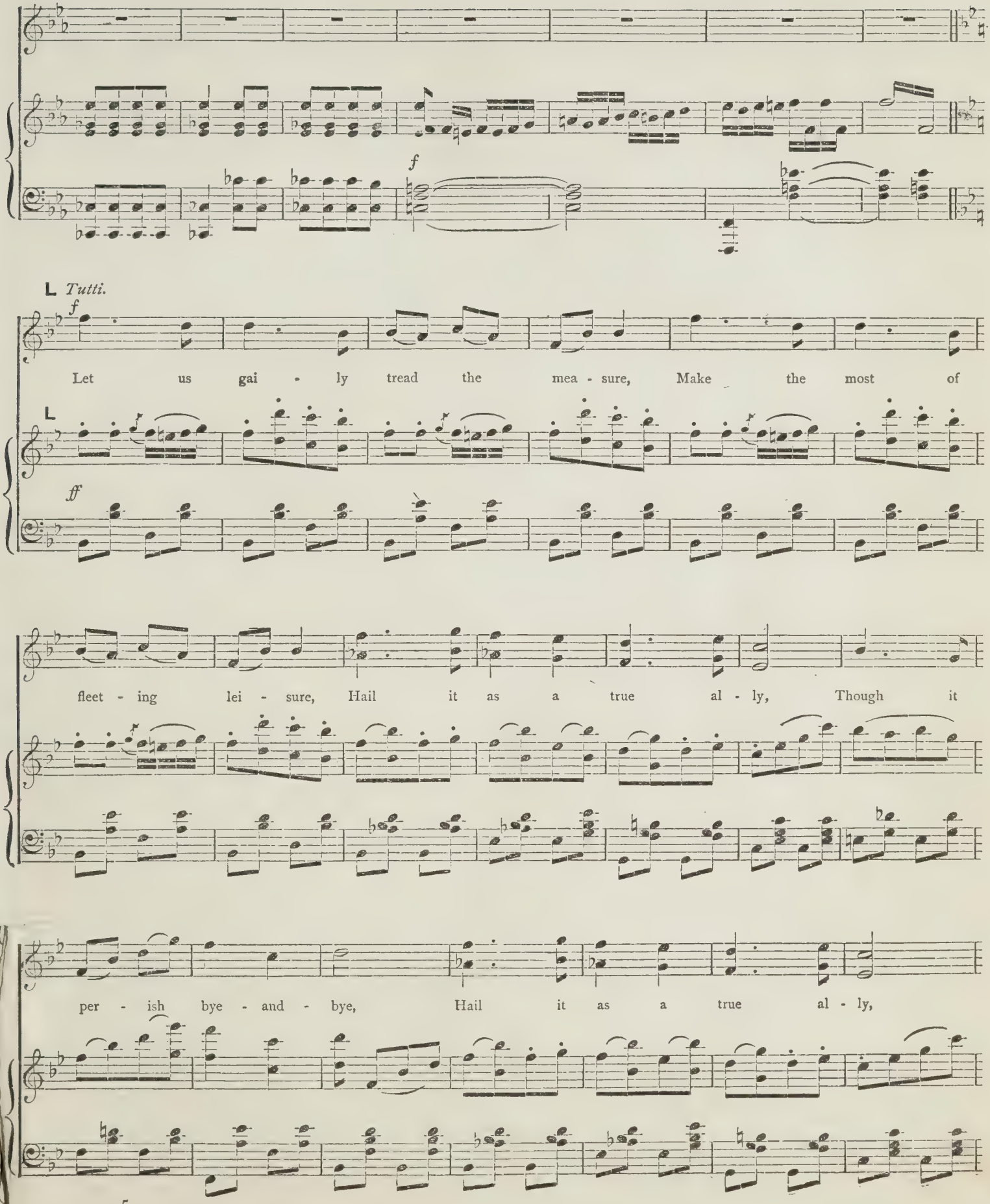


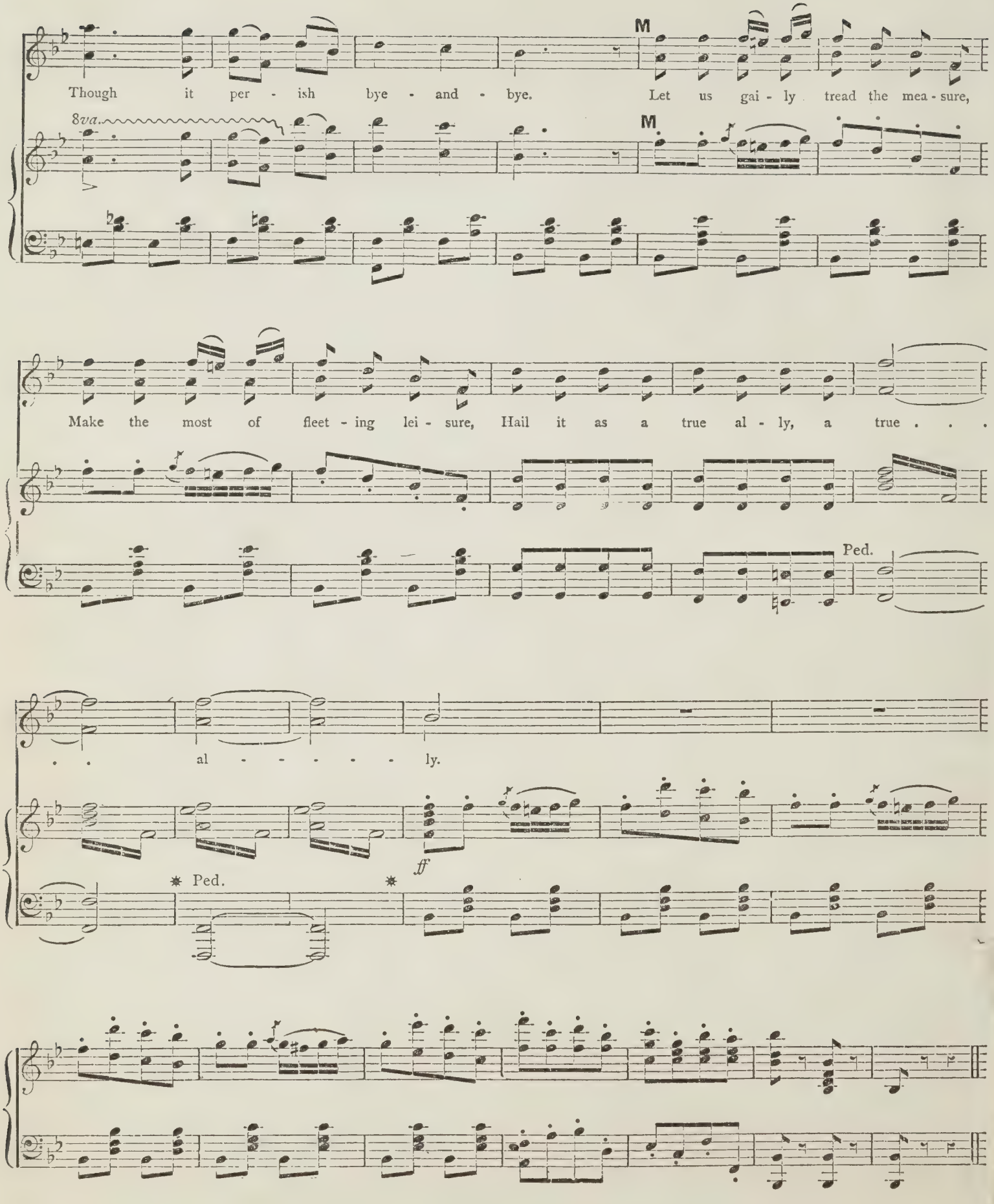

Spot-ted with un - num-bered dai-sies, Spot-ted, dot-ted with un-num-bered dai - - - - sies,
Scal-ing rough and rug-ged pass-es, Climb the har-dy lit-tle las-sies, Till the bright sea -
C
- shore they gain; Scal-ing rough and rug-ged pass-es, Climb the har-dy lit-tle las-sies,
C
D
Till the bright sea - - shore they gain.
D
p
f
3
3


EDITH.
E
E
Let us gai - - ly tread the mea - sure, Make the
p
most of fleet - ing plea - sure; Hail it as . . a . . true al - ly,
CHORUS.
F
f
Though it per - - ish bye - - and - bye, Hail it as a true al - ly, . . Though it
F
f
EDITH.
per - ish bye - and - bye. Ev - 'ry mo - ment brings a trea - sure Of its
p
own es - pe - cial plea - sure, Though the mo - ments quick - ly die,


Greet them gai - ly as they fly, Greet them gai - - ly as they
G
fly !
CHORUS. f
Though the mo - ments quick - ly die, Greet them gai - ly as they fly !
G
f
p
H
SOLO. KATE.
Far a - way from toil and care, Re - vel -
H
p
- ling in fresh sea air, Here we live and reign a - lone,

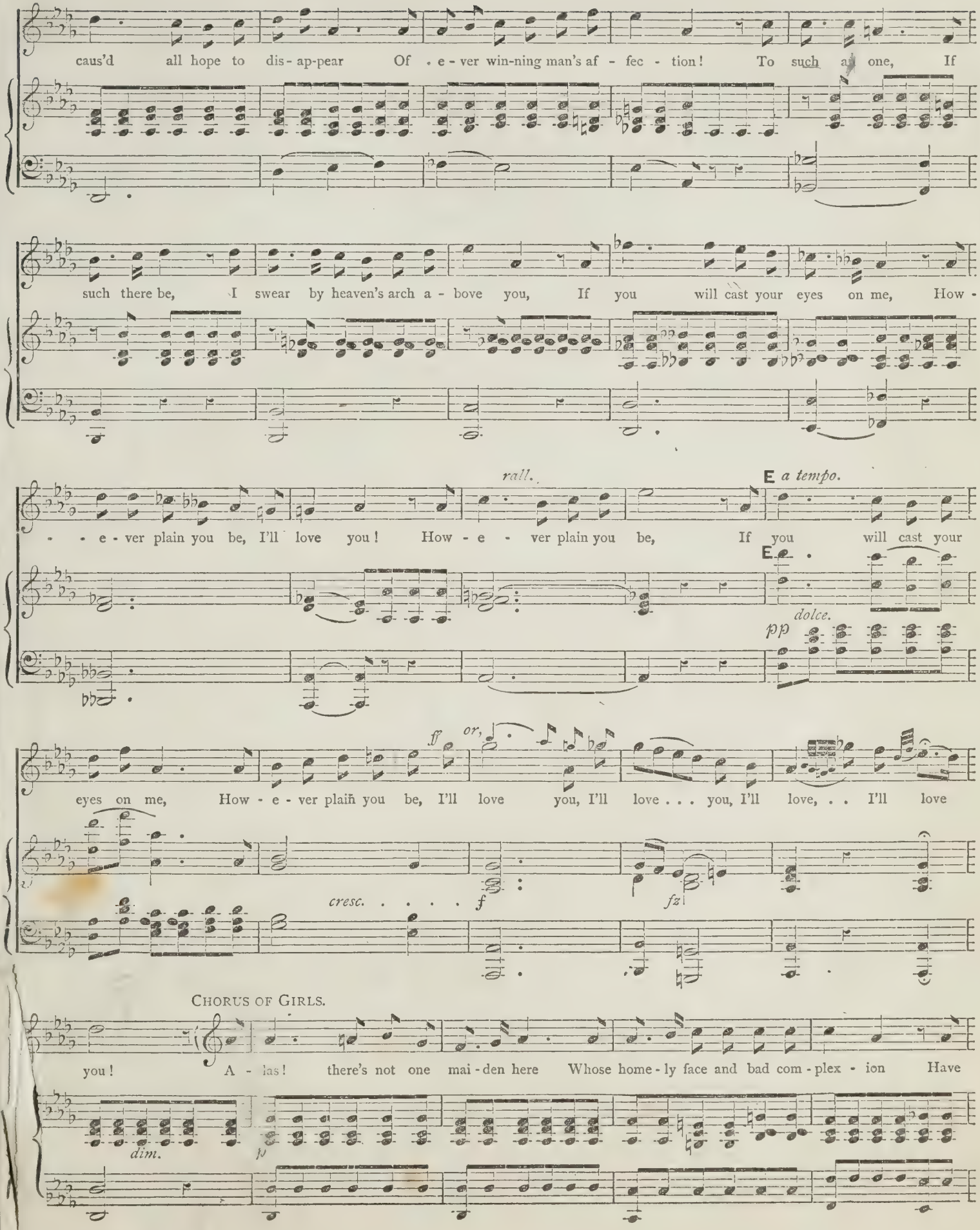

J
In a world that's all our own. Here, in this our
J
rock - y den, Far a - way from mor - tal men, We'll be
Queens and make de - crees, They may hon - our them who
K
please.
f CHORUS.
We'll be Queens and make de - crees, They may hon - our them who please.
K
f
ff


f
L Tutti.
f
Let us gai - ly tread the mea - sure, Make the most of
L
ff
fleet - ing lei - sure, Hail it as a true al - ly, Though it
per - ish bye - and - bye, Hail it as a true al - ly,


Though it per - ish bye - and - bye.
Let us gai - ly tread the mea - sure,
8va.
M
M
Make the most of fleet - ing lei - sure, Hail it as a true al - ly, a true . . .
Ped.
. . al - - - - - ly.
ff
Ped.

No. 7. ARIA—Frederic & Chorus of Girls.

rall.
res - - cue such an one as I From his un - for - tu - nate po - si - tion! From this po -
rall.
a tempo.
- si - tion, to res - - cue such an one as I From his . . . un - for - tu - nate po - si -
pp dolce.
cresc. . . . . dim.
C
p CHORUS OF GIRLS.
- tion! A - las, there's not one mai - den breast Which seems to feel the mo - ral beau - ty Of
C
p
D
mak - ing world-ly in - te - rest Sub - or - din - ate to sense of du - - ty.
D
ff
3
f
FRED.
Oh, is there not one mai - den here Whose home - ly face and bad com - plex - ion Have
p


caus'd all hope to dis - ap-pear Of - e - ver win-ning man's af - fec - tion! To such a one, If
such there be, I swear by heaven's arch a - bove you, If you will cast your eyes on me, How -
rall.
E a tempo.
- - e - ver plain you be, I'll love you! How - e - ver plain you be, If you will cast your
E
dolce.
pp
or,
ff
eyes on me, How - e - ver plain you be, I'll love you, I'll love . . . you, I'll love, . . I'll love
cresc. . . . . f
fz
CHORUS OF GIRLS.
you! A - las! there's not one mai - den here Whose home - ly face and bad com - plex - ion Have
dim.
p

dim.
F
FRED.
CHORUS.
caus'd all hope to dis - ap - pear of e - ver win-ning man's af - fec - tion.
Not one?
No, no, not
F
p
FRED.
CHORUS OF GIRLS.
MABEL.
CHORUS.
MABEL.
one!
Not one?
No, no!
Yes, one!
'Tis Ma - bel!
Yes! 'tis Ma - - - - - - -
f
rall.
bel!
Moderato.
Oh, sis - ters, deaf to pi - ty's name, for shame!
It's true that he has gone a -
Moderato.
rall.
p
G
CHORUS.
- stray, but, pray,
Is that a rea - son good and true why you should all be deaf to pi - ty's name?
The question is, had
G
pp
MABEL.
he not been a thing of beau-ty, Would she be sway'd by quite as keen a sense of du - ty?
For shame! for shame! for shame!
fz
fz
Attacca.

No. 8. AIR—Mabel & Chorus.

Tempo di Valse.

MABEL.

Poor wan - d'ring one, ... Tho' thou hast sure - ly strayed,

PIANO. *p*

Take heart of grace, Thy steps re - trace, Poor wan - d'ring one, ...

rall.

A *a tempo.*

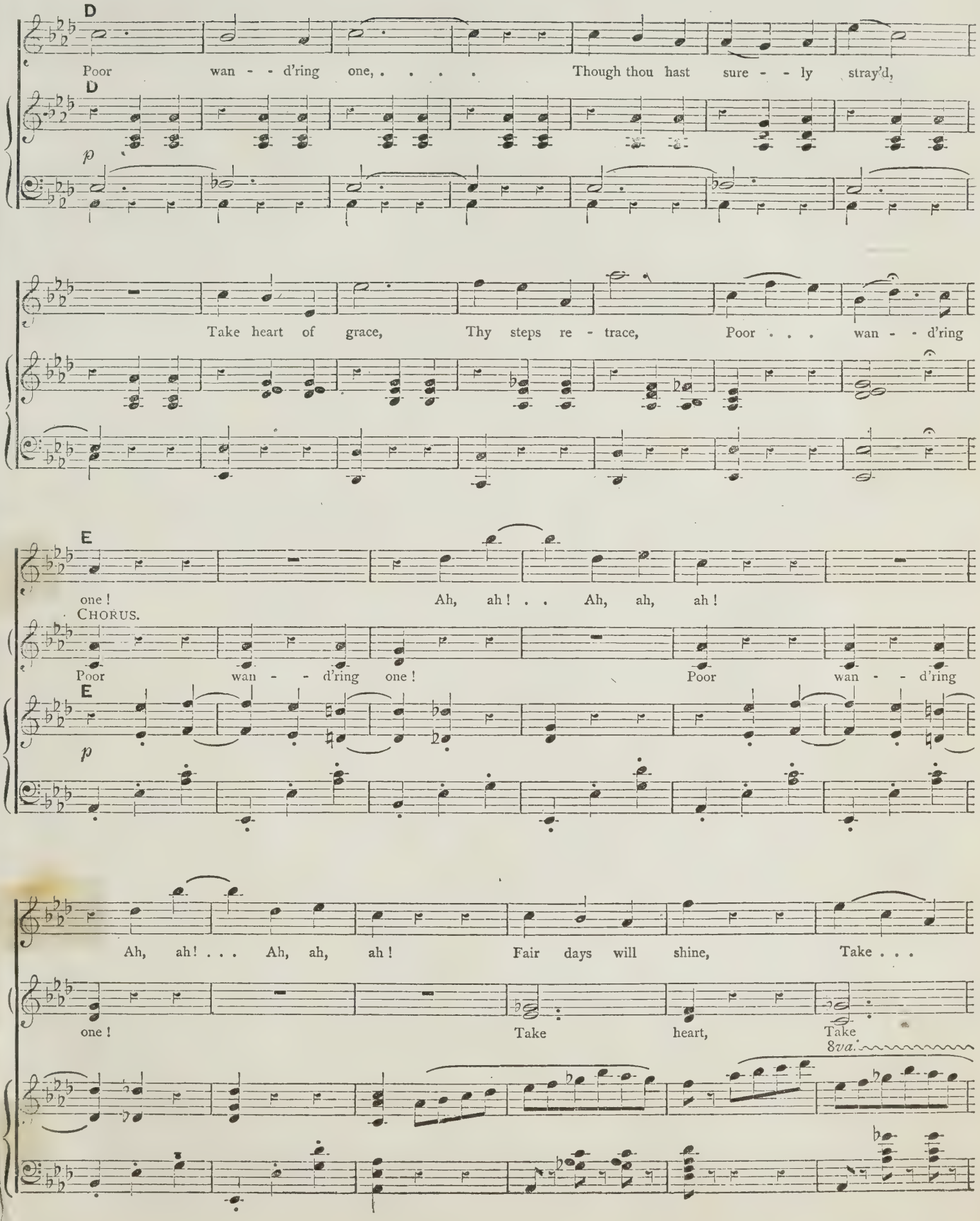
Poor wan - d'ring one. . . . . If such poor love as mine

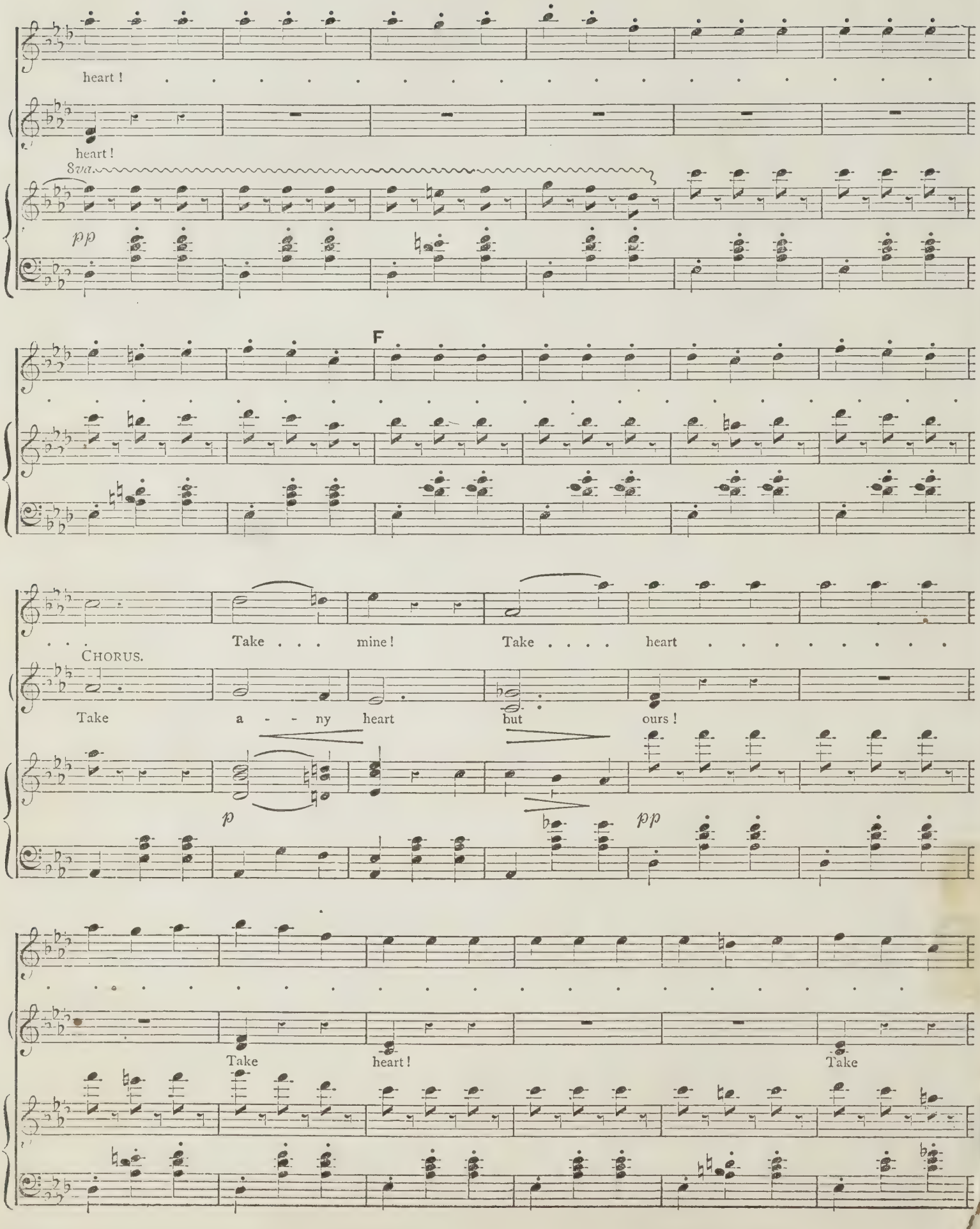
A

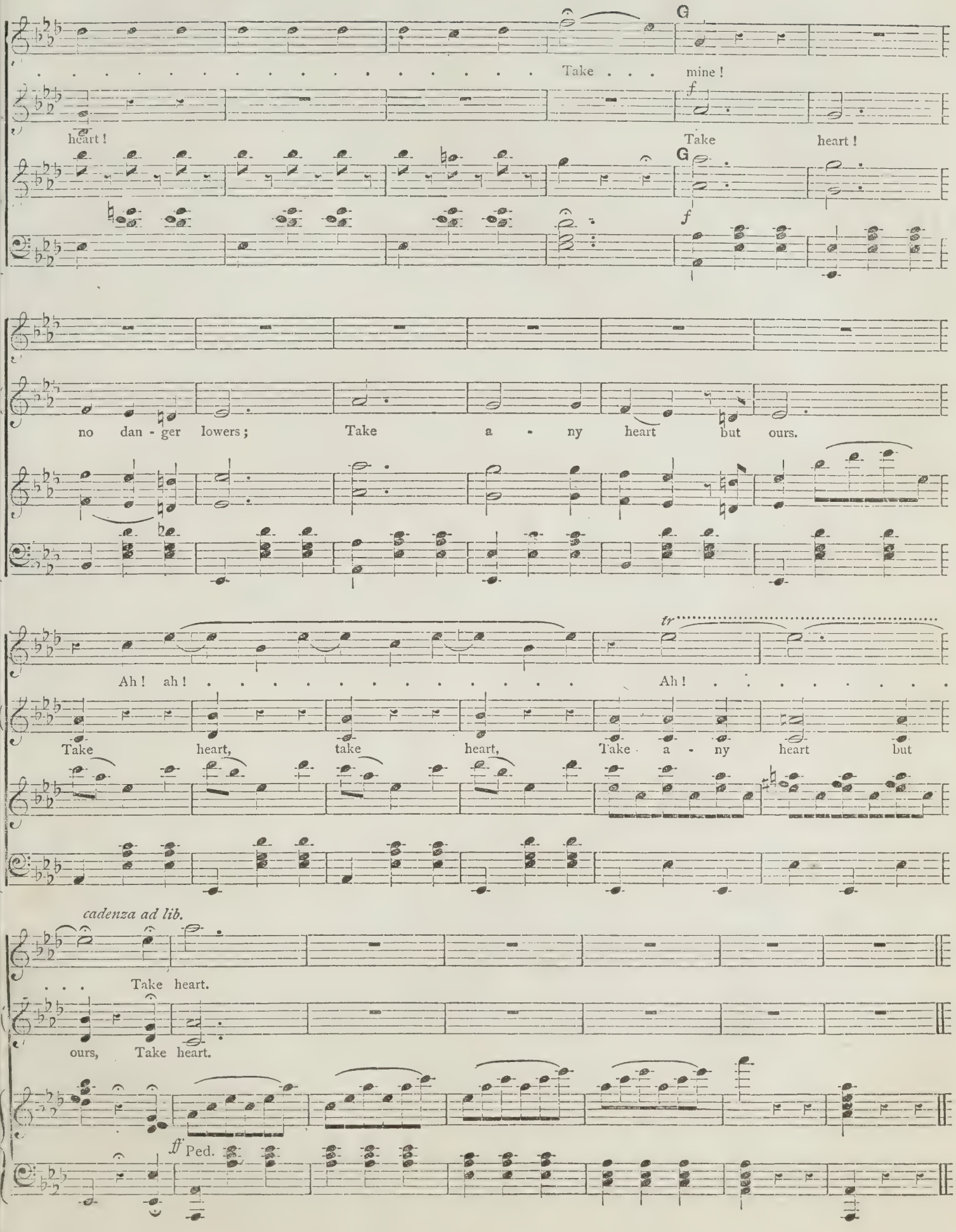
can help thee find True peace of mind, why, take it, it . . is thine.

f

B Chorus of Girls.
Take heart, no dan - ger lowers; Take a - ny heart but ours.
Mabel.
Take heart, fair days will shine; Take a - - ny heart take mine!
Chorus.
Take heart, no dan - ger lowers; Take . . a - - ny heart but ours.
Mabel.
Take heart, fair days will shine; Take a - - ny heart take mine! Ah! . . . . . .
. . . Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . Ah! . . . . . .
cre - - - scen - - - do. . .


D
Poor wan - - d'ring one, ... Though thou hast sure - - ly stray'd,
p
Take heart of grace, Thy steps re - trace, Poor . . . wan - - d'ring
E
one ! Ah, ah ! . . Ah, ah, ah !
CHORUS.
Poor wan - - d'ring one ! Poor wan - - d'ring
p
Ah, ah ! . . . Ah, ah, ah ! Fair days will shine, Take . . .
one ! Take heart, Take
8va.


heart !
heart !
8va
pp
F
Take . . . mine ! Take . . . . heart
CHORUS.
Take a - - ny heart but ours !
p
pp
Take heart ! Take


G
Take . . . mine !
f
heart !
Take heart !
G
f
no dan - ger lowers ; Take a - ny heart but ours.
tr
Ah ! ah ! . . . . . Ah ! . . . . . .
Take heart, take heart, Take a - ny heart but
cadenza ad lib.
. . . Take heart.
ours, Take heart.
ff Ped.

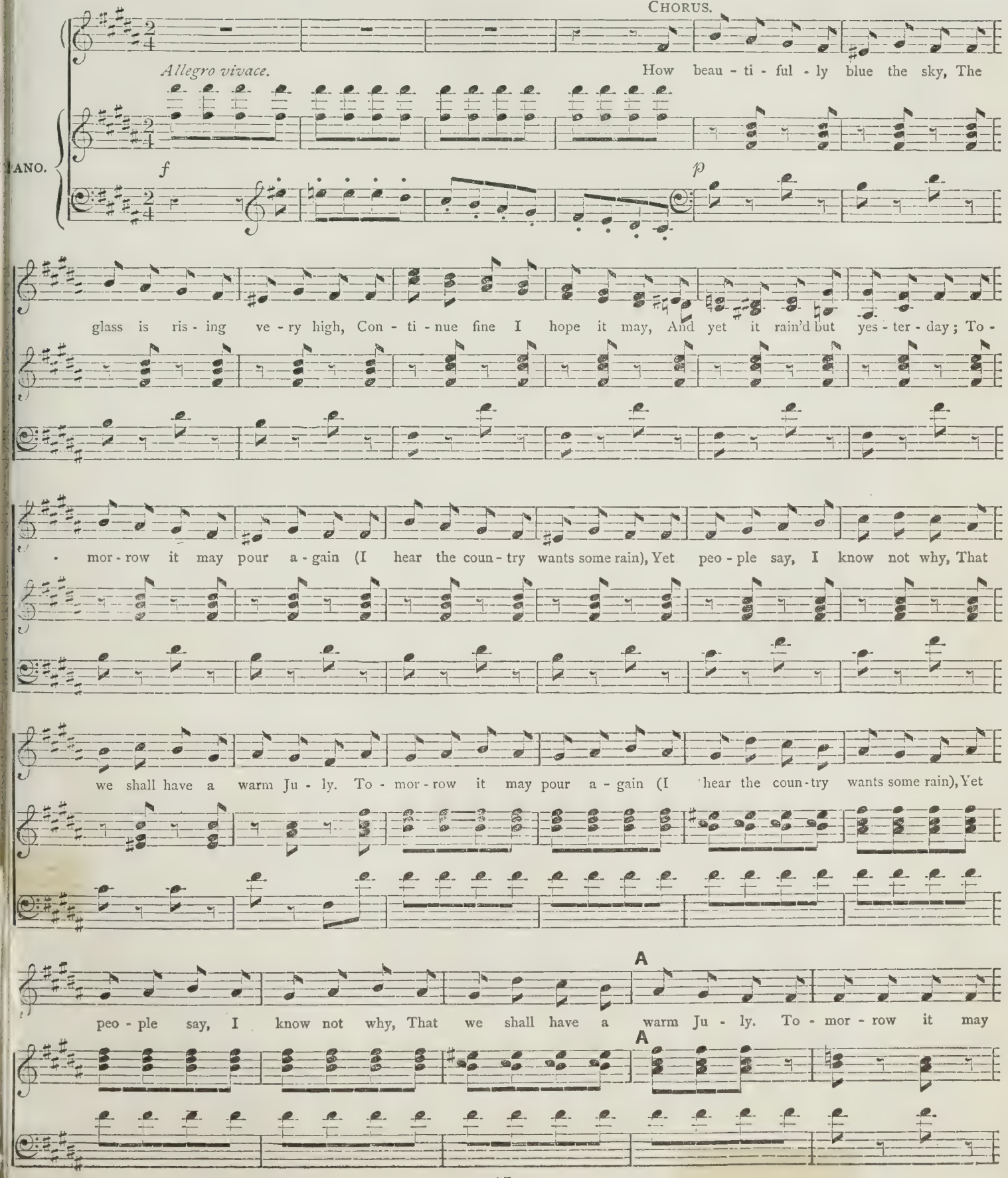
(MABEL *and* FRED *go to mouth of cave L., and converse.* KATE *beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.*)

No. 9. Edith, Kate, & Chorus of Girls.

(EDITH, KATE, *and girls retire up, and sit two and two, facing each other, in a line across the stage.*)

(CHATTERING CHORUS (*during which* FRED *and* MABEL *fondle.*)

No. 10. DUET—Mabel & Frederic, & Chorus of Girls.



(*During this the girls continue their chatter* pianissimo, *but listening eagerly all the time.*)

MABEL.

Did e - - ver mai - - den wake From dream of home - - - - ly

CHORUS. *dim.* *ppp*

pour a - gain (I hear the coun- try wants some rain), Yet peo-ple say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly.

p

du - ty To find her day - light break With such ex - ceed - - - ing beau - ty!

B

Did e - - ver mai - den close Her eyes on wa - - king sad - ness,

B

p

To dream of such . . . . . ex - ceed - - ing glad - ness!

FRED. C

Ah, yes! ah, yes! . . this is ex - ceed - - ing glad - ness.

CHORUS.

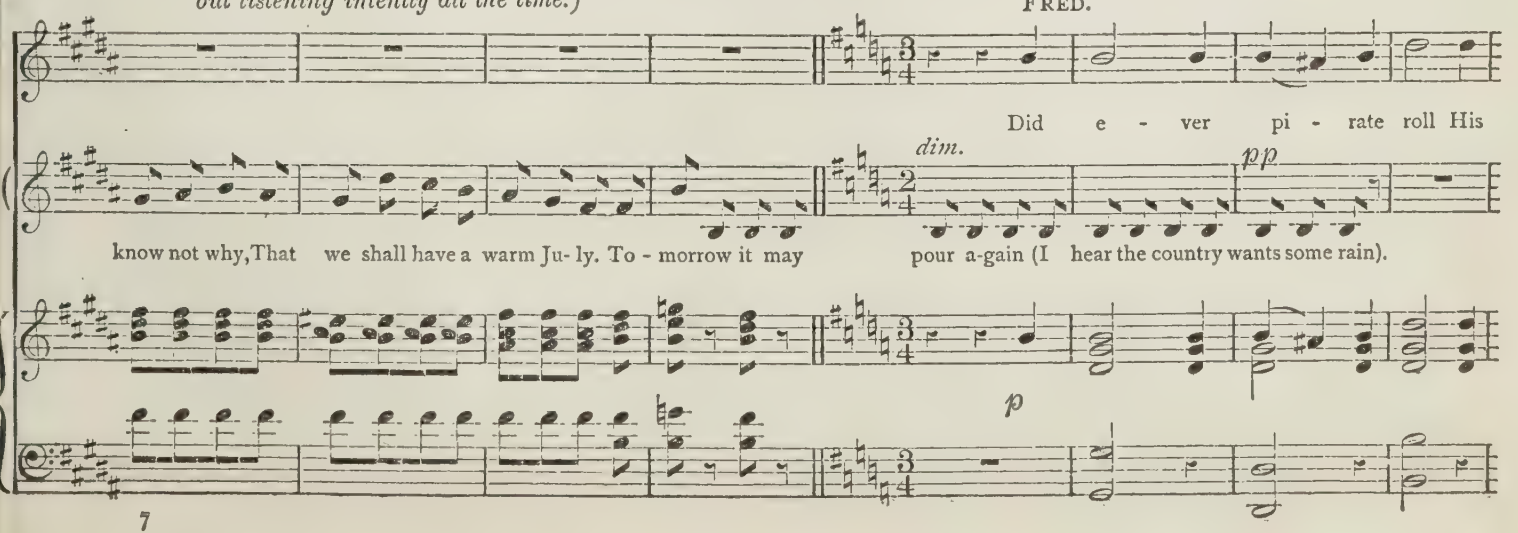
How

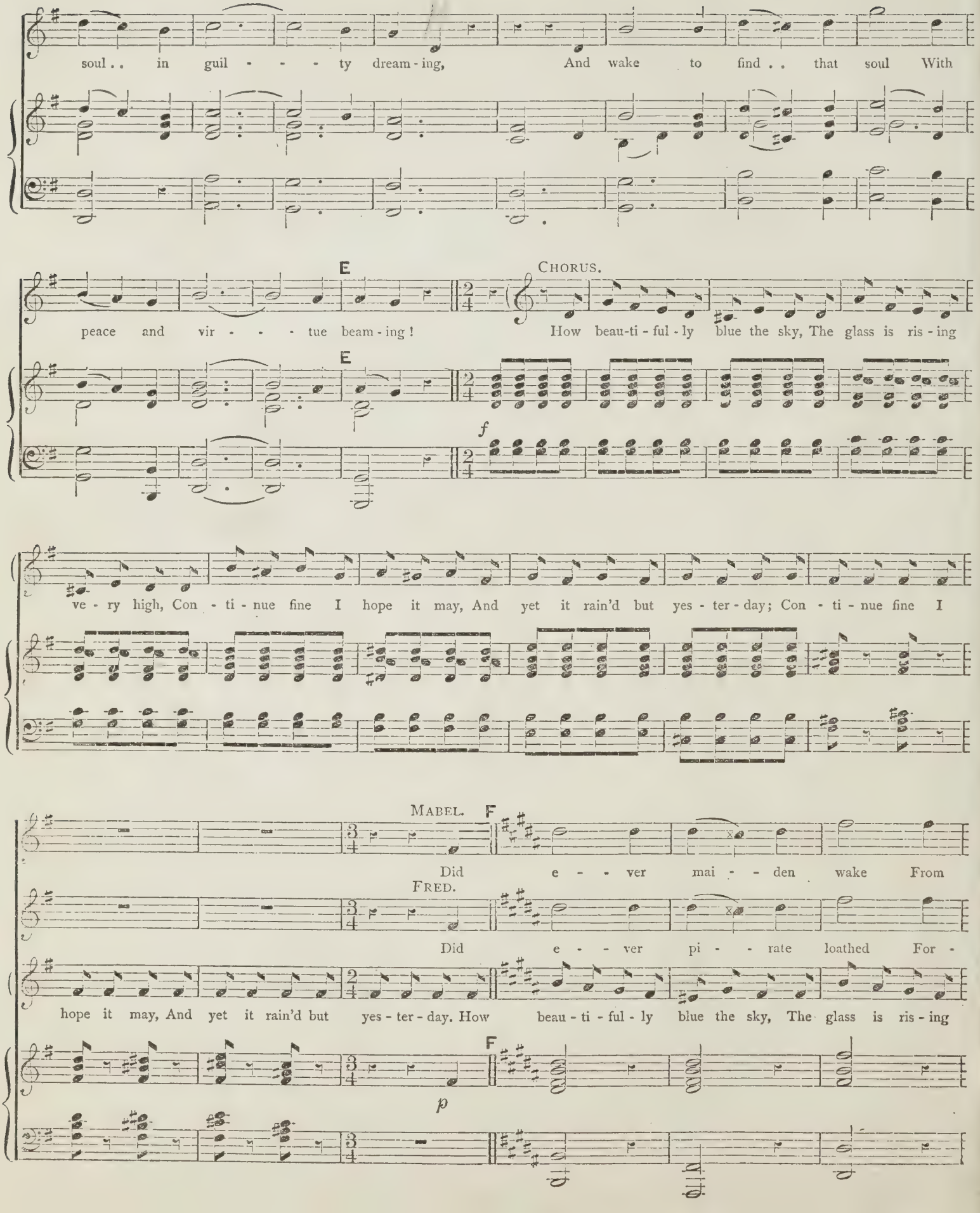
C

f

(FREDERIC *and* MABEL *turn and see that the girls are listening; detected, they continue their chatter,* forte.)

(*During this the girls continue their chatter,* pianissimo, *as before, but listening intently all the time.*)




soul . . in guil - - - - ty dream - ing, And wake to find . . that soul With
E
CHORUS.
peace and vir - - - - tue beam - ing ! How beau-ti - ful - ly blue the sky, The glass is ris - ing
E
f
ve - ry high, Con - ti - nue fine I hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes - ter - day; Con - ti - nue fine I
MABEL.
F
Did e - - - ver mai - - den wake From
FRED.
Did e - - - ver pi - - - rate loathed For -
hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes - ter - day. How beau - ti - ful - ly blue the sky, The glass is ris - ing
F
p

dream . . of home - - - - - ly du - ty To find her
- sake . . . his hi - - - - - - - deous mis - sion To find him -
ve - ry high, Con - ti - nue fine I hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes - ter - day; To - mor - row it may
G
day - light break With such ex - ceed - - - - - ing beau - ty! Ah,
- - self be - trothed to la - - dy of . . . po - si - tion! Ah,
pour a- gain (I hear the coun-try wants some rain), Yet peo-ple say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, Yet
G
p
cre - scen - do. .
yes! . . . . . Ah yes, ah yes! . . .
yes! . . . . . Ah yes, ah yes! . . .
peo - ple say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, a warm Ju - ly. . . .
. . . molto. . . . . f ff

No. 11. Frederic, & Chorus of Girls & Pirates.

PIRATES.

GIRLS. GIRLS. PIRATES.

Too late! Ha, ha! Too late! Ho, ho, ha! ha! ha! ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!

Vivace.

ff

CHORUS.

Now here's a first-rate op-por-tu-ni-ty To get mar-ried with im-

mf

-pu-ni-ty, And in-dulge in the fe-li-ci-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes-ti-ci-ty! You shall

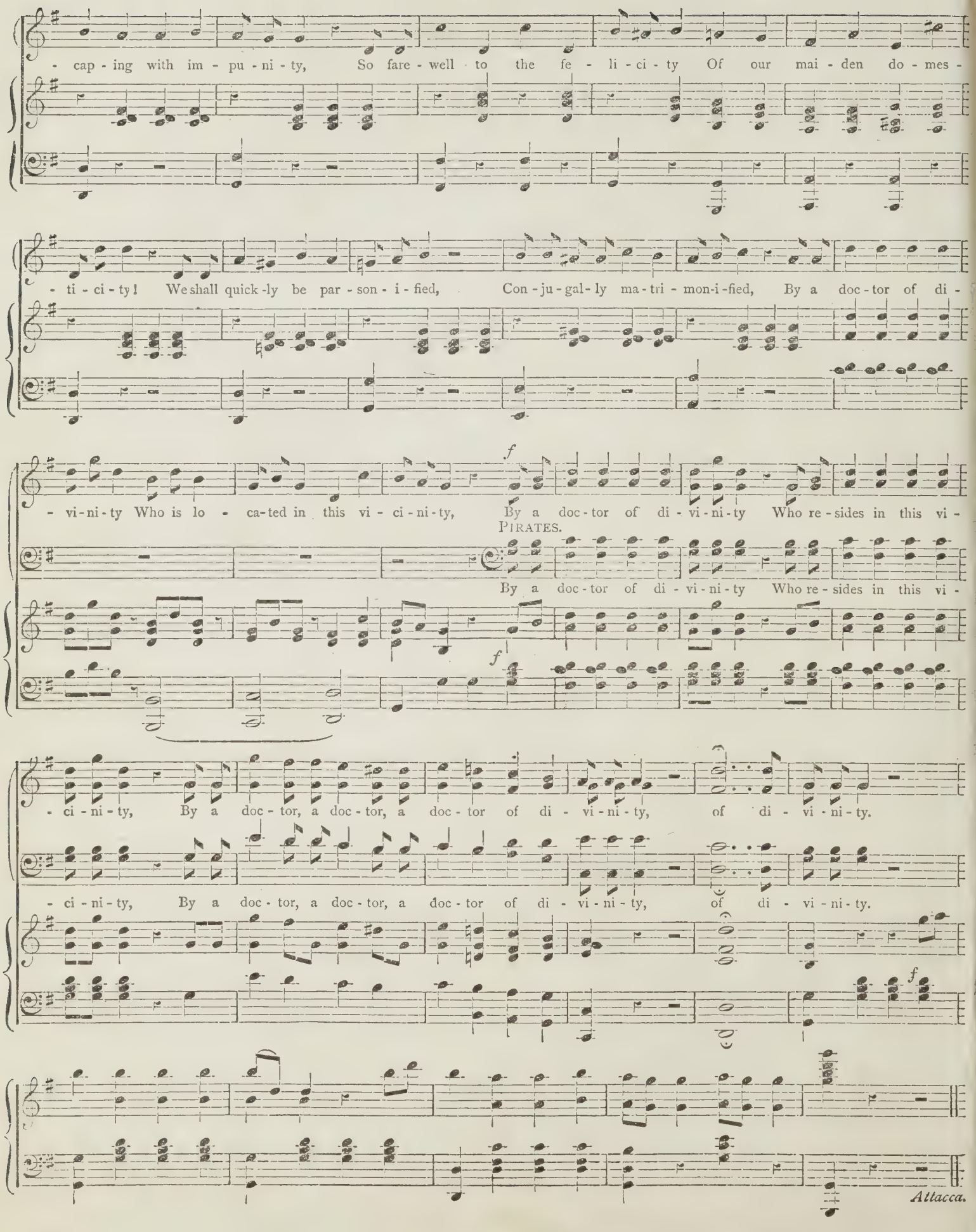
quick-ly be par-son-i-fied, Con-ju-gal-ly ma-tri-mon-i-fied, By a doc-tor of di-

GIRLS. A

-vi-ni-ty, Who is lo-ca-ted in this vi-ci-ni-ty. We have missed our op-por-tu-ni-ty Of es-

A

mf


- cap - ing with im - pu - ni - ty, So fare - well to the fe - li - ci - ty Of our mai - den do - mes -
- ti - ci - ty! We shall quick - ly be par - son - i - fied, Con - ju - gal - ly ma - tri - mon - i - fied, By a doc - tor of di -
- vi - ni - ty Who is lo - ca - ted in this vi - ci - ni - ty, By a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty Who re - sides in this vi -
PIRATES.
By a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty Who re - sides in this vi -
- ci - ni - ty, By a doc - tor, a doc - tor, a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty, of di - vi - ni - ty.
- ci - ni - ty, By a doc - tor, a doc - tor, a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty, of di - vi - ni - ty.
Attacca.

No. 12. RECITATIVE—Mabel, Major-General, Samuel, & Chorus.

a tempo

(*The Major-General has entered unnoticed on rock L. U. E.*)

MABEL. SAMUEL.

Hold, Monsters! { Ere your pirate caravanserai proceeds against our will to } wed us all, { Just bear in mind that we are wards in Chancery, and father is a Major- } Ge-ne-ral! We'd

a tempo

PIANO.

moderato.

GIRLS.

bet-ter pause, or dan-gers may be-fal; Their fa-ther is a Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral! Yes, yes, he is a Ma-jor-

moderato.

MAJOR-GENERAL. SAMUEL. CHORUS.

-Ge-ne-ral! Yes, yes, I am a Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral! For he is a Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral! He is! Hur-

MAJOR-GENERAL.

-rah for the Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral! And it is, it is a glo-rious thing To be a Ma-jor-

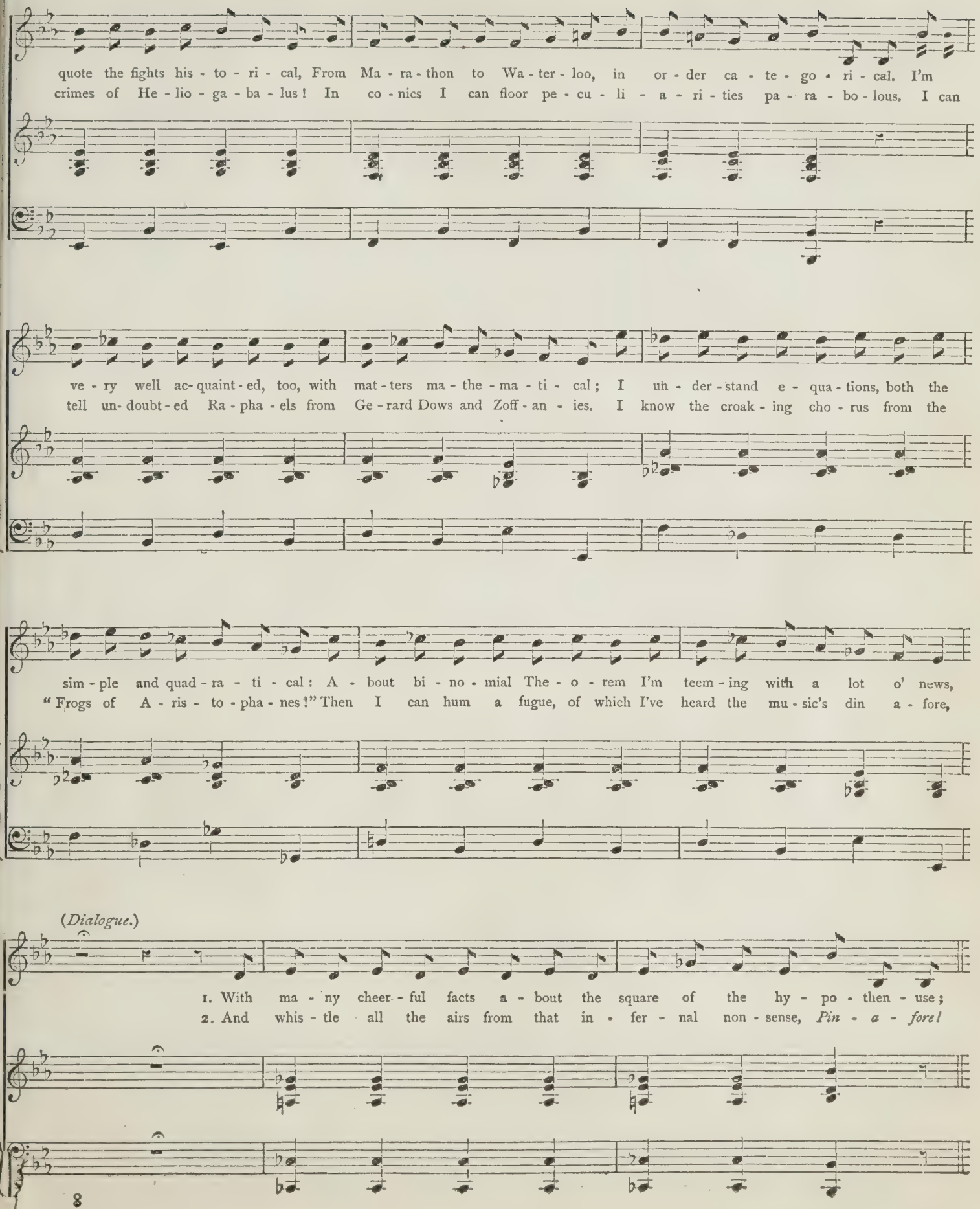
PIRATES.

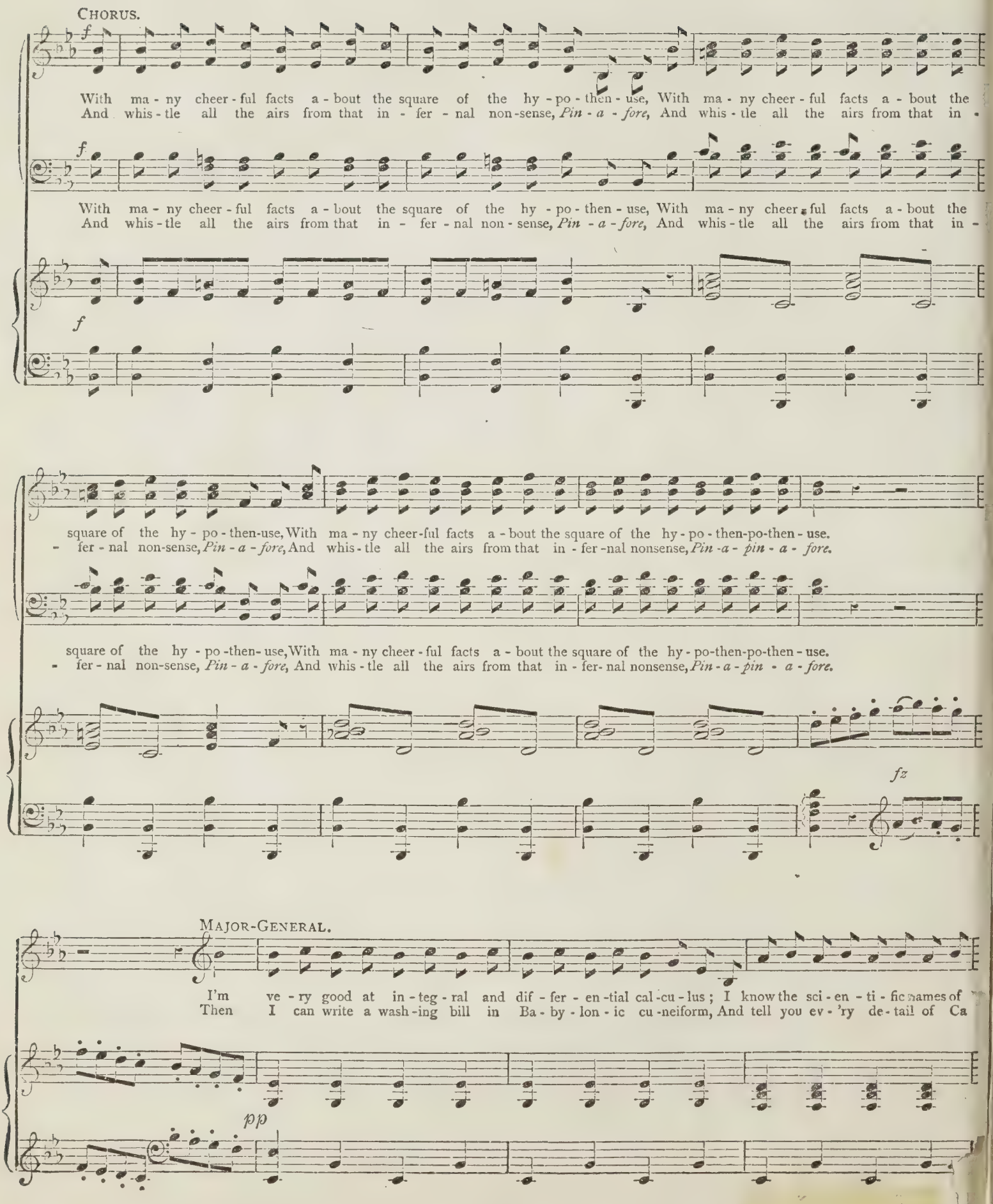
-Ge-ne-ral! It is! Hur-rah for the Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral! Hur-rah for the Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral!

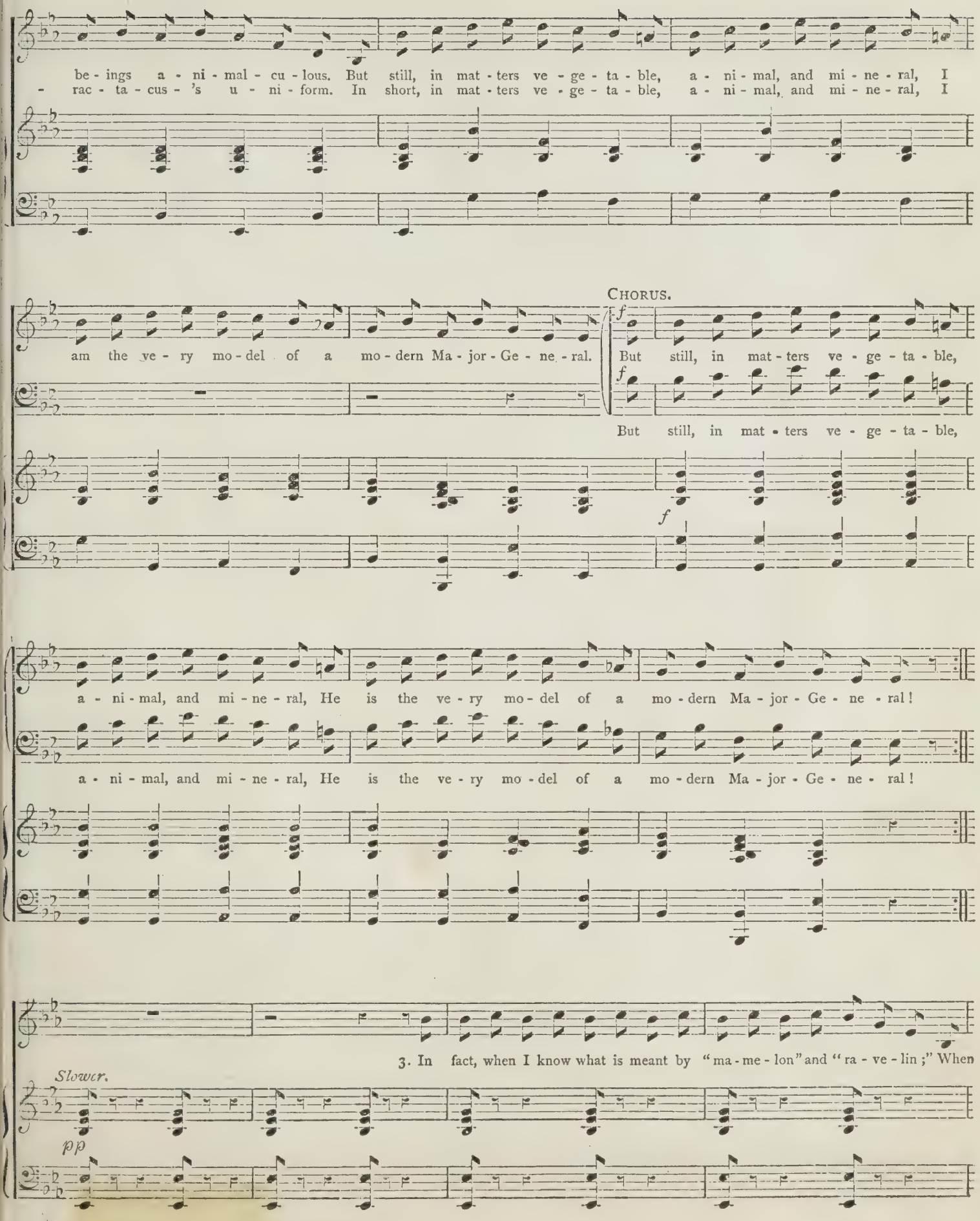
GENERAL. Yes, I am a Major-General!
ALL. You are! Hurrah for the Major-General!

GENERAL, And it is a glorious thing to be a Major-General!
ALL. It is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

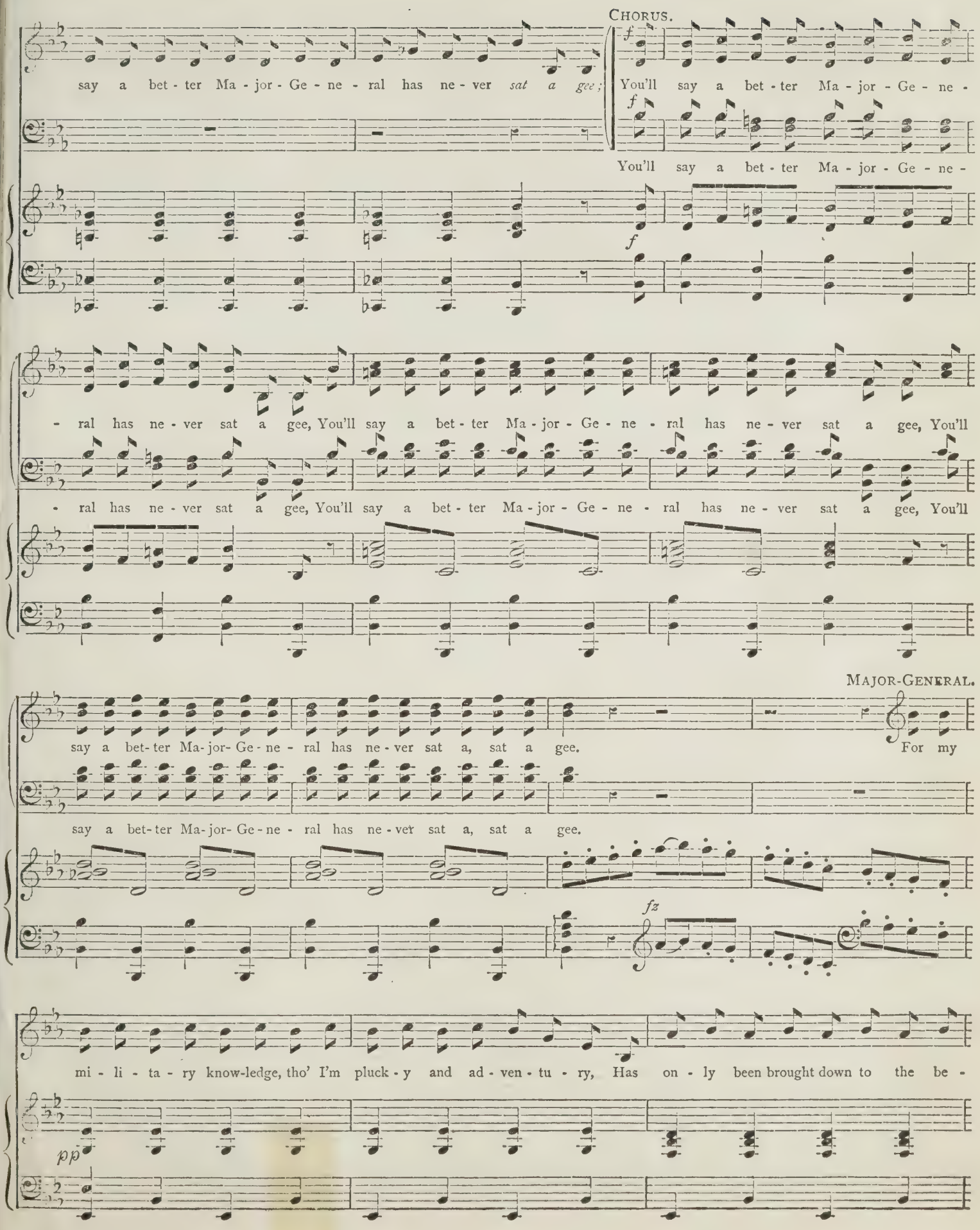
No. 13. SONG—Major-General & Chorus.

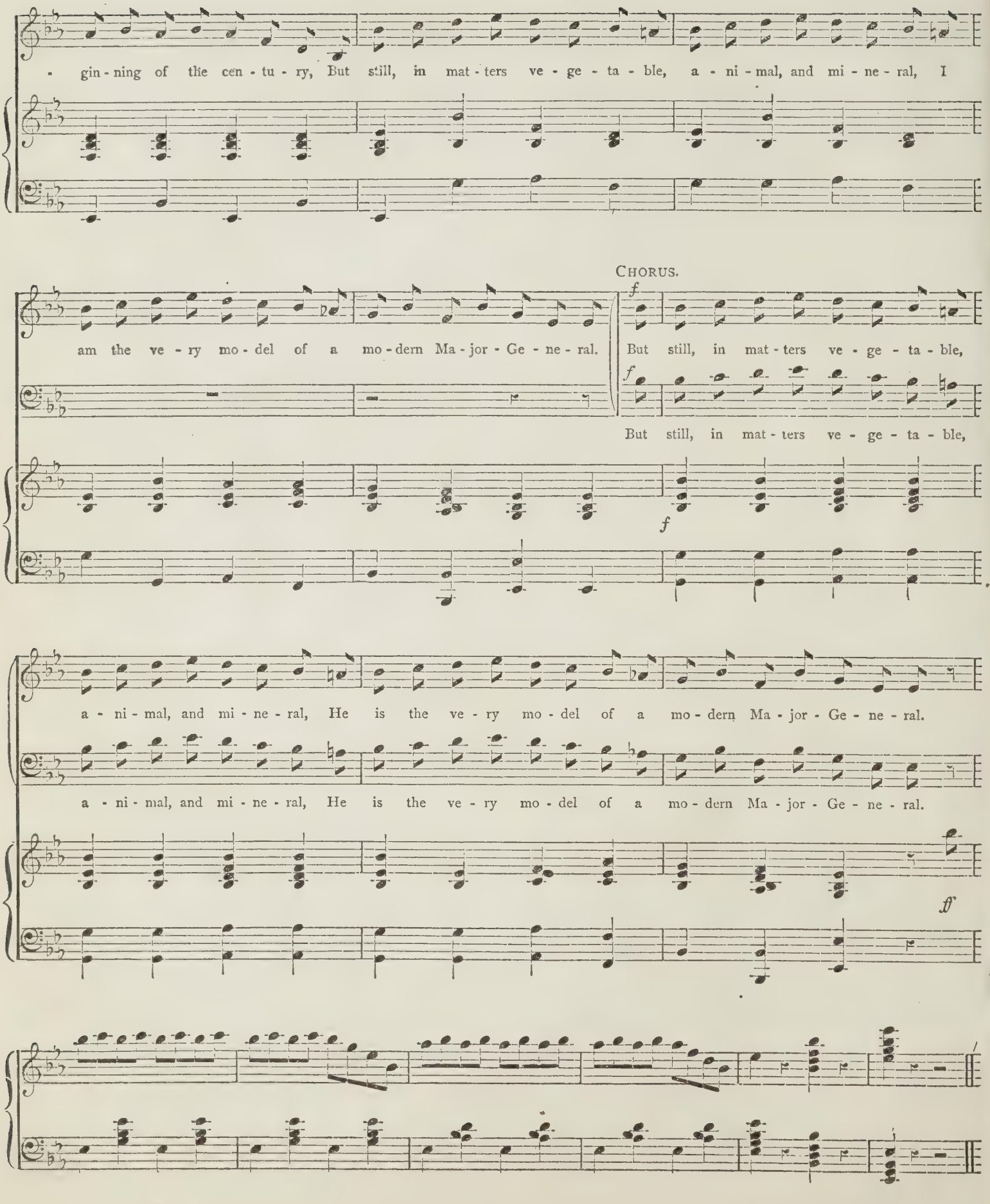

quote the fights his - to - ri - cal, From Ma - ra - thon to Wa - ter - loo, in or - der ca - te - go - ri - cal. I'm
crimes of He - lio - ga - ba - lus! In co - nics I can floor pe - cu - li - a - ri - ties pa - ra - bo - lous. I can
ve - ry well ac- quaint - ed, too, with mat - ters ma - the - ma - ti - cal; I un - der - stand e - qua - tions, both the
tell un- doubt - ed Ra - pha - els from Ge - rard Dows and Zoff - an - ies. I know the croak - ing cho - rus from the
sim - ple and quad - ra - ti - cal: A - bout bi - no - mial The - o - rem I'm teem - ing with a lot o' news,
"Frogs of A - ris - to - pha - nes!" Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the mu - sic's din a - fore,
(*Dialogue.*)
1. With ma - ny cheer - ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - po - then - use;
2. And whis - tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non - sense, *Pin - a - fore!*


CHORUS.
f
With ma - ny cheer - ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - po - then - use, With ma - ny cheer - ful facts a - bout the
And whis - tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And whis - tle all the airs from that in -
f
With ma - ny cheer - ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - po - then - use, With ma - ny cheer - ful facts a - bout the
And whis - tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal non - sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And whis - tle all the airs from that in -
f
square of the hy - po - then-use, With ma - ny cheer-ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - po - then-po-then - use.
- fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And whis - tle all the airs from that in - fer - nal nonsense, *Pin - a - pin - a - fore.*
square of the hy - po -then- use, With ma - ny cheer - ful facts a - bout the square of the hy - po-then-po-then - use.
- fer - nal non-sense, *Pin - a - fore,* And whis - tle all the airs from that in - fer- nal nonsense, *Pin - a - pin - a - fore.*
fz
MAJOR-GENERAL.
I'm ve - ry good at in - teg - ral and dif - fer - en - tial cal - cu - lus ; I know the sci - en - ti - fic names of
Then I can write a wash - ing bill in Ba - by - lon - ic cu - neiform, And tell you ev - 'ry de - tail of Ca
pp


be - ings a - ni - mal - cu - lous. But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble, a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, I
- rac - ta - cus - 's u - ni - form. In short, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble, a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, I
CHORUS.
am the ve - ry mo - del of a mo - dern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral.
f
But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble,
f
But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble,
f
a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, He is the ve - ry mo - del of a mo - dern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral!
a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, He is the ve - ry mo - del of a mo - dern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral!
3. In fact, when I know what is meant by "ma - me - lon" and "ra - ve - lin;" When
Slower.
pp

I can tell at sight a chasse-pot ri - fle from a ja - ve - lin; When such af - fairs as sor - ties and sur -
- pri - ses I'm more wa - ry at; And when I know pre - cise - ly what is meant by com - mis - sa - ri - at; When
I have learnt what pro - gress has been made in mo - dern gun - ne - ry; When I know more of tac - tics than a
a tempo. Vivace.
no - vice in a nun - ne - ry; In short, when I've a smat - ter - ing of e - le - men - tal stra - te - gy— You'll
a tempo. Vivace.


CHORUS.
say a bet - ter Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral has ne - ver *sat a gee;*
You'll say a bet - ter Ma - jor - Ge - ne -
You'll say a bet - ter Ma - jor - Ge - ne -
- ral has ne - ver sat a gee, You'll say a bet - ter Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral has ne - ver sat a gee, You'll
- ral has ne - ver sat a gee, You'll say a bet - ter Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral has ne - ver sat a gee, You'll
MAJOR-GENERAL.
say a bet-ter Ma-jor- Ge-ne - ral has ne - ver sat a, sat a gee.
For my
say a bet-ter Ma-jor- Ge-ne - ral has ne - ver sat a, sat a gee.
mi - li - ta - ry know-ledge, tho' I'm pluck - y and ad - ven - tu - ry, Has on - ly been brought down to the be -


- gin - ning of the cen - tu - ry, But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble, a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, I
CHORUS.
f
am the ve - ry mo - del of a mo - dern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral.
But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble,
But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble,
a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, He is the ve - ry mo - del of a mo - dern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral.
a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, He is the ve - ry mo - del of a mo - dern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral.
ff

GENERAL. And now that I've introduced myself, I should like to have some idea of what's going on.

KATE. Oh, papa! we—

SAMUEL. Permit me; I'll explain it in two words: we propose to marry your daughters.

GENERAL. Dear me!

GIRLS. Against our wills, papa—against our wills!

GENERAL. Oh, but you mustn't do that. May I ask—this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it—what are you?

KING. We are all single gentlemen.

GENERAL. Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

EDITH. Papa, don't believe them. They are pirates—the famous Pirates of Penzance!

GENERAL. The Pirates of Penzance? I have often heard of them.

MABEL. Yes, all except this gentleman (*indicating* FREDERIC), who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to-day.

GENERAL. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

KING. We object to major-generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point; we do not press it, we look over it.

GENERAL. (*Aside.*) Hah! an idea! (*Aloud.*) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go through the remainder of life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

KING. Well, yes; that's the idea.

GENERAL. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

ALL THE PIRATES. (*Disgusted.*) Oh, dash it all!

KING. Here we are again!

GENERAL. I ask you, Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

KING. (*Sighing.*) Often.

GENERAL. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

KING. I say, often.

ALL. (*Disgusted.*) Often! often! often! (*Turning away.*)

GENERAL. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan? and you say "Orphan." As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word "often."

GENERAL. Pardon me; you did indeed.

KING. I only repeated it once.

GENERAL. True, but you repeated it.

KING. But not often.

GENERAL. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan" did you mean "orphan," a person who has lost his parents, or "often," frequently?

KING. Oh, I beg your pardon! I see you mean frequently.

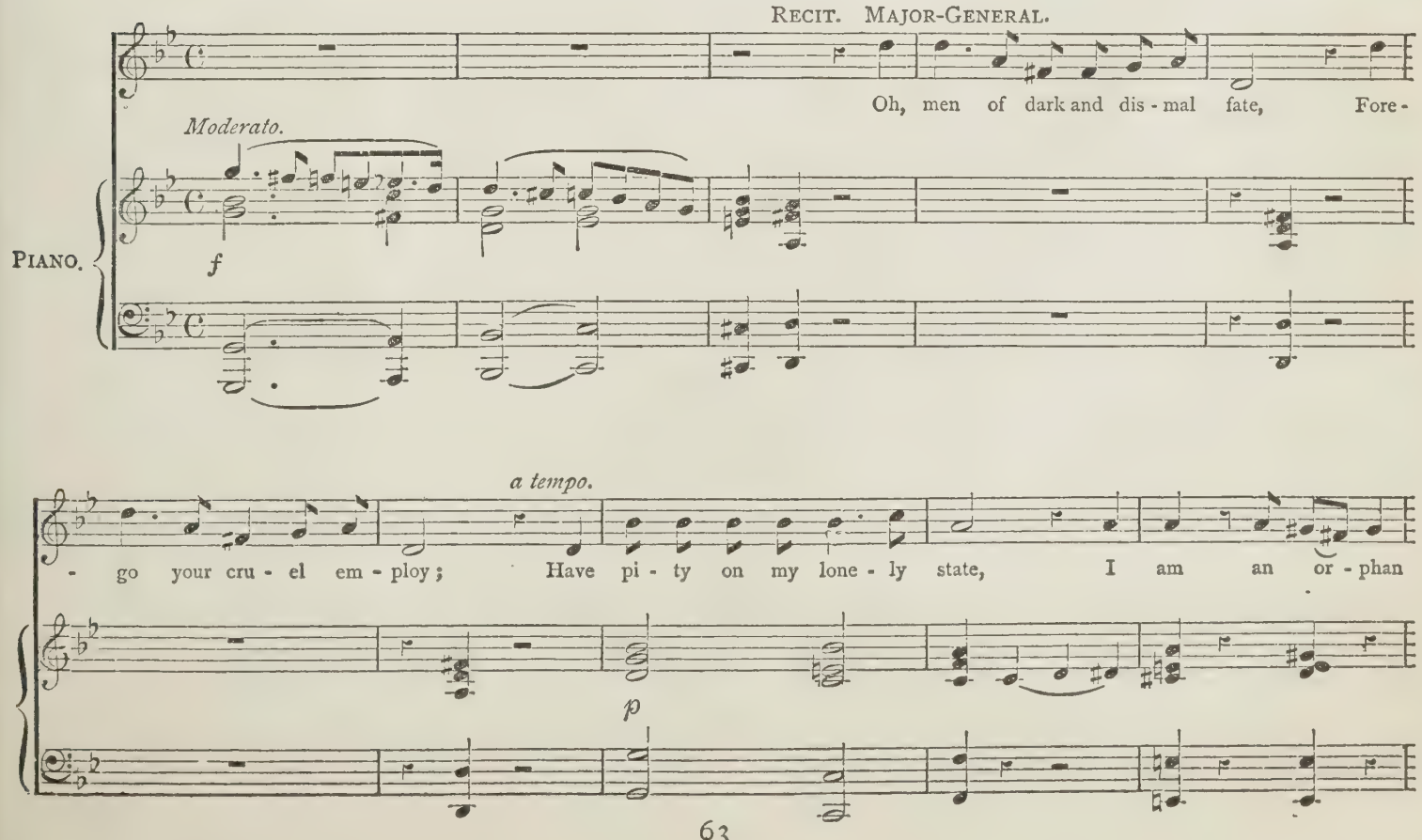
GENERAL. Ah, you said "often" frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GENERAL. Exactly, you said "often, frequently," only once.

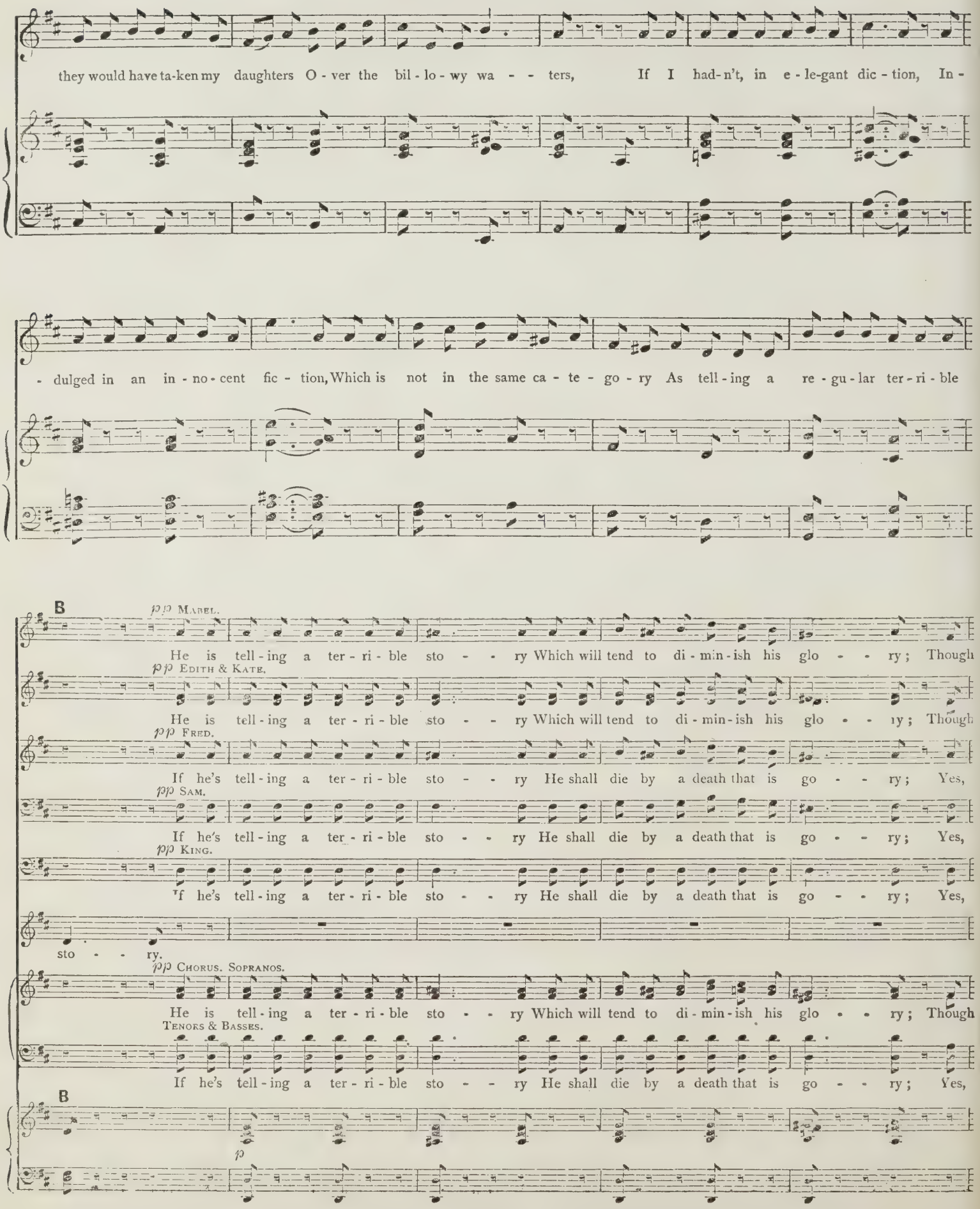
Finale—Act I.

Mabel, Kate, Edith, Frederic, Samuel, King, Major-General, Ruth, & Chorus.



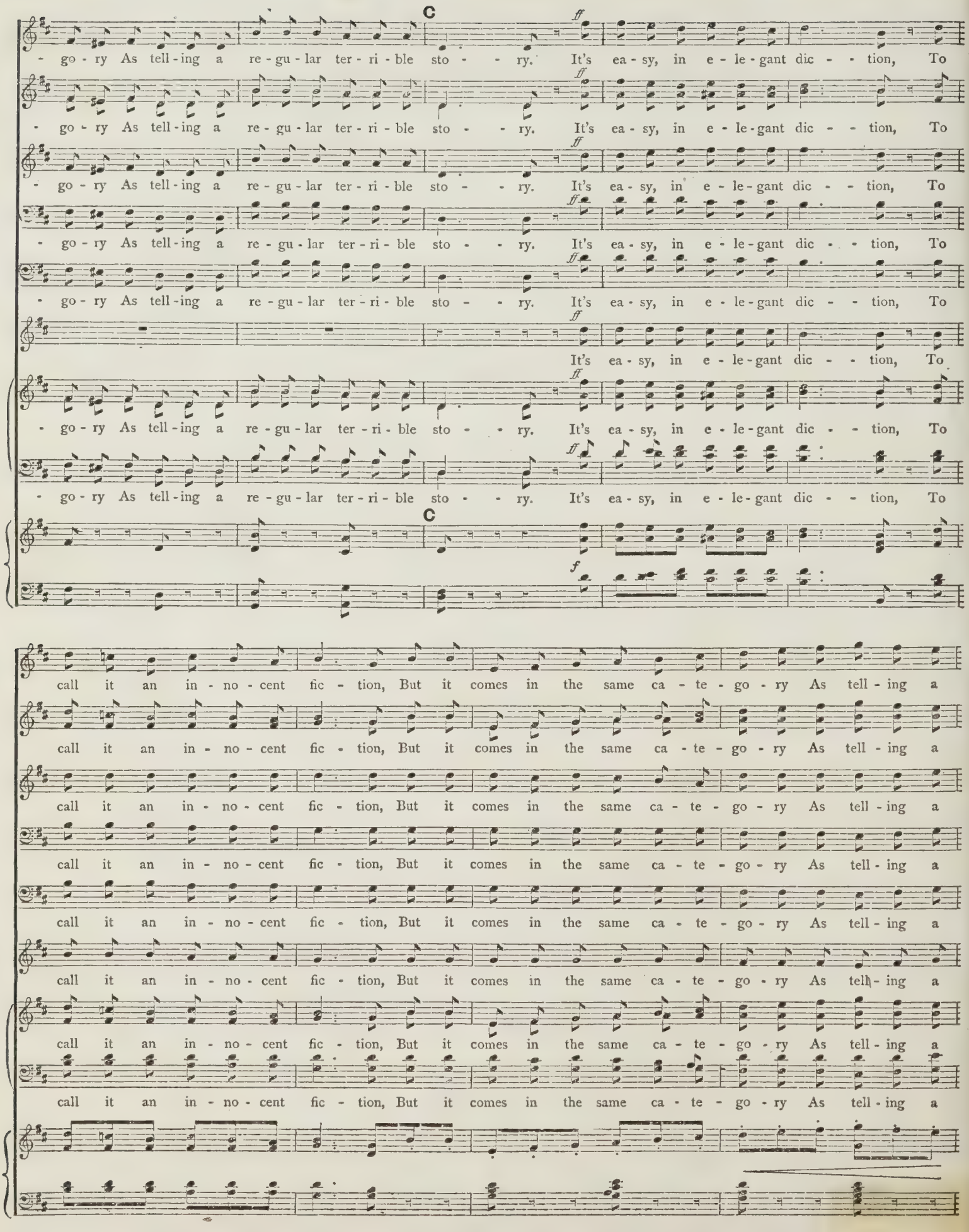
SAMUEL & KING.
MAJOR-GENERAL.
SAMUEL & KING.
MAJOR-GENERAL.
boy! An or - phan boy? An or - phan boy! How sad, an or - phan boy! These
CHORUS OF PIRATES.
How sad, an or - phan boy!
Andante moderato.
CHORUS OF PIRATES. MAJOR-GENERAL.
chil-dren whom you see are all that I can call my own. Poor fel - low! Take them a - way from me, and I shall
Andante moderato.
PIRATES. MAJOR-GENERAL.
be in - deed a - lone! Poor fel - low! If pi - ty you can feel, leave me my sole re - main - ing joy! See,
PIRATES.
at your feet they kneel! Your hearts you can - not steel A - gainst the sad, sad tale of the lone - ly or-phan boy! Poor
mf
dim. . . p

SAMUEL, KING, & CHORUS OF PIRATES.
A
fel - low! See, at our feet they kneel! Our hearts we can - not steel A - gainst the sad, sad tale of the
SAMUEL.
SAMUEL & KING.
lone - ly or - phan boy! The or - phan boy! The or - phan boy! See, at our feet they kneel! Our
p
tr
hearts we can - not steel A - gainst the tale of the lone - ly or - phan boy.
MAJOR-GENERAL.
I'm tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - ry, But it does-n't di - min - ish my glo - ry; For
Allegro vivace.
p

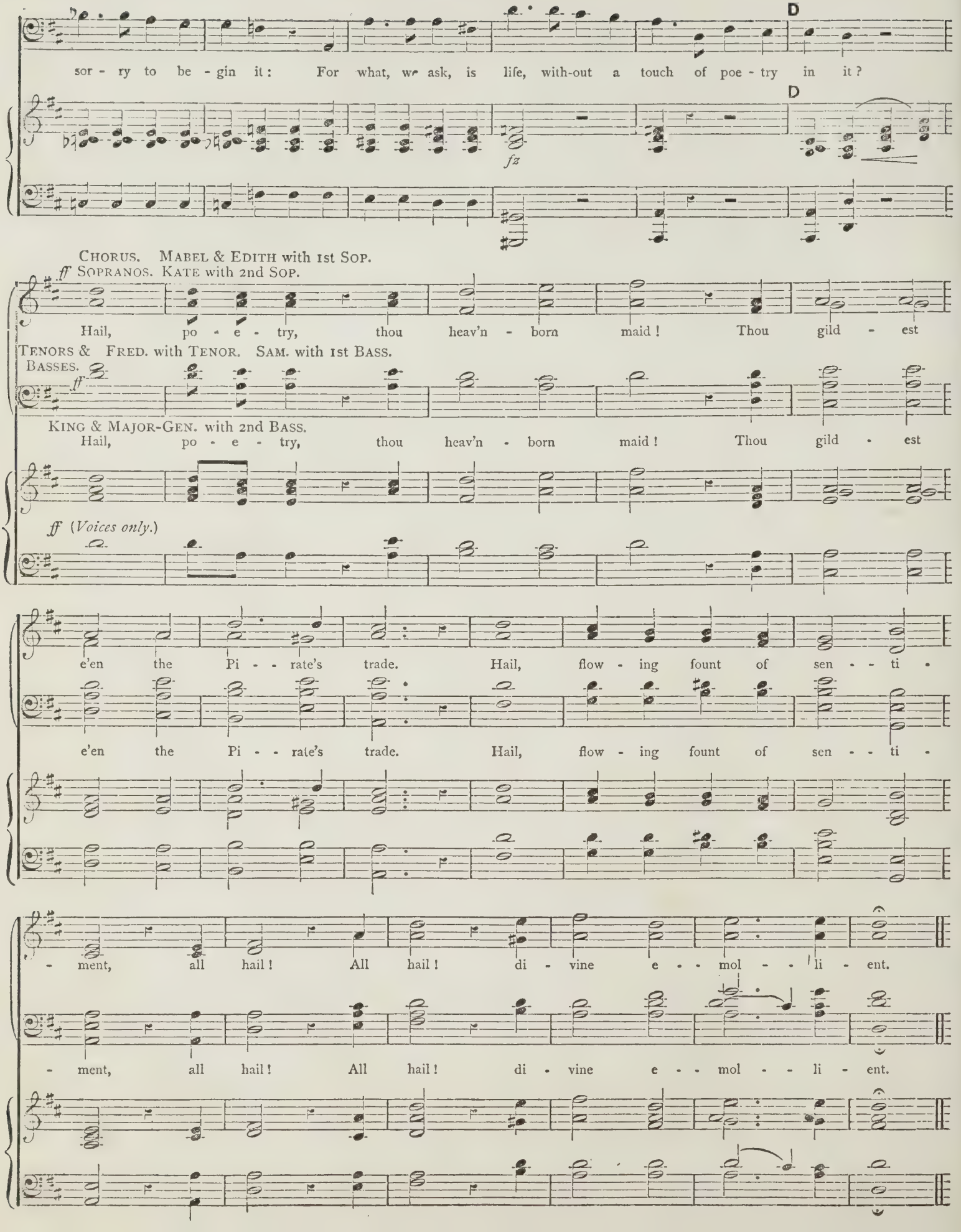

they would have ta-ken my daughters O - ver the bil - lo - wy wa - - ters, If I had-n't, in e - le-gant dic - tion, In -
- dulged in an in - no - cent fic - tion, Which is not in the same ca - te - go - ry As tell - ing a re - gu - lar ter - ri - ble
B
pp MABEL.
He is tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - - ry Which will tend to di - min - ish his glo - - ry; Though
pp EDITH & KATE.
He is tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - - ry Which will tend to di - min - ish his glo - - ry; Though
pp FRED.
If he's tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - - ry He shall die by a death that is go - - ry; Yes,
pp SAM.
If he's tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - - ry He shall die by a death that is go - - ry; Yes,
pp KING.
If he's tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - - ry He shall die by a death that is go - - ry; Yes,
sto - - ry.
pp CHORUS. SOPRANOS.
He is tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - - ry Which will tend to di - min - ish his glo - - ry; Though
TENORS & BASSES.
If he's tell - ing a ter - ri - ble sto - - ry He shall die by a death that is go - - ry; Yes,
B
p

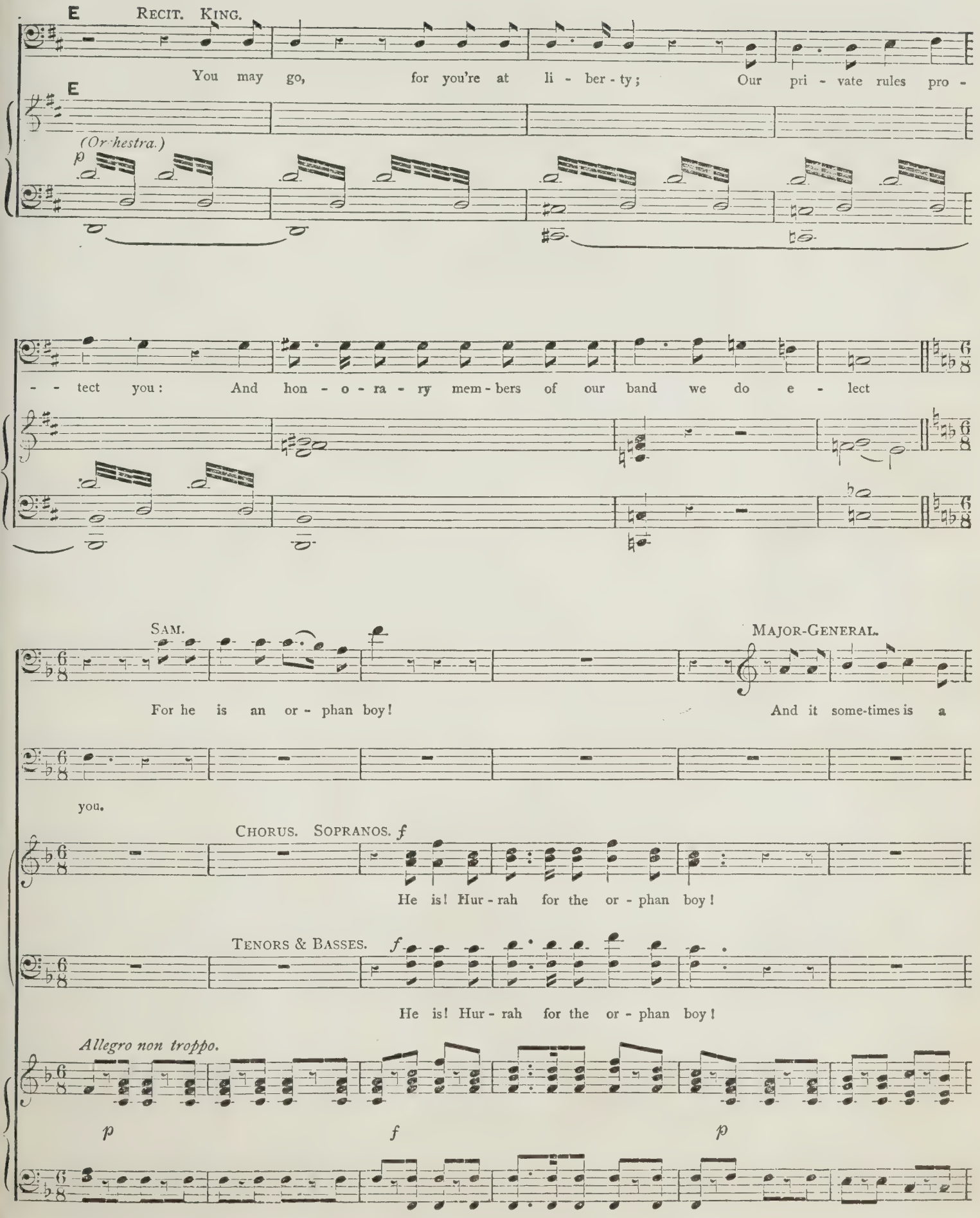
they would have ta - ken his daugh - ters O - ver the bil - lo - wy wa - - ters. It is
they would have ta - ken his daugh - ters O - ver the bil - lo - wy wa - - ters. It is
one of the cru - el - lest slaugh - ters That e - ver were known in these wa - - ters. It is
one of the cru - el - lest slaugh - ters That e - ver were known in these wa - - ters. It is
one of the cru - el - lest slaugh - ters That e - ver were known in these wa - - ters. It is
they would have ta - ken his daugh - ters O - ver the bil - lo - wy wa - - ters. It is
one of the cru - el - lest slaugh-ters That e - ver were known in these wa - - ters. It is

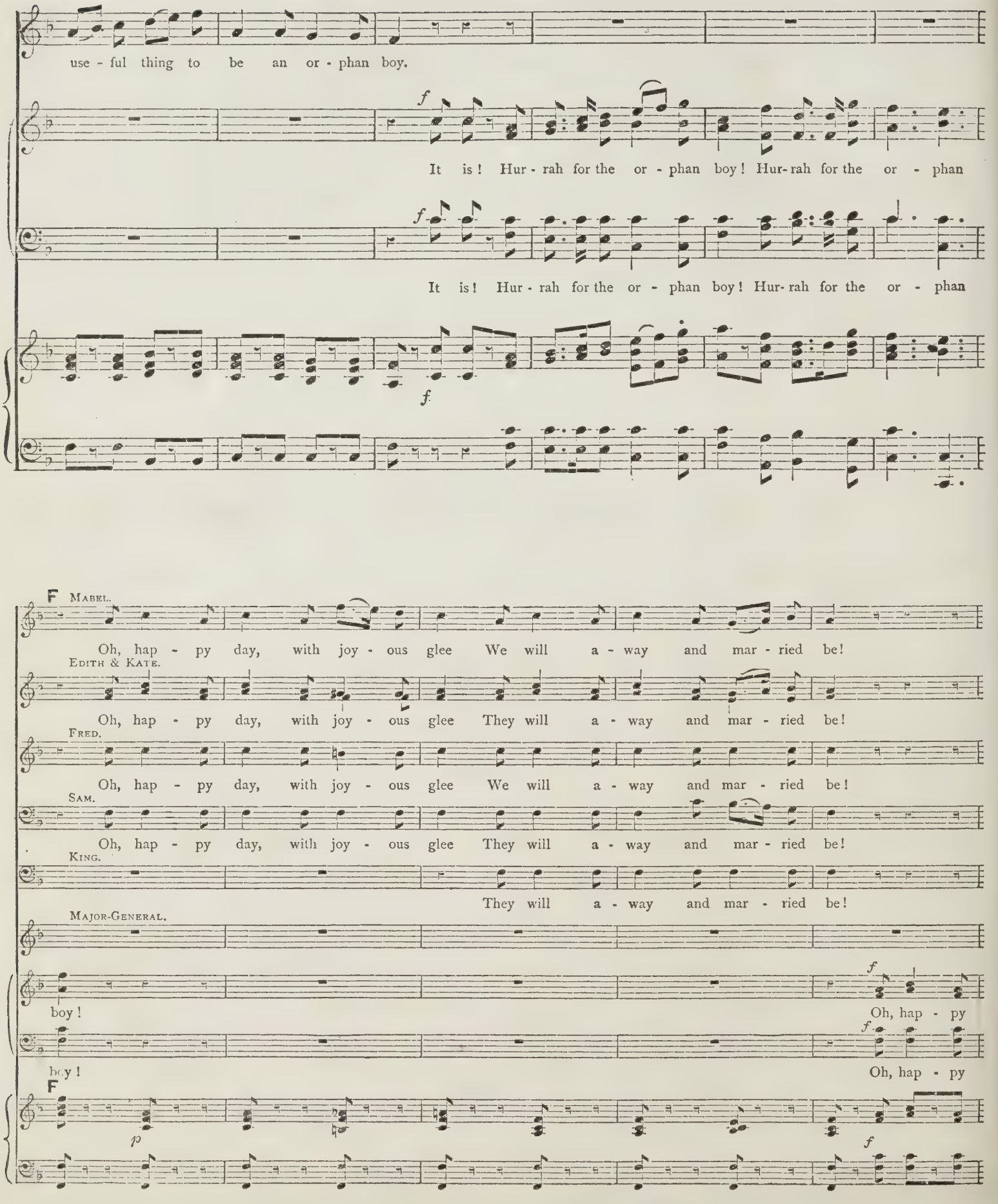
ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -
ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -
ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -
ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -
ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -
ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -
ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -

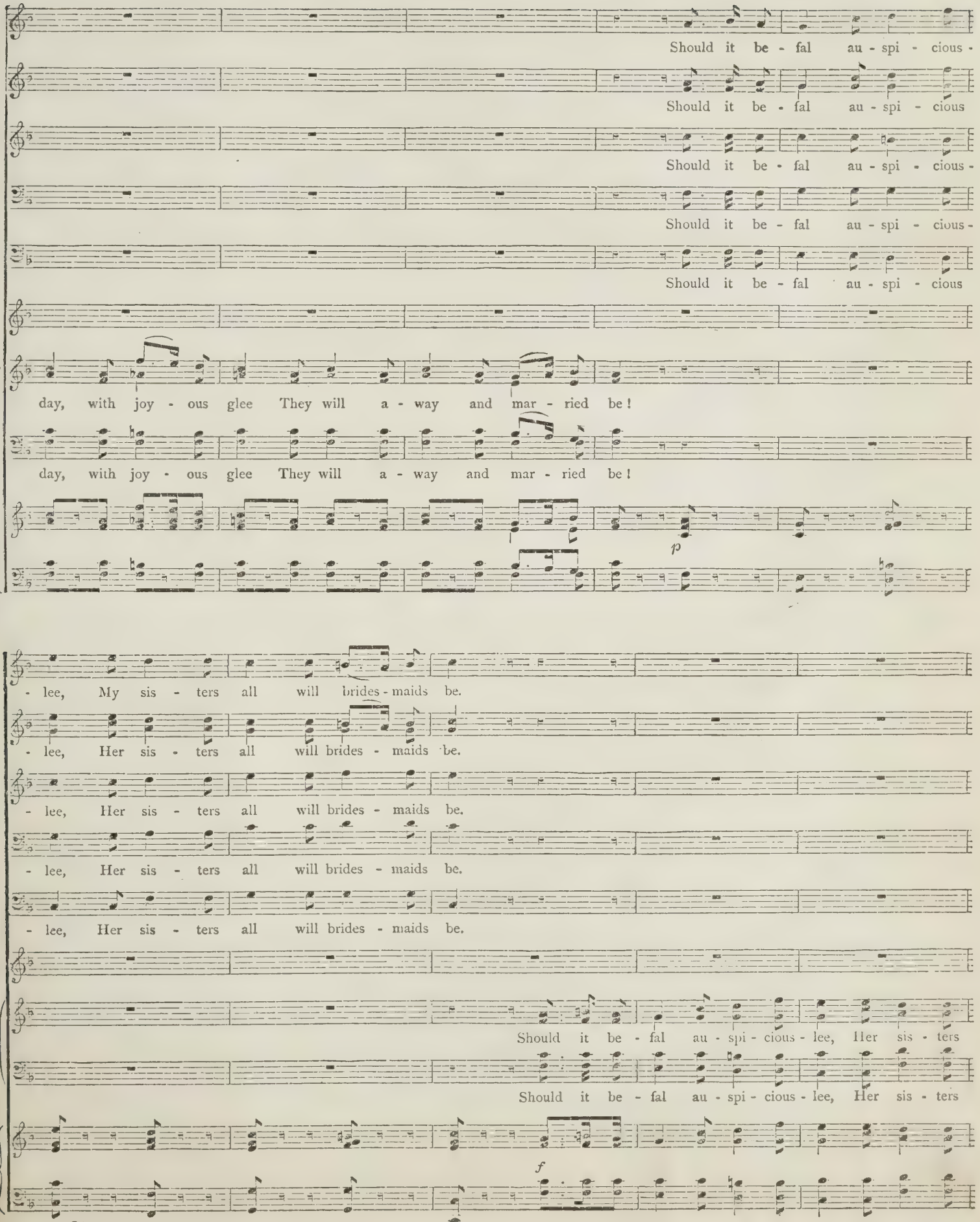

C
ff
- go - ry As tell - ing a re - gu - lar ter - ri - ble sto - - ry. It's ea - sy, in e - le - gant dic - - tion, To
call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go - ry As tell - ing a
f

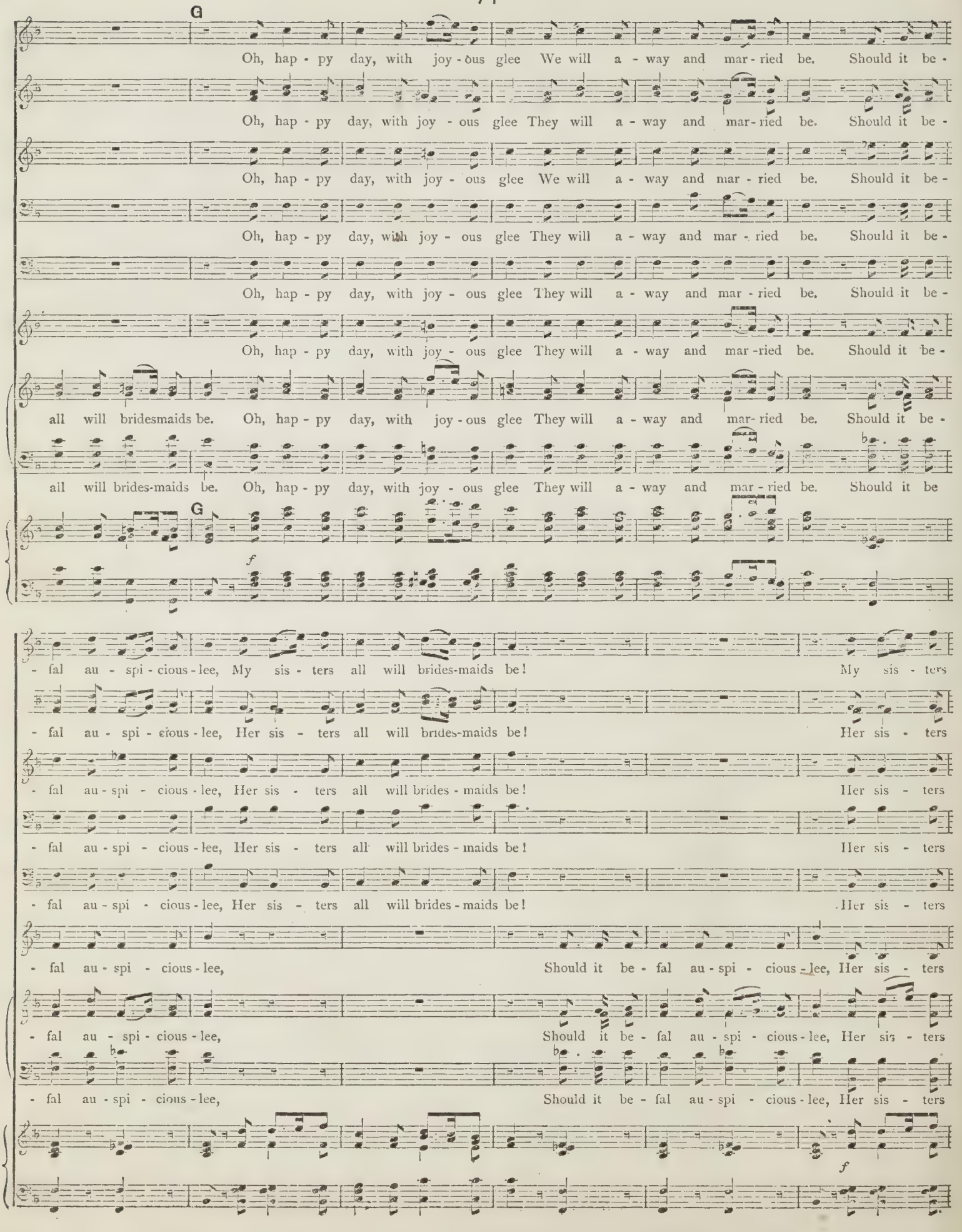
re - gu - lar sto - - - ry.
re - gu - lar sto - - - ry.
re - gu - lar sto - - - ry.
re - gu - lar sto - - - ry.
re - gu - lar sto - - - ry.
re - gu - lar sto - - - ry.
re - gu - lar sto - - - ry.
fz
ff
Moderato.
KING.
Al - though our dark ca - reer some-times in - volves the crime of steal - ing, We
Moderato.
p
ra - ther think that we're not al - to - ge - ther void of feel - ing; Al - though we live by strife we're al - ways


D
sor - ry to be - gin it: For what, we ask, is life, with-out a touch of poe - try in it?
D
fz
Chorus. Mabel & Edith with 1st Sop.
ff Sopranos. Kate with 2nd Sop.
Hail, po - e - try, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est
Tenors & Fred. with Tenor. Sam. with 1st Bass.
Basses.
ff
King & Major-Gen. with 2nd Bass.
Hail, po - e - try, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est
ff (Voices only.)
e'en the Pi - - rate's trade. Hail, flow - ing fount of sen - - ti -
e'en the Pi - - rate's trade. Hail, flow - ing fount of sen - - ti -
- ment, all hail! All hail! di - vine e - - mol - - li - ent.
- ment, all hail! All hail! di - vine e - - mol - - li - ent.


E
RECIT. KING.
You may go, for you're at li - ber - ty; Our pri - vate rules pro -
E
(Orchestra.)
p
- - tect you: And hon - o - ra - ry mem - bers of our band we do e - lect
SAM.
For he is an or - phan boy!
MAJOR-GENERAL.
And it some-times is a
you.
CHORUS. SOPRANOS. f
He is! Hur - rah for the or - phan boy!
TENORS & BASSES. f
He is! Hur - rah for the or - phan boy!
Allegro non troppo.
p
f
p

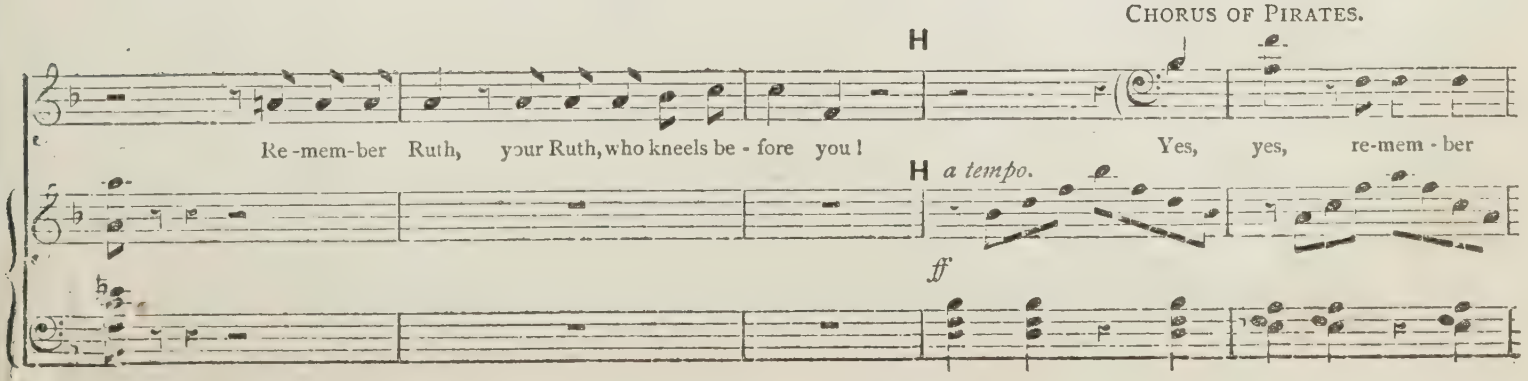

use - ful thing to be an or - phan boy.
It is! Hur - rah for the or - phan boy! Hur- rah for the or - phan
It is! Hur - rah for the or - phan boy! Hur- rah for the or - phan
MABEL.
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a - way and mar - ried be!
EDITH & KATE.
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be!
FRED.
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a - way and mar - ried be!
SAM.
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be!
KING.
They will a - way and mar - ried be!
MAJOR-GENERAL.
boy!
Oh, hap - py
boy!
Oh, hap - py

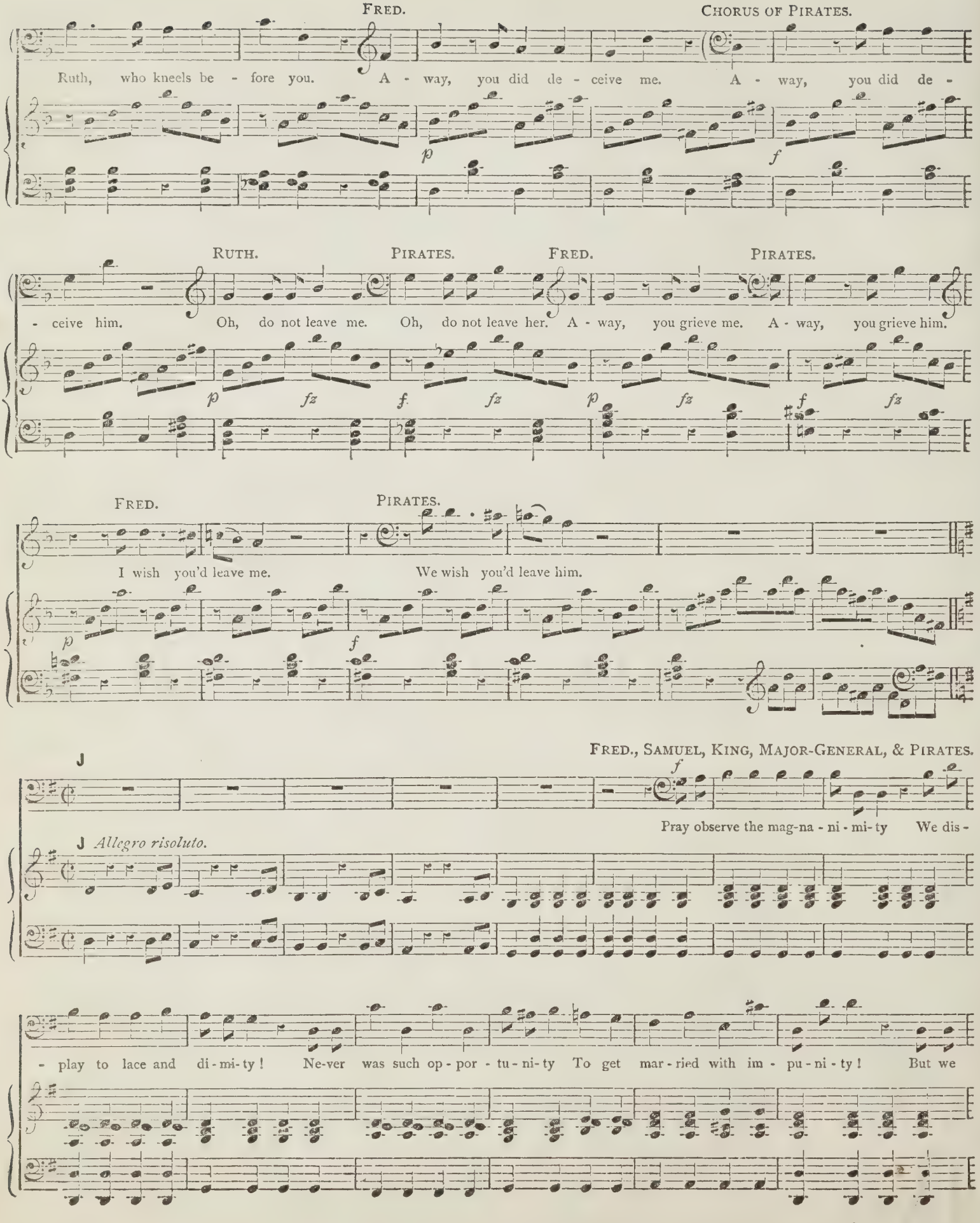

Should it be - fal au - spi - cious -
Should it be - fal au - spi - cious
Should it be - fal au - spi - cious -
Should it be - fal au - spi - cious -
Should it be - fal au - spi - cious
day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be!
day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be!
p
- lee, My sis - ters all will brides - maids be.
- lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be.
- lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be.
- lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be.
Should it be - fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters
Should it be - fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters
f

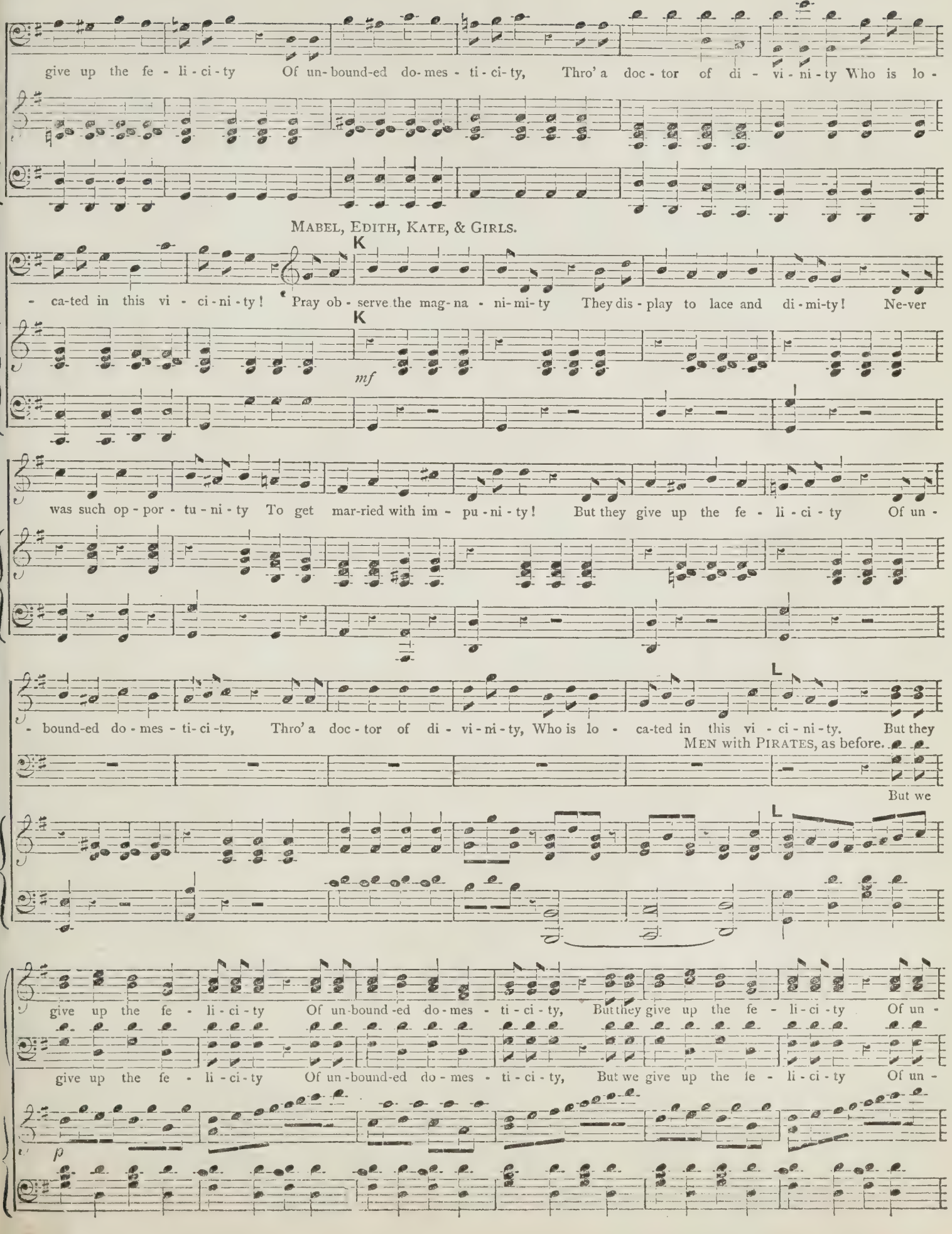

G
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a - way and mar - ried be. Should it be -
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be. Should it be -
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a - way and mar - ried be. Should it be -
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be. Should it be -
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be. Should it be -
all will bridesmaids be. Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be. Should it be -
all will brides-maids be. Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a - way and mar - ried be. Should it be
G
f
- fal au - spi - cious - lee, My sis - ters all will brides-maids be! My sis - ters
- fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters all will brides-maids be! Her sis - ters
- fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be! Her sis - ters
- fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters all will brides - maids be! Her sis - ters
- fal au - spi - cious - lee, Should it be - fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters
- fal au - spi - cious - lee, Should it be - fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters
- fal au - spi - cious - lee, Should it be - fal au - spi - cious - lee, Her sis - ters
f

all will brides - maids be. . . .
all will brides - maids be. . . .
all will brides - maids be. . . .
all will brides - maids be. . . .
all will brides - maids be. . . .
all will brides - maids be. . . .
all will brides - maids be. . . .
all will brides - maids be. . . .
f
f

RECIT. RUTH.
Oh, mas-ter, hear one word, I do im-plore you!
Allegro agitato.
ff
ff


CHORUS OF PIRATES.
H
Re-mem-ber Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels be-fore you!
Yes, yes, re-mem-ber
H a tempo.
ff


FRED.
CHORUS OF PIRATES.
Ruth, who kneels be - fore you. A - way, you did de - ceive me. A - way, you did de -
p
f
RUTH.
PIRATES.
FRED.
PIRATES.
- ceive him. Oh, do not leave me. Oh, do not leave her. A - way, you grieve me. A - way, you grieve him.
p fz f fz p fz f fz
FRED.
PIRATES.
I wish you'd leave me. We wish you'd leave him.
p f
J
FRED., SAMUEL, KING, MAJOR-GENERAL, & PIRATES.
f
Pray observe the mag-na - ni - mi - ty We dis -
J Allegro risoluto.
- play to lace and di - mi - ty! Ne-ver was such op - por - tu - ni - ty To get mar - ried with im - pu - ni - ty! But we


give up the fe - li - ci - ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes - ti - ci - ty, Thro' a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty Who is lo -
MABEL, EDITH, KATE, & GIRLS.
K
- ca-ted in this vi - ci-ni - ty! Pray ob - serve the mag-na - ni-mi- ty They dis - play to lace and di - mi-ty! Ne-ver
K
mf
was such op - por - tu - ni - ty To get mar-ried with im - pu - ni - ty! But they give up the fe - li - ci - ty Of un -
- bound-ed do - mes - ti - ci - ty, Thro' a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty, Who is lo - ca-ted in this vi - ci - ni - ty. But they
L
MEN with PIRATES, as before.
But we
L
give up the fe - li - ci - ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes - ti - ci - ty, But they give up the fe - li - ci - ty Of un -
give up the fe - li - ci - ty Of un-bound-ed do - mes - ti - ci - ty, But we give up the fe - li - ci - ty Of un -
p

MABEL with 1st SOP.
EDITH & KATE with 2nd SOP.
doc - - - - - - - - - - - - - tor, a
bound - ed do - mes - ti - ci - ty, Thro' a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a
bound - ed do - mes - ti - ci - ty, Thro' a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a doc - tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a
cre - - - - - scen - do - al
M
ff
MABEL (top notes only).
EDITH with 1st S.
doc - - - - - - - - - - tor, a doc - - - - - - - - - -
doc - - - - - - - - - - tor, a doc - - - - - - - - - -
M
ff
fz
MABEL & EDITH with 1st SOP., KATE with 2nd.
O
- tor of di - vi - - - - - - ni - - ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di -
- tor of di - vi - - - - - - ni - - ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di -
O

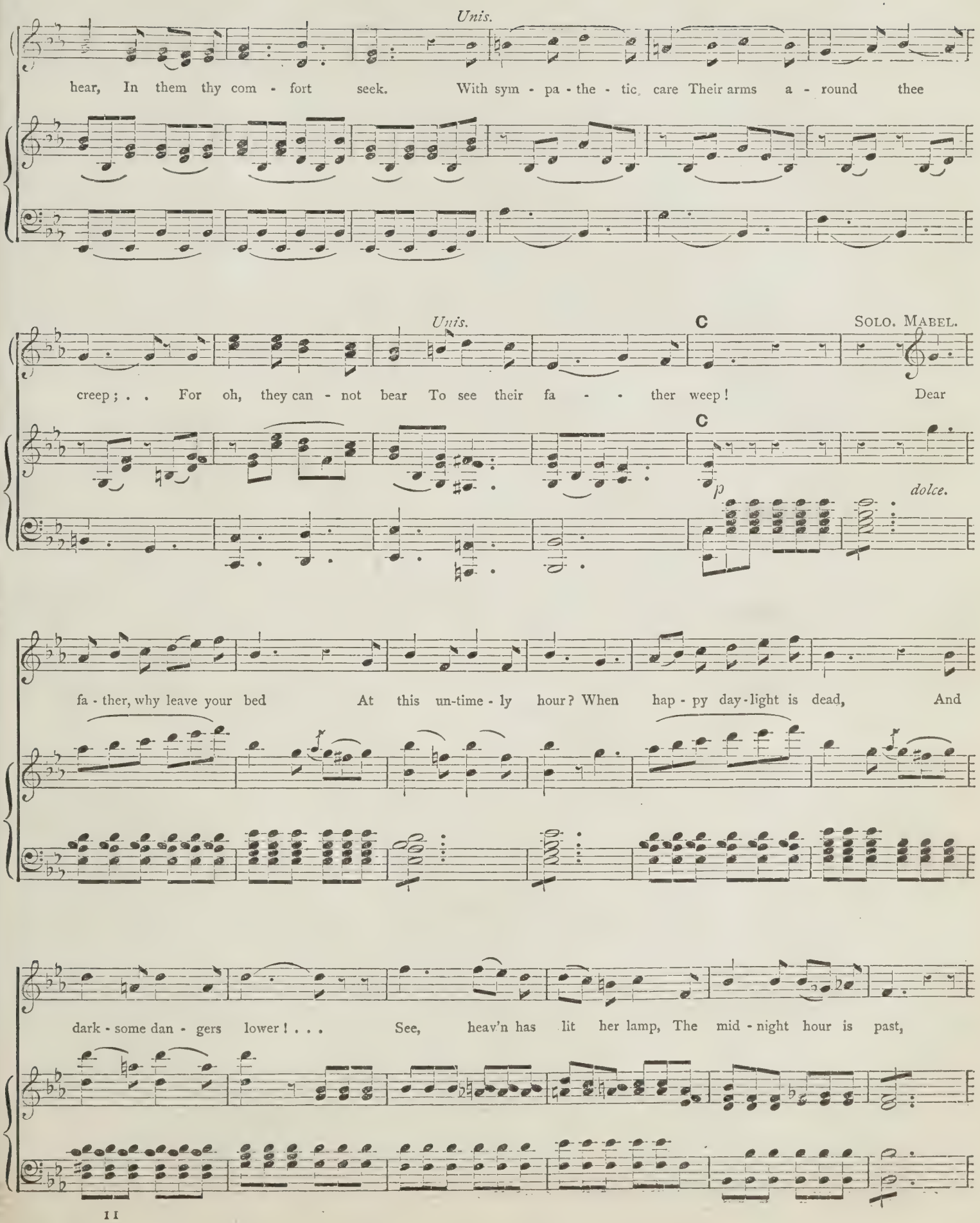
(GIRLS *and* GENERAL *go up rocks L. Group while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage R. and R. C. The* GENERAL *produces a British flag, and the* PIRATE KING (*on arched rock R. C.*) *produces a black flag with skull and crossbones. Picture.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A ruined chapel by moonlight. Aisles C., R., and L., divided by pillars and arches; ruined Gothic windows at back.* | GENERAL STANLEY *discovered seated R. C. pensively, surrounded by his daughters.*

No. 1. INTRODUCTION. SOLO—Mabel & Chorus


Unis.
hear, In them thy com - fort seek. With sym - pa - the - tic care Their arms a - round thee
Unis.
C
SOLO. MABEL.
creep; . . For oh, they can - not bear To see their fa - - ther weep! Dear
C
p
dolce.
fa - ther, why leave your bed At this un-time - ly hour? When hap - py day-light is dead, And
dark - some dan - gers lower! . . . See, heav'n has lit her lamp, The mid - night hour is past,

And the chil - ly night air is damp, The dew is fall - ing fast. Dear fa - ther, why leave your
D
CHORUS OF GIRLS.
bed When hap - py day - light is dead? Oh, dry the glis - t'ning tear That dews that
D
f
Ped.
dim.
p
Unis.
mar - tial cheek! Thy lov - ing chil - dren hear, In them thy com - fort seek! With
Unis.
sym - pa - the - tic care Their arms a - round thee creep; For oh, they can - not bear To see their
fa - ther weep!
mf
Ped.
pp
Ped.

(Fred *enters R. U. E. and down C.*)

Mabel. Oh, Frederic, cannot you reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve my father's sorrow?

Fred. I will try, dear Mabel, but why does he sit, night after night, in this draughty old ruin?

General. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches I described myself as an orphan, and I am no orphan. I came here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for the disgrace I have brought upon them.

Fred. But you forget, sir. You only bought the property a year ago, and the stucco on your baronial castle is scarcely dry.

General. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors; you cannot deny that. I don't know whose ancestors they *were*, but I know whose ancestors they *are*, and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase (if I may so describe myself) should have brought disgrace upon what I have no doubt was an unstained escutcheon.

Fred. Be comforted. Had you not acted as you did, these reckless men would assuredly have called in the nearest clergyman, and have married your large family on the spot.

General. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. At what time does your expedition march against these scoundrels?

Fred. At eleven, and before midnight I hope to have atoned for my involuntary association with these pestilent scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth.—And then, my Mabel, you will be mine!

General. Are your devoted followers at hand?

Fred. They are; they only wait my orders.

Recit.—General. Then, Frederic, let your escort lion-hearted be summoned to receive a general's blessing ere they depart upon their dread adventure.

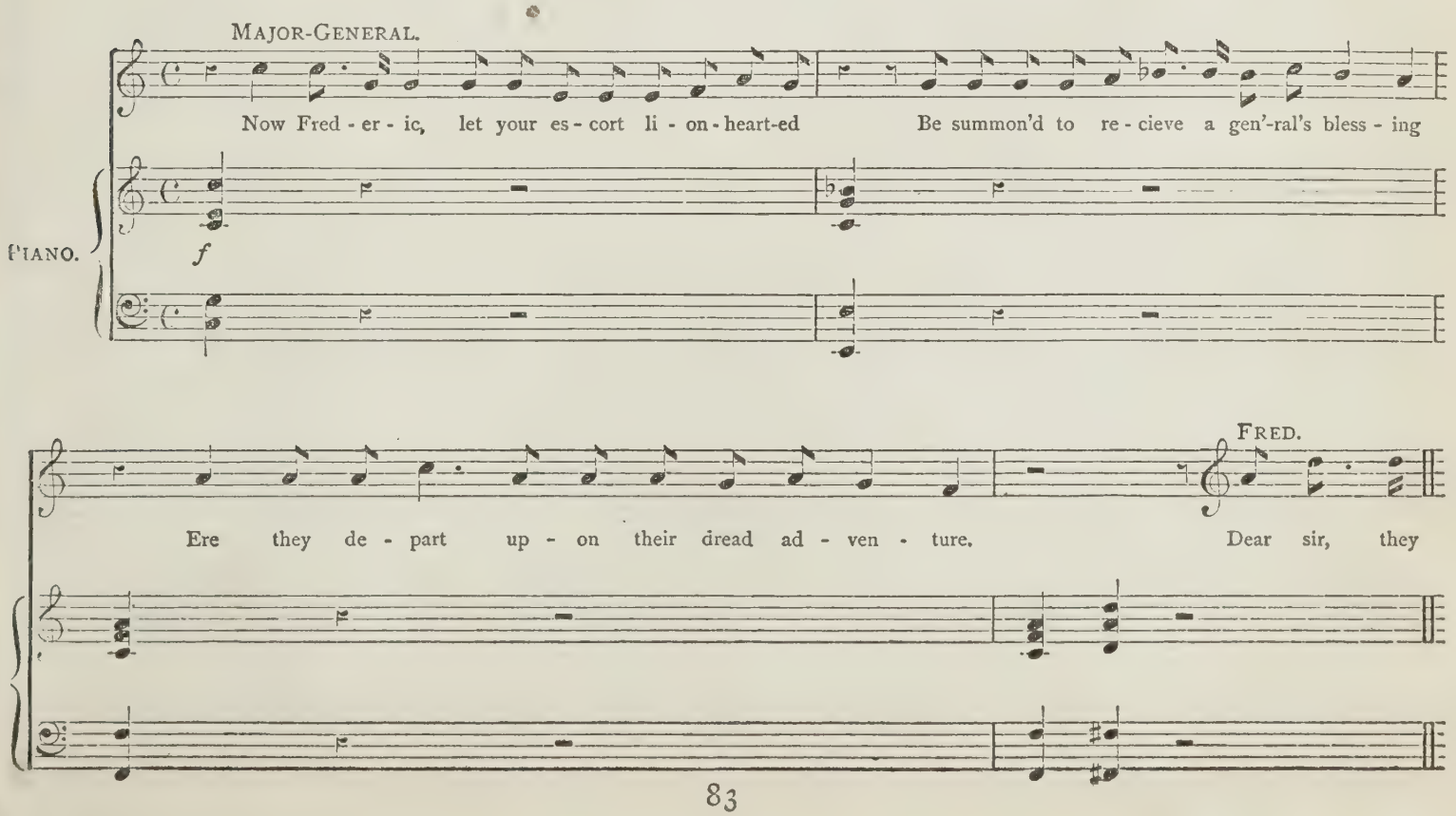
Fred. Dear sir, they come!

(*Enter Police, marching in single file from L., 2d E.*)

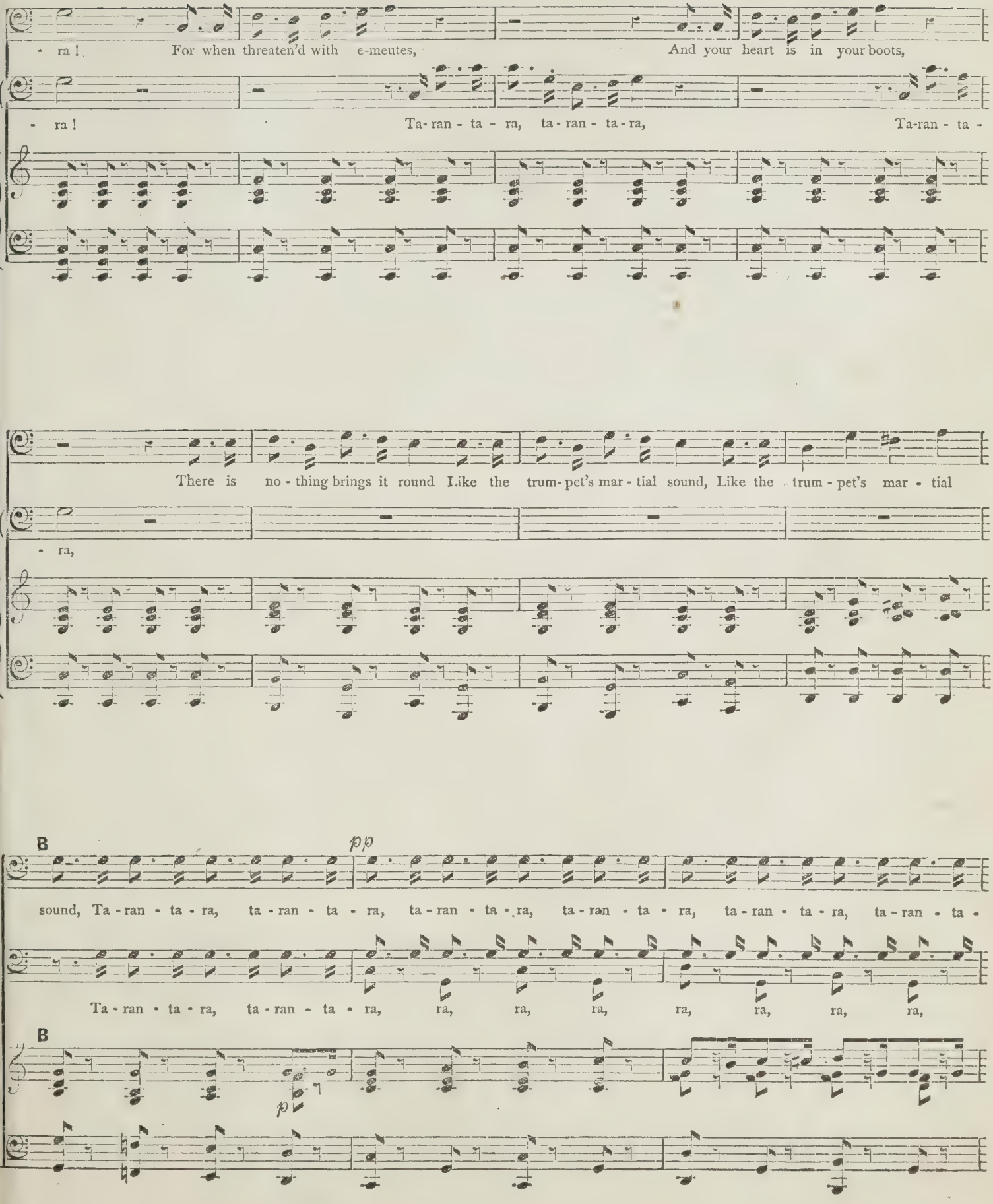
All. Good luck! they bear them bravely!

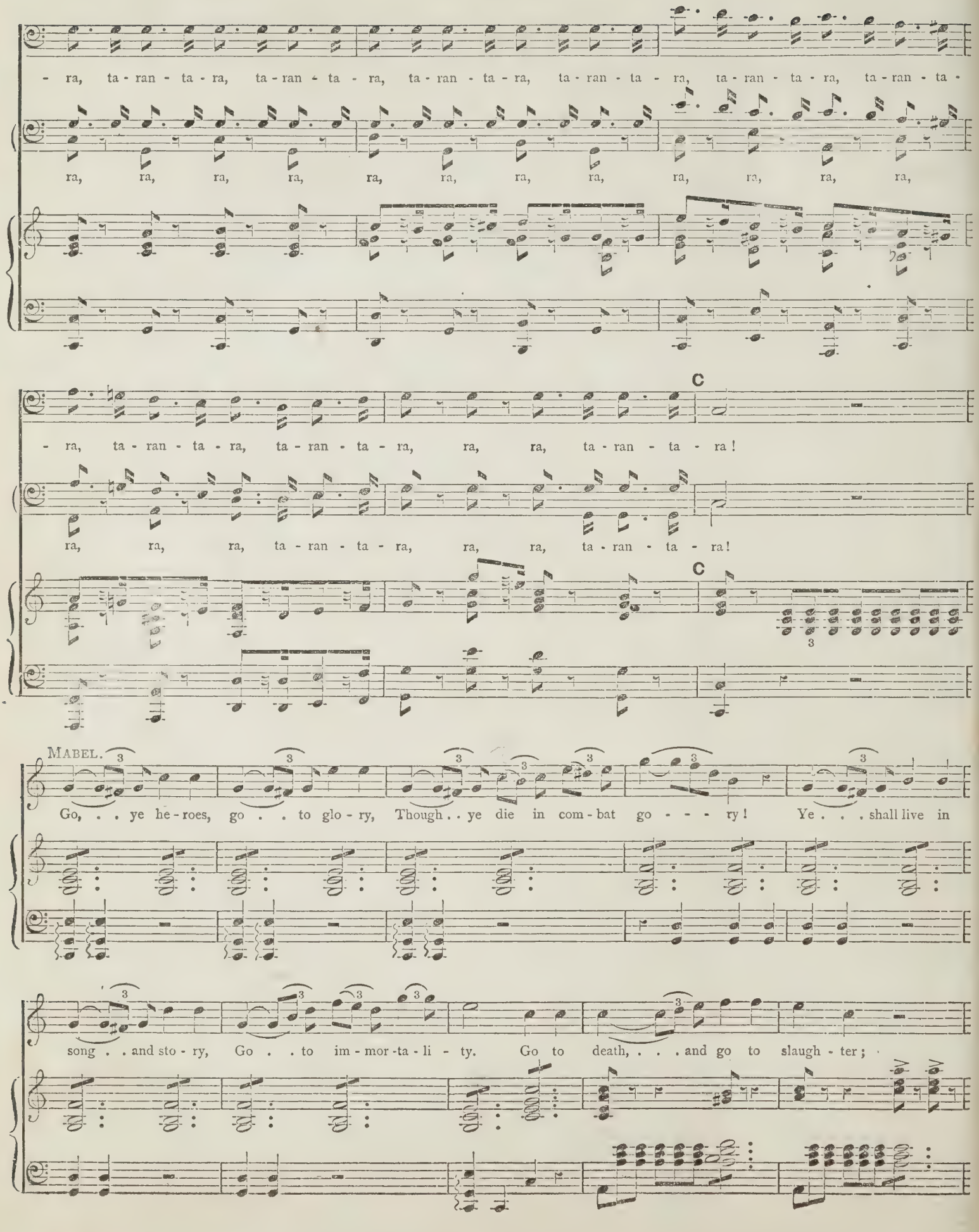
(*The Police form in line, facing audience.*)

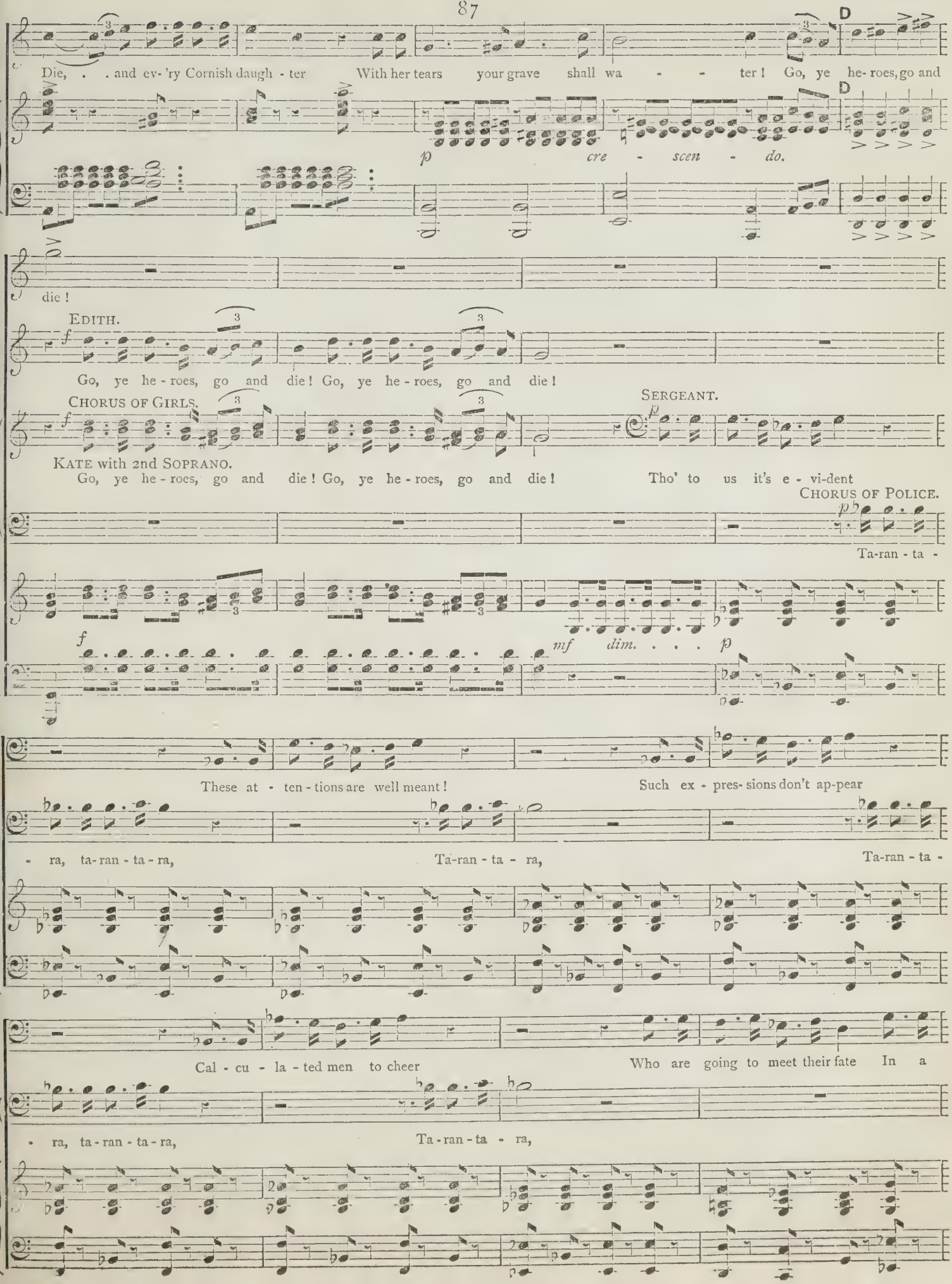
No. 2. RECITATIVE—Frederic & Major-General.



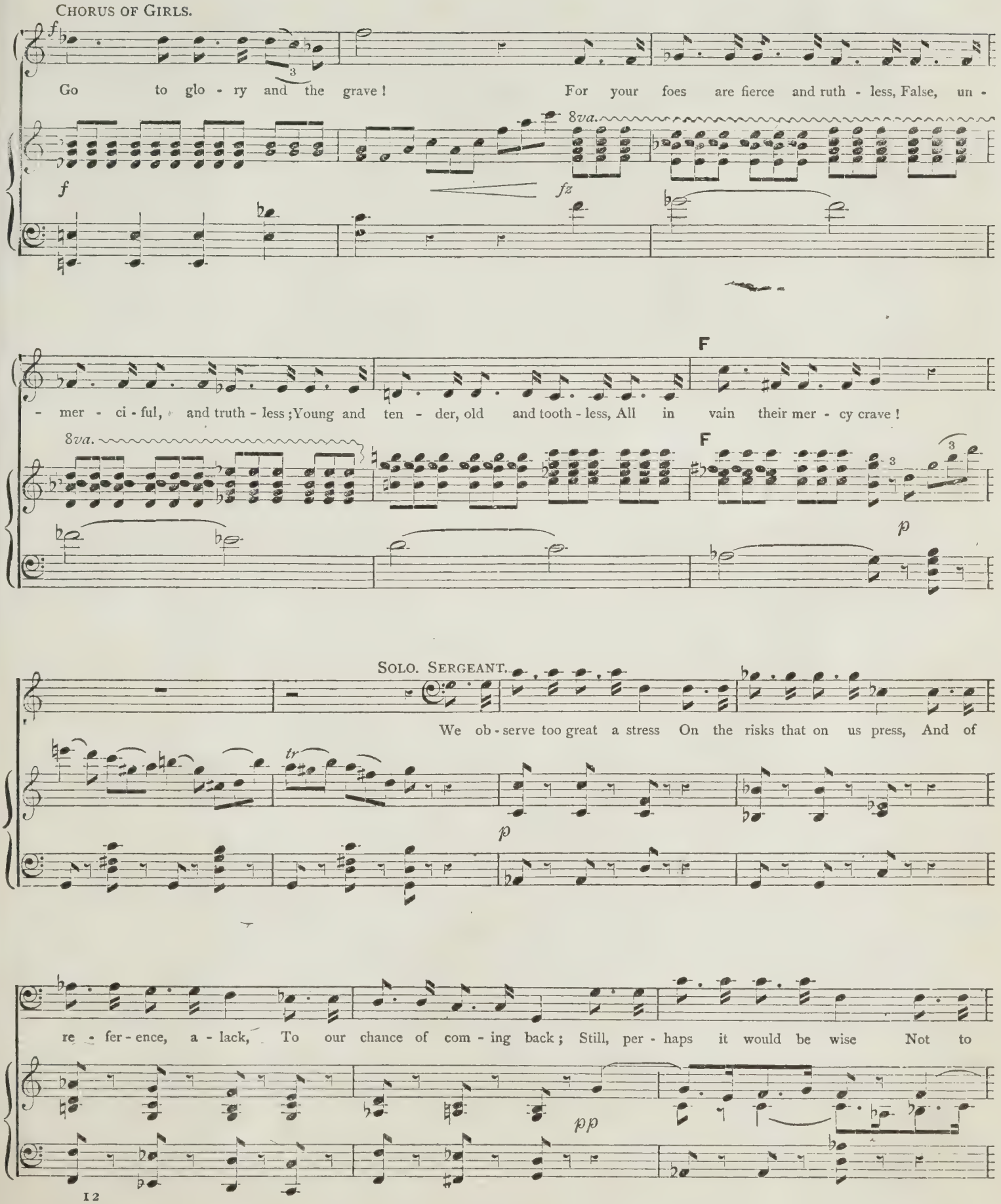
No. 3. CHORUS—With Solos for Mabel, Edith, & Sergeant.


- ra ! For when threaten'd with e-meutes, And your heart is in your boots,
- ra ! Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta-ran - ta -
There is no - thing brings it round Like the trum-pet's mar - tial sound, Like the trum - pet's mar - tial
- ra,
B
pp
sound, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
B
p

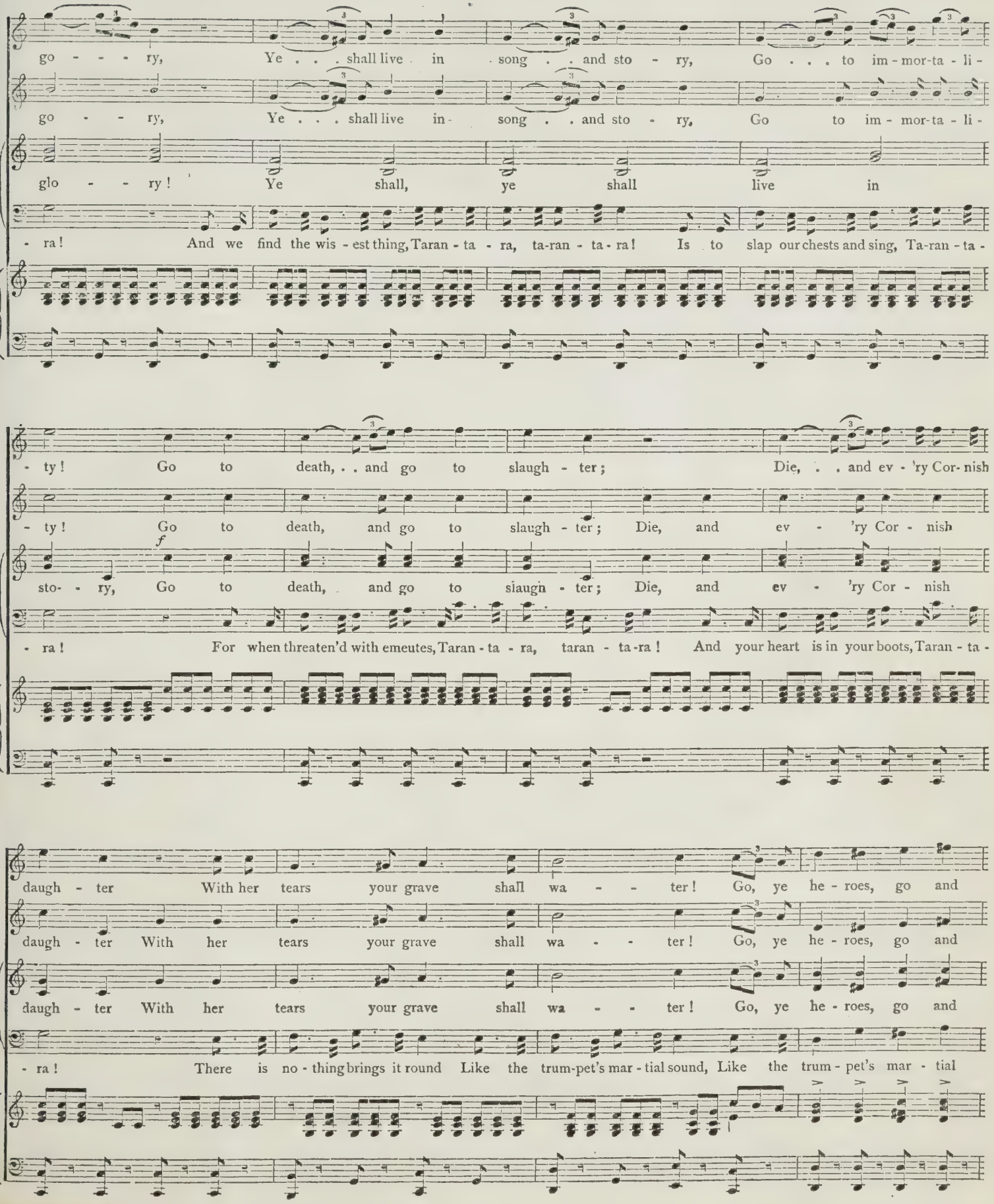

- ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
- ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!
ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!
C
C
MABEL.
Go, . . ye he - roes, go . . to glo - ry, Though . . ye die in com - bat go - - - ry! Ye . . . shall live in
song . . and sto - ry, Go . . to im - mor - ta - li - ty. Go to death, . . . and go to slaugh - ter;


Die, . . and ev-'ry Cornish daugh - ter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter! Go, ye he- roes, go and
D
p cre - scen - do.
die!
EDITH.
Go, ye he - roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go and die!
CHORUS OF GIRLS.
KATE with 2nd SOPRANO.
Go, ye he - roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go and die!
SERGEANT.
Tho' to us it's e - vi-dent
CHORUS OF POLICE.
Ta-ran - ta -
mf dim. . . . p
These at - ten - tions are well meant!
Such ex - pres- sions don't ap-pear
- ra, ta-ran - ta - ra,
Ta-ran - ta - ra,
Ta-ran - ta -
Cal - cu - la - ted men to cheer
Who are going to meet their fate In a
- ra, ta-ran - ta - ra,
Ta - ran - ta - ra,

high - ly ner - vous state ;
Still to us it's e - vi-dent These at -
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra,
- ten - tions are well meant!
E
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra.
E
Go . . . and do your best . . en - dea - vour, And, . . . be - fore all links we se - - - ver,
We . . . will say fare - - well . . for e - ver. Go to glo - ry and the grave!
cre - - - - - - scen - - - - do.


CHORUS OF GIRLS.
Go to glo - ry and the grave! For your foes are fierce and ruth - less, False, un -
8va.
- mer - ci - ful, and truth - less; Young and ten - der, old and tooth - less, All in vain their mer - cy crave!
SOLO. SERGEANT.
We ob - serve too great a stress On the risks that on us press, And of
re - fer - ence, a - lack, To our chance of com - ing back; Still, per - haps it would be wise Not to

carp or cri - ti - cise, For it's ve - ry e - vi-dent These at - ten - tions are well meant. Yes, it's
POLICE.
ve - ry e - vi-dent E - vi - dent, e - vi - dent, Ah, yes, well
These at - ten - tions are well meant, yes, well meant; Ah, yes, well
G MABEL.
p
Go, . . ye he - roes, go . . to glo - ry! Though . . ye die in com-bat
EDITH.
p
Go, . . ye he - roes, go . . to glo - ry! Though . . ye die in com - bat
CHORUS OF GIRLS.
p
Go, ye he - - roes, go to . . .
SERGEANT. CHORUS OF POLICE.
p Unis.
meant! When the foe-man bares his steel, Taran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra! We un - com-for-ta - ble feel, Ta-ran - ta -
G
p


go - - - ry, Ye . . . shall live in song . . and sto - ry, Go . . . to im - mor-ta - li -
go - - ry, Ye . . . shall live in- song . . and sto - ry, Go to im - mor-ta - li -
glo - - ry ! Ye shall, ye shall live in
- ra ! And we find the wis - est thing, Taran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra ! Is to slap our chests and sing, Ta-ran - ta -
- ty ! Go to death, . . and go to slaugh - ter ; Die, . . and ev - 'ry Cor- nish
- ty ! Go to death, and go to slaugh - ter ; Die, and ev - 'ry Cor - nish
sto- - ry, Go to death, and go to slaugh - ter ; Die, and ev - 'ry Cor - nish
- ra ! For when threaten'd with emeutes, Taran - ta - ra, taran - ta-ra ! And your heart is in your boots, Taran - ta -
daugh - ter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter ! Go, ye he - roes, go and
daugh - ter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter ! Go, ye he - roes, go and
daugh - ter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter ! Go, ye he - roes, go and
- ra ! There is no - thing brings it round Like the trum-pet's mar - tial sound, Like the trum - pet's mar - tial

H

cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do. . . . . .

die! Go, ye he - roes, go to im - mor-ta - li-ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to

die! Go, ye he - roes, go to im - mor-ta - li-ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to

cre - - - - - scen - - - - - do. . . . . .

die! Go, ye he - roes, go to im - mor-ta - li-ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to

SERGEANT & TENORS.

Ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran- ta -

BASSES.

sound! Ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

H

dim. . . . . pp

cre - - - - - scen - - - - - - -

f

im - mor-ta - li - ty! Tho' ye die in com-bat go - ry, Ye shall live in song and sto - ry; Go to im - mor - ta - li -

f

im - mor-ta - li - ty! Tho' ye die in com-bat go - ry, Ye shall live in song and sto - ry; Go to im - mor - ta - li -

f

im - mor-ta - li - ty! Tho' ye die in com-bat go - ry, Ye shall live in song and sto - ry; Go to im - mor - ta - li -

- ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - tă - ra,

f

ra, ra, ra, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta

- - - - - do. . . . f

- ty!

- ty!

- ty!

cre - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - do. . . . . .

- ra! Yes. yes, we go! Ta-ran - ta - ra! Ta-ran - ta - ra! All right, we

MAJOR-GENERAL.

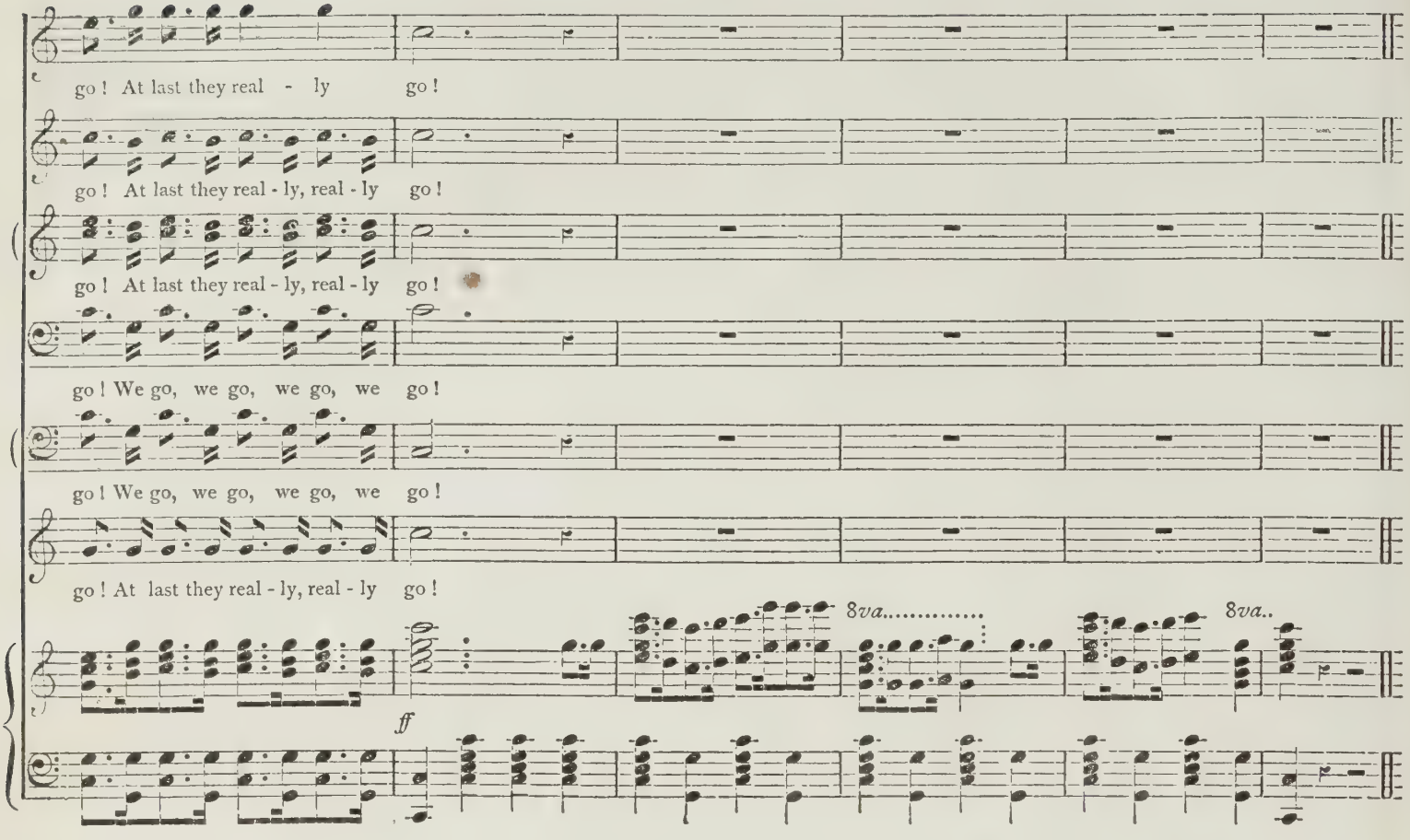
cre - - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - do. . . .

A-way, a-way! These pi-rates slay! Then do not stay! Then why this delay!

p

cre - - - - - scen - - do. . . . . .

MABEL.
Yes, for - ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes,
EDITH.
Yes, for - ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes,
CHORUS OF GIRLS.
Yes, for - ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes,
SERGEANT.
go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes, for-ward on the
CHORUS OF POLICE.
go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe, They go, they go! Yes, for-ward on the
MAJOR-GENERAL.
Yes, but you don't go!
for - ward on the foe! At last they go, at last they go, at last they
for - ward on the foe At last they go, at last they go, at last they
for - ward on the foe! At last they go, at last they go, at last they
foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe! We go, we go, we go, we
foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe! We go, we go, we go, we
Yes, but you don't go! At last they go, at last they

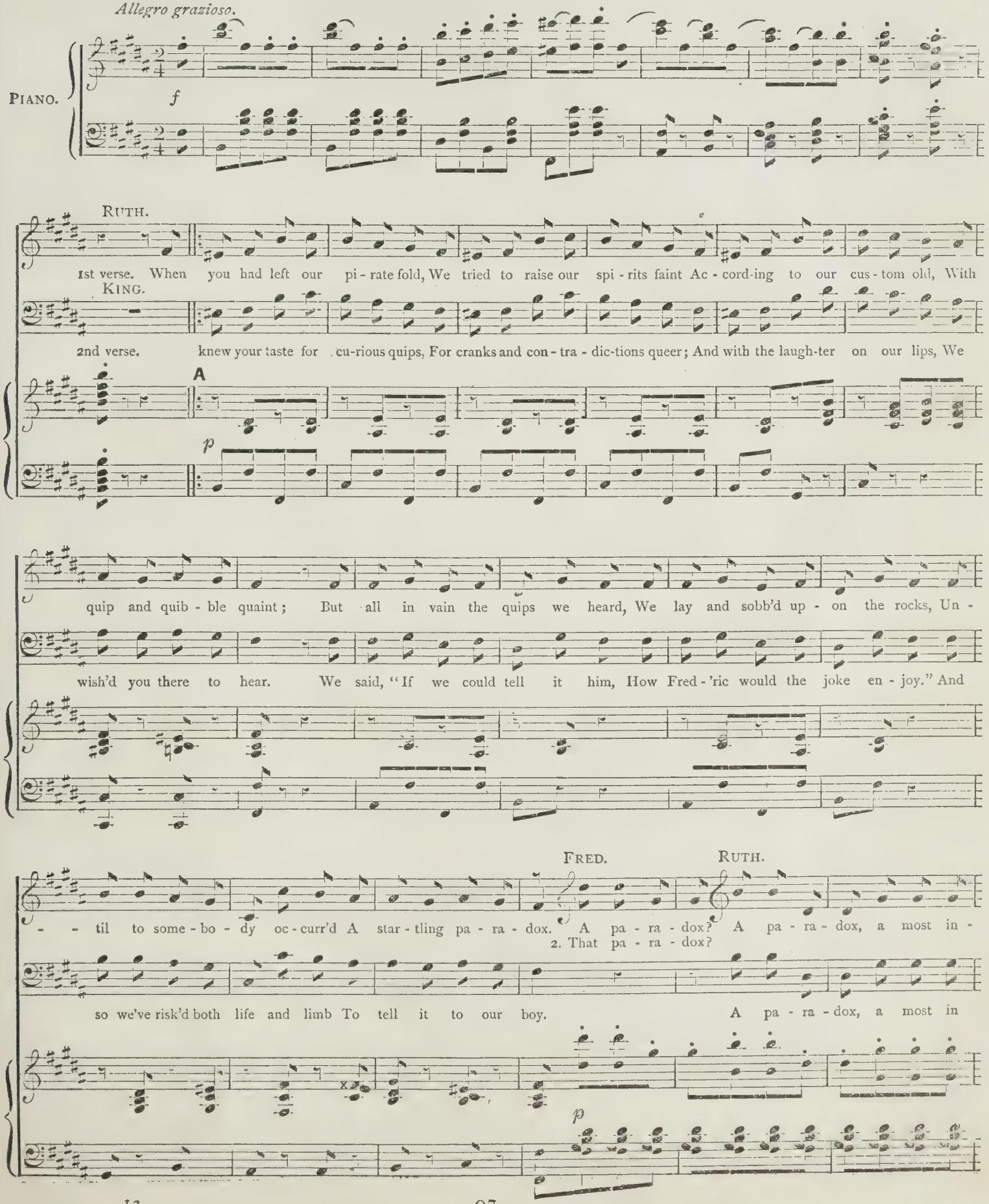

go ! At last they real - ly go !
go ! At last they real - ly, real - ly go !
go ! At last they real - ly, real - ly go !
go ! We go, we go, we go, we go !
go ! We go, we go, we go, we go !
go ! At last they real - ly, real - ly go !
8va.....
8va..
ff

(MABEL *tears herself from* FRED, *and exits R., followed by her sisters, consoling her. The* GENERAL *and others follow the Police off L.* FREDERIC *remains alone.*)

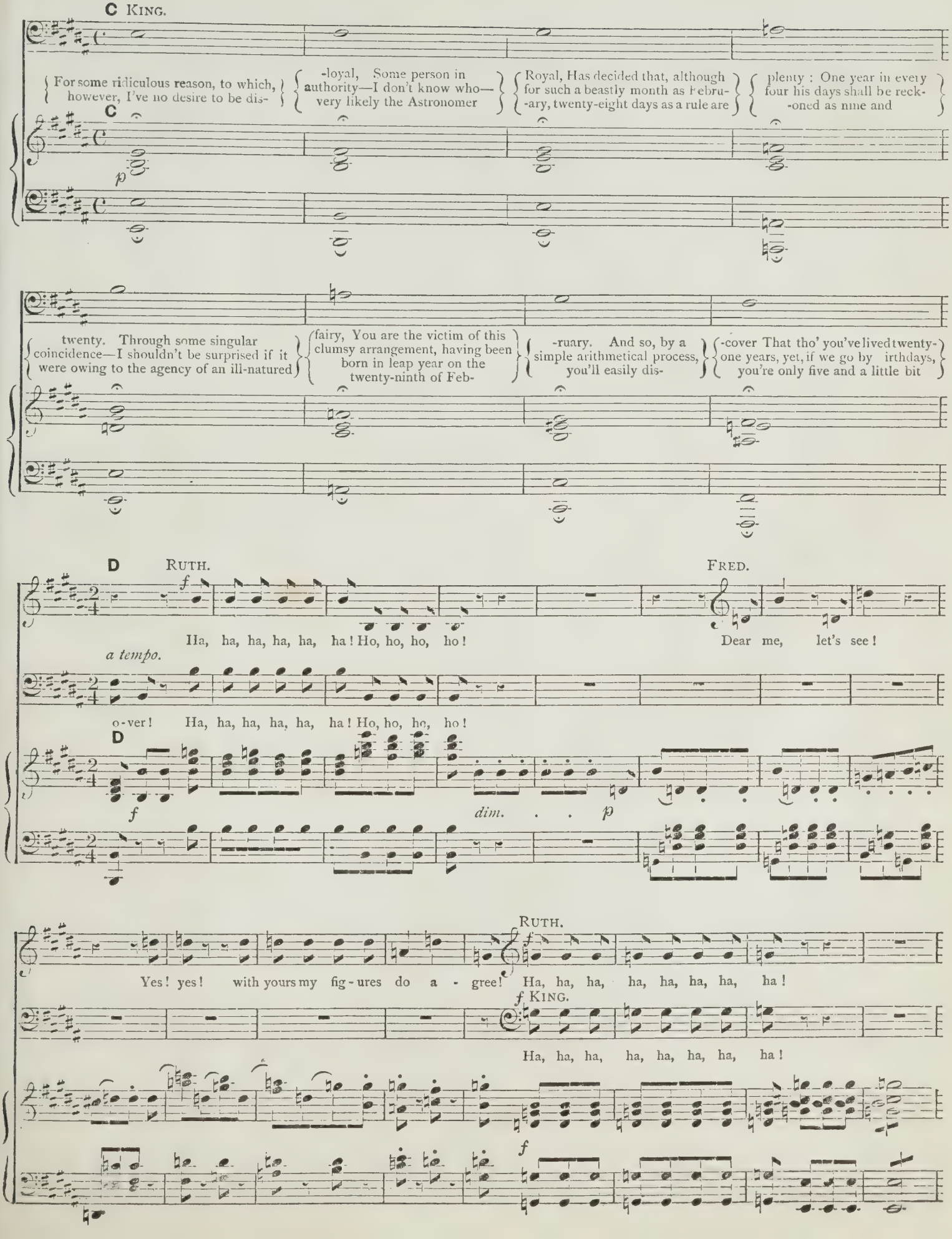
No. 4. RECITATIVE & TRIO.

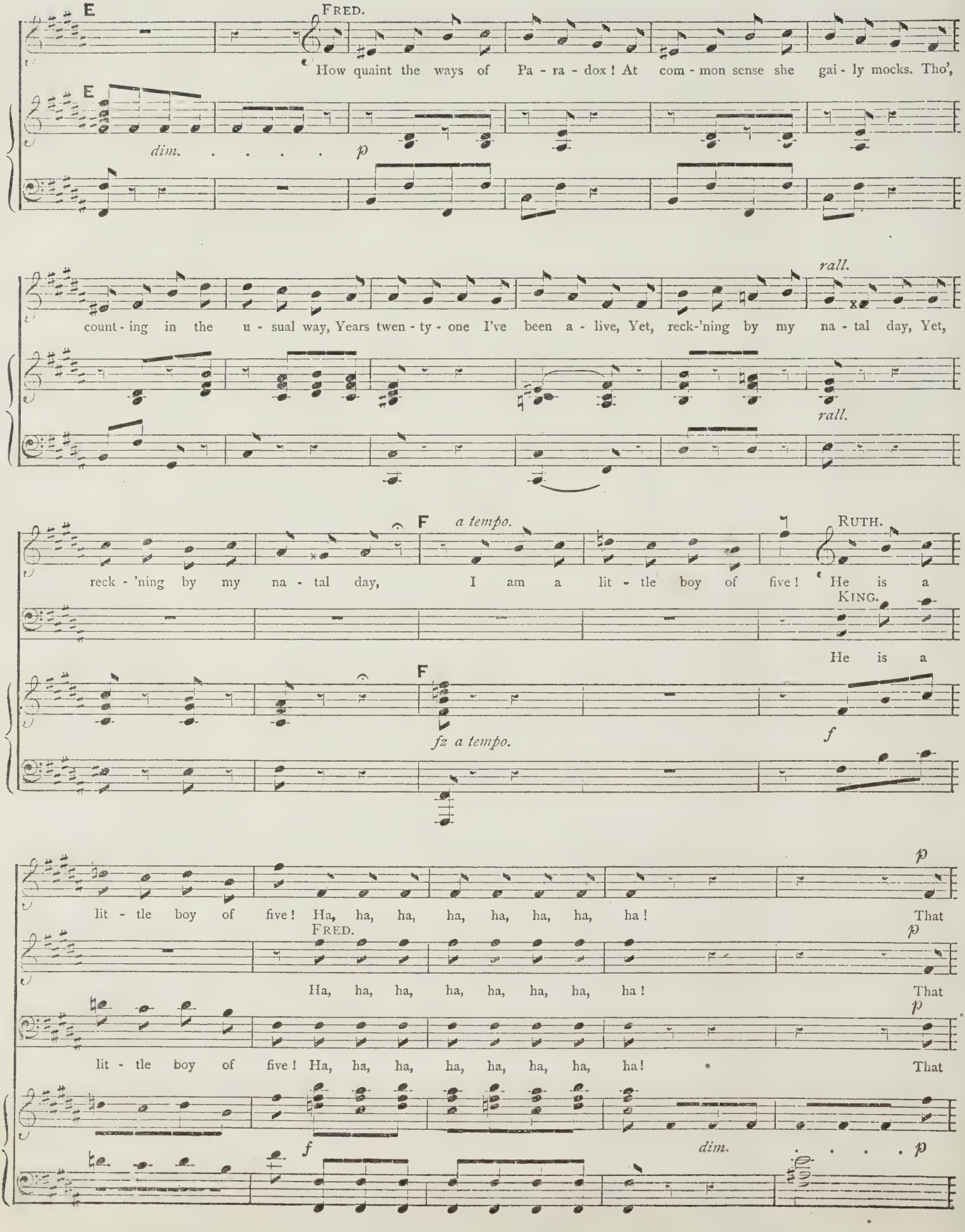
(KING and RUTH hold a pistol to each ear.)
KING.
face me! Know ye not, oh, rash ones, That I have doomed you to ex - ter - mi - na - tion? Have
tr
tr
FRED.
mer - cy on us; Hear us ere you slaugh - ter! I do not
think I ought to lis - ten to you; Yet mer - cy should al - lay our sure re - sent - ment, And
so, I will be mer - ci - ful. Say on!
f

No. 5. TRIO—Ruth, Frederic, & King.



B
ge - nious pa - ra - dox! We've quips and quib - bles heard in flocks, But none to beat this pa - ra - dox!
ge - nious pa - ra - dox! We've quips and quib - bles heard in flocks, But none to beat this pa - ra - dox!
B
1st & 2nd verse.
p
f
A pa - ra - dox, a pa - ra - dox, a most in - ge - nious pa - ra - dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this
FRED. 1st & 2nd verse.
A pa - ra - dox, a pa - ra - dox, a most in - ge - nious pa - ra - dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, a
1st & 2nd verse.
2. this
A pa - ra - dox, a pa - ra - dox, a most in - ge - nious pa - ra - dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this
1st time.
2nd time.
pa - ra - dox.
pa - ra - dox.
pa - ra - dox.
We
1st time.
2nd time.
f


C KING.
For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be dis- -loyal, Some person in authority—I don't know who— very likely the Astronomer Royal, Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as Febru- -ary, twenty-eight days as a rule are plenty : One year in every four his days shall be reck- -oned as nine and
C
p
twenty. Through some singular coincidence—I shouldn't be surprised if it were owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy, You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born in leap year on the twenty-ninth of Feb- -ruary. And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily dis- -cover That tho' you've lived twenty- one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you're only five and a little bit
D
RUTH.
f
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!
FRED.
Dear me, let's see!
a tempo.
o-ver! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!
D
f
dim. . . p
RUTH.
Yes! yes! with yours my fig-ures do a - gree! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
f KING.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
f


E
FRED.
How quaint the ways of Pa - ra - dox! At com - mon sense she gai - ly mocks. Tho',
E
dim. . . . . p
count - ing in the u - sual way, Years twen - ty - one I've been a - live, Yet, reck-'ning by my na - tal day, Yet,
rall.
rall.
F
a tempo.
reck - 'ning by my na - tal day, I am a lit - tle boy of five!
RUTH.
He is a
KING.
He is a
F
fz a tempo.
f
lit - tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
p
That
FRED.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
That
lit - tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
That
f
dim.
p

f
pa - ra - dox, that pa - ra - dox, That most in - ge-nious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That pa - ra -
pa - ra - dox, that pa - ra - dox, That most in - ge-nious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That pa - ra -
pa - ra - dox, that pa - ra - dox, That most in - ge-nious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That pa - ra -
G
- dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That cu - rious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That
- dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That cu - rious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That
- dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That cu - rious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, That
most in - ge - nious pa - - - ra - dox.
most in - ge - nious pa - - - ra - dox.
most in - ge - nious pa - - - ra - dox.
8va.
ff
ffz

(*Al. throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughing.*)

FRED. Upon my word, this is most curious,
Most absurdly whimsical. Five and a quarter!
No one would think it to look at me.

RUTH. You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared us. You would never have forgiven yourself when you discovered that you had killed two of your comrades.

FRED. My comrades?

KING. I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your position. You were apprenticed to us—

FRED. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday (*producing document*), and, going by birthdays, you are as yet only five and a quarter.

FRED. You don't mean to say you are going to hold me to that?

KING. No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the rest to your sense of duty.

FRED. (*Wildly.*) Don't put it on that footing. As I was merciful to you just now, be merciful to me. I implore you not to insist on the letter of your bond just as the cup of happiness is at my lips.

RUTH. We insist on nothing. We content ourselves with pointing out to you your duty.

FRED. Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling, I shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it, but duty is before all. At any cost, I will do my duty.

KING. Bravely spoken! Come, you are one of us once more.

FRED. Lead on, I follow! (*Suddenly.*) Oh, horror!

KING *and* RUTH. What is the matter?

FRED. Ought I to tell you? No! no! I cannot do it; and yet, as one of your band—

KING. Speak out, I charge you, by that sense of conscientiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel—

KING *and* RUTH. Yes! yes!

FRED. He escaped from you on the plea that he was an orphan?

KING. He did.

FRED. It breaks my heart to betray the honored father of the girl I adore, but as your apprentice I have no alternative. It is my duty to tell you that General Stanley is no orphan.

KING *and* RUTH. What?

FRED. More than that, he never was one!

KING. Am I to understand that to save his contemptible life he dared to practise on our credulous simplicity? (FRED *nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

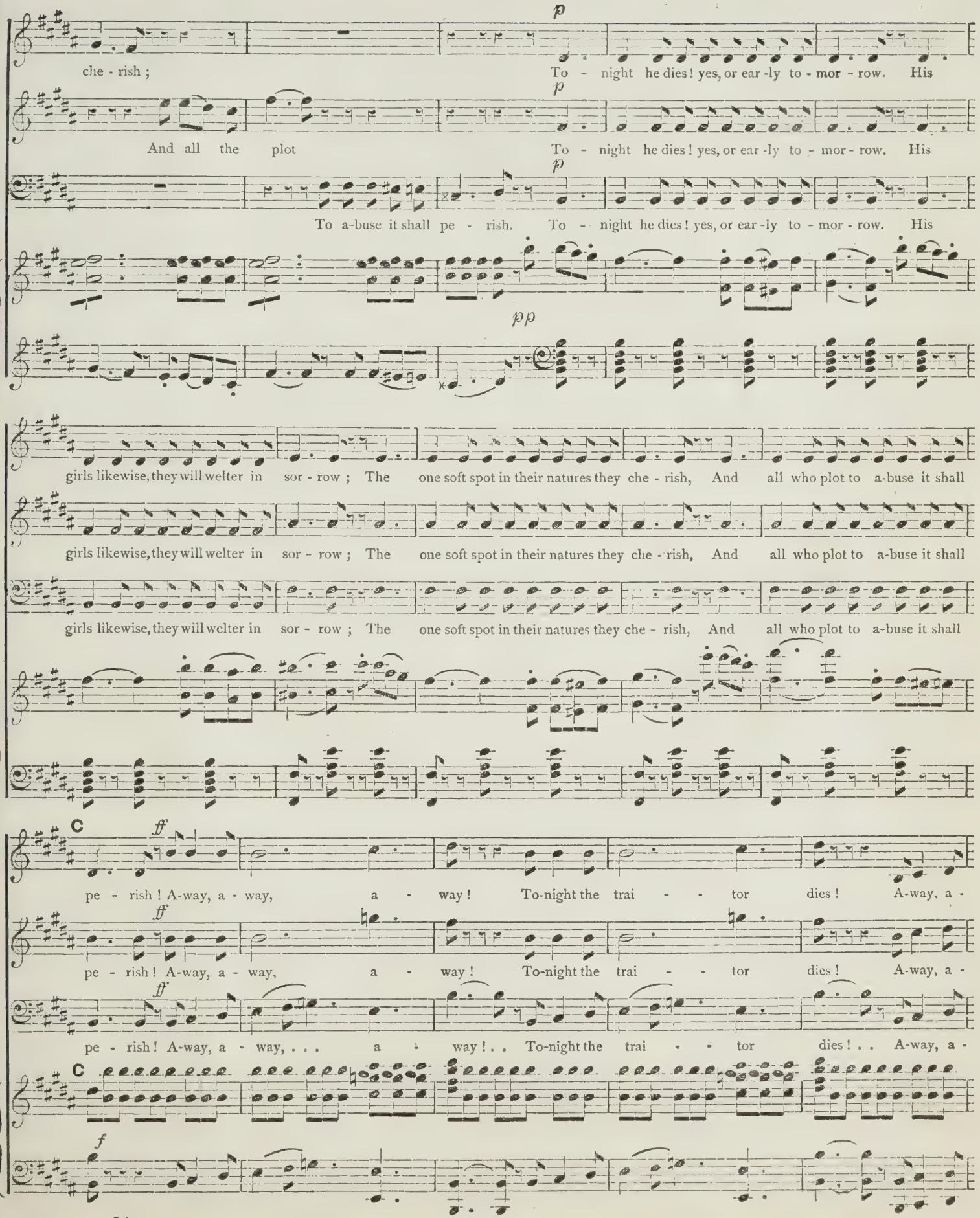
FRED. But—

KING. Not a word! he is doomed!

No. 6. TRIO—Ruth, Frederic, & King.

day . . my vengeance dire . . Shall glut it - self in gore. A-way, a - way! . .
FRED.
A-way, a - way, . . ere I ex -
day . . my vengeance dire . . Shall glut it - self in gore. A-way, a - way! . .
- pire! . . I find my du - ty hard to do to - day. . . My heart is fill'd . . with an - guish dire; . . It strikes me
A
to the core! A - way, a - way!
With falsehood foul he trick'd us of our brides; ... Let vengeance howl, the Pi - rate so de -
A

Yes,
Yes,
- cides ! . . Our na - tures stern he soft-ened with his lies ! . . And in re - turn to-night the trai - tor dies ! . .
fz
fz
yes, to-night the trai - tor dies ! . . Yes, yes, to-night the trai - tor dies ! . .
P
To-night he
yes, to-night the trai - tor dies ! . . Yes, yes, to-night the trai - tor dies ! . .
Yes, yes, to-night the trai - tor dies ! . .
fz
f dim. . . . . mf
B
p
dies ! . .
They will welter in sor - row,
In their natures to
His girls like - wise, . .
Yes, or ear-ly to - mor - row.
The one soft spot

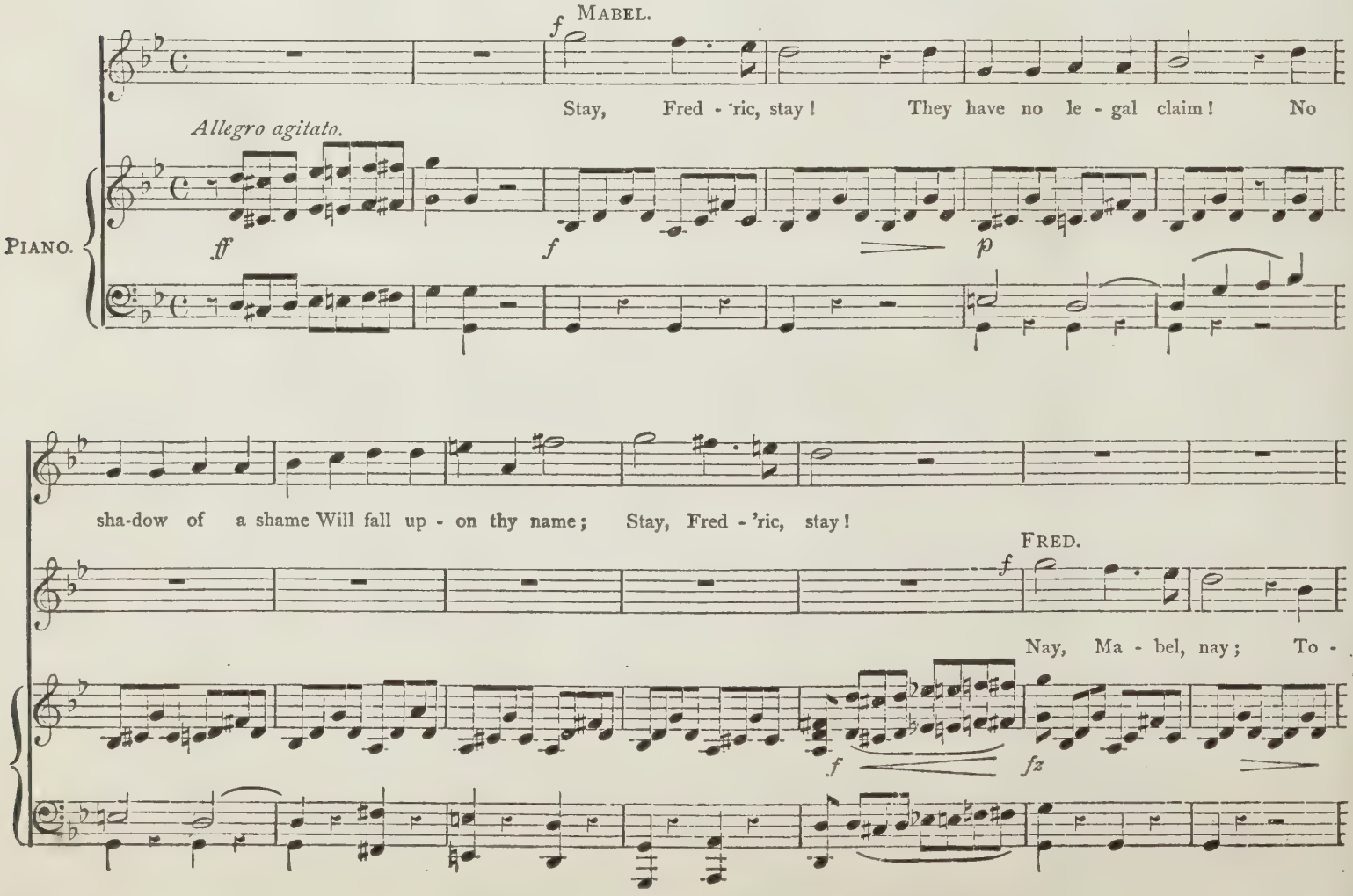

che - rish ;
To - night he dies ! yes, or ear - ly to - mor - row. His
And all the plot
To - night he dies ! yes, or ear - ly to - mor - row. His
To a-buse it shall pe - rish.
To - night he dies ! yes, or ear - ly to - mor - row. His
girls likewise, they will welter in sor - row ; The one soft spot in their natures they che - rish, And all who plot to a-buse it shall
girls likewise, they will welter in sor - row ; The one soft spot in their natures they che - rish, And all who plot to a-buse it shall
girls likewise, they will welter in sor - row ; The one soft spot in their natures they che - rish, And all who plot to a-buse it shall
pe - rish ! A-way, a - way, a - way ! To-night the trai - - tor dies ! A-way, a -
pe - rish ! A-way, a - way, a - way ! To-night the trai - - tor dies ! A-way, a -
pe - rish ! A-way, a - way, . . . a - way ! . . To-night the trai - - tor dies ! . . A-way, a -

- way! to - night, . . . to - night, . . . to - night . . . the trai - tor dies! . . to -
- way! to - night, . . . to - night, . . . to - night . . . the trai - tor dies! . . to -
- way! to - night, . . . to - night, . . . to - night . . . the trai - tor dies! . . to -
- night! a - way!
- night! a - way!
- night! a - way!
ff

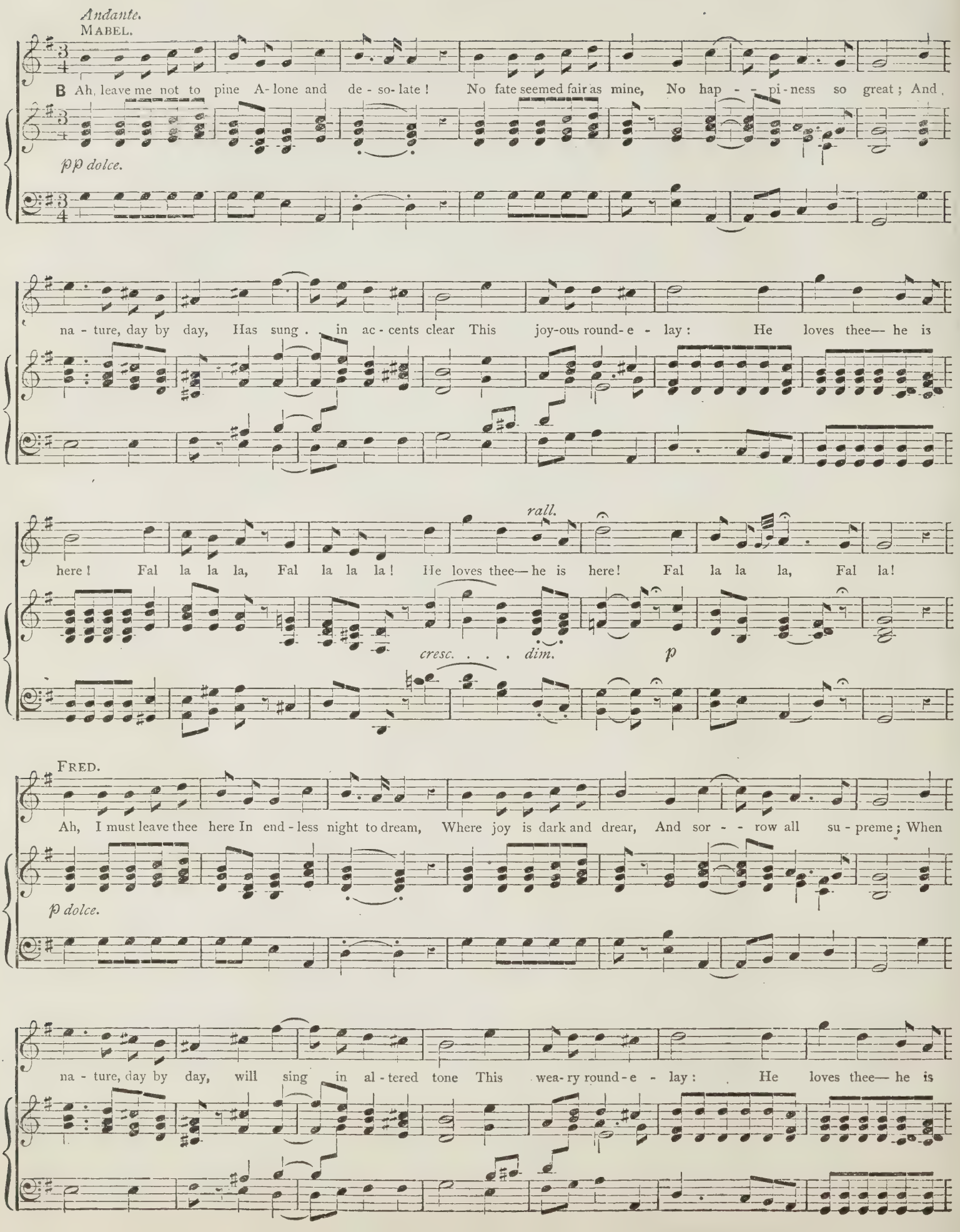
(Exeunt KING *and* RUTH. FRED *throws himself on a stone L.C. in blank despair. Enter* MABEL.)

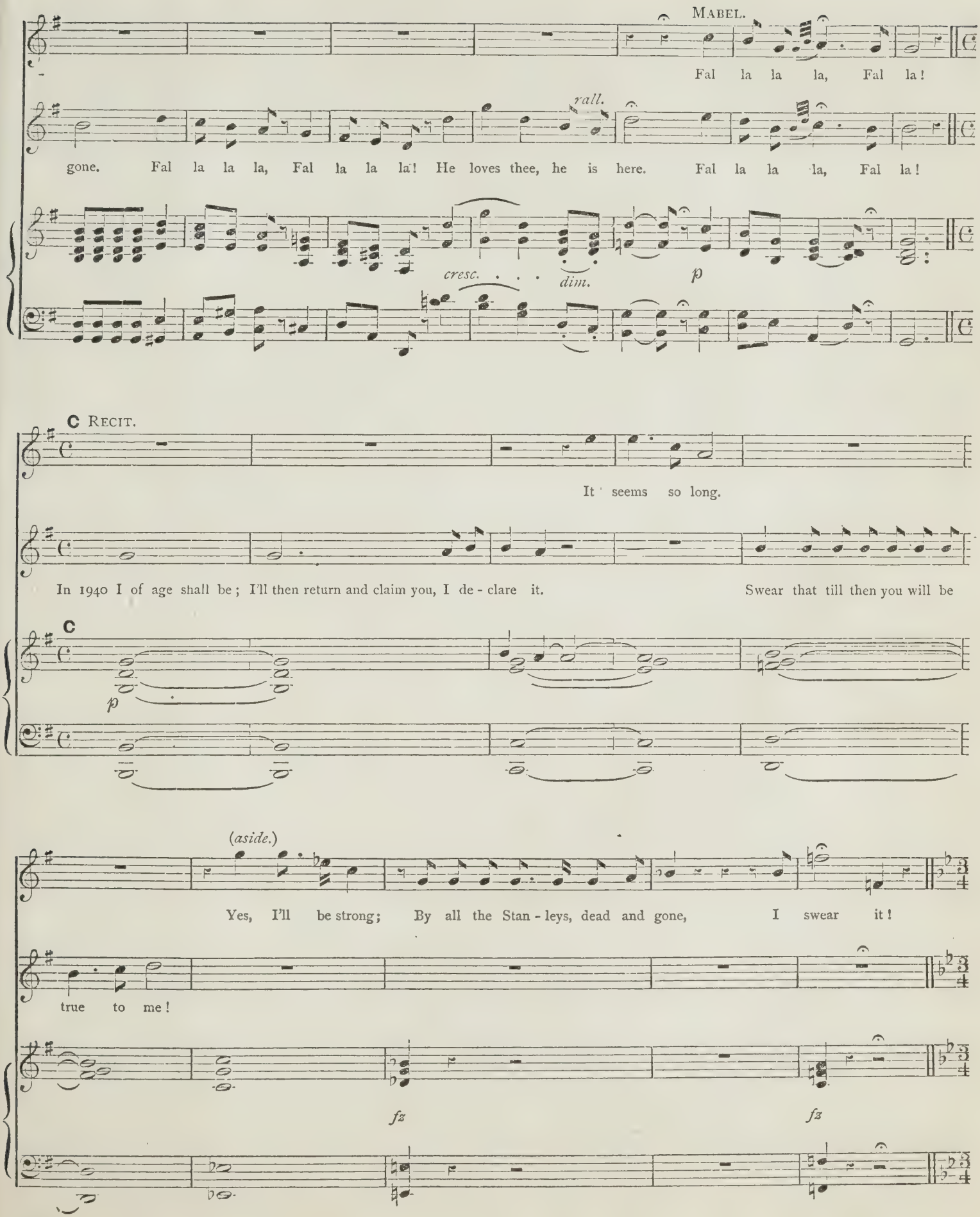
No. 7. RECITATIVE & DUET—Mabel & Frederic.

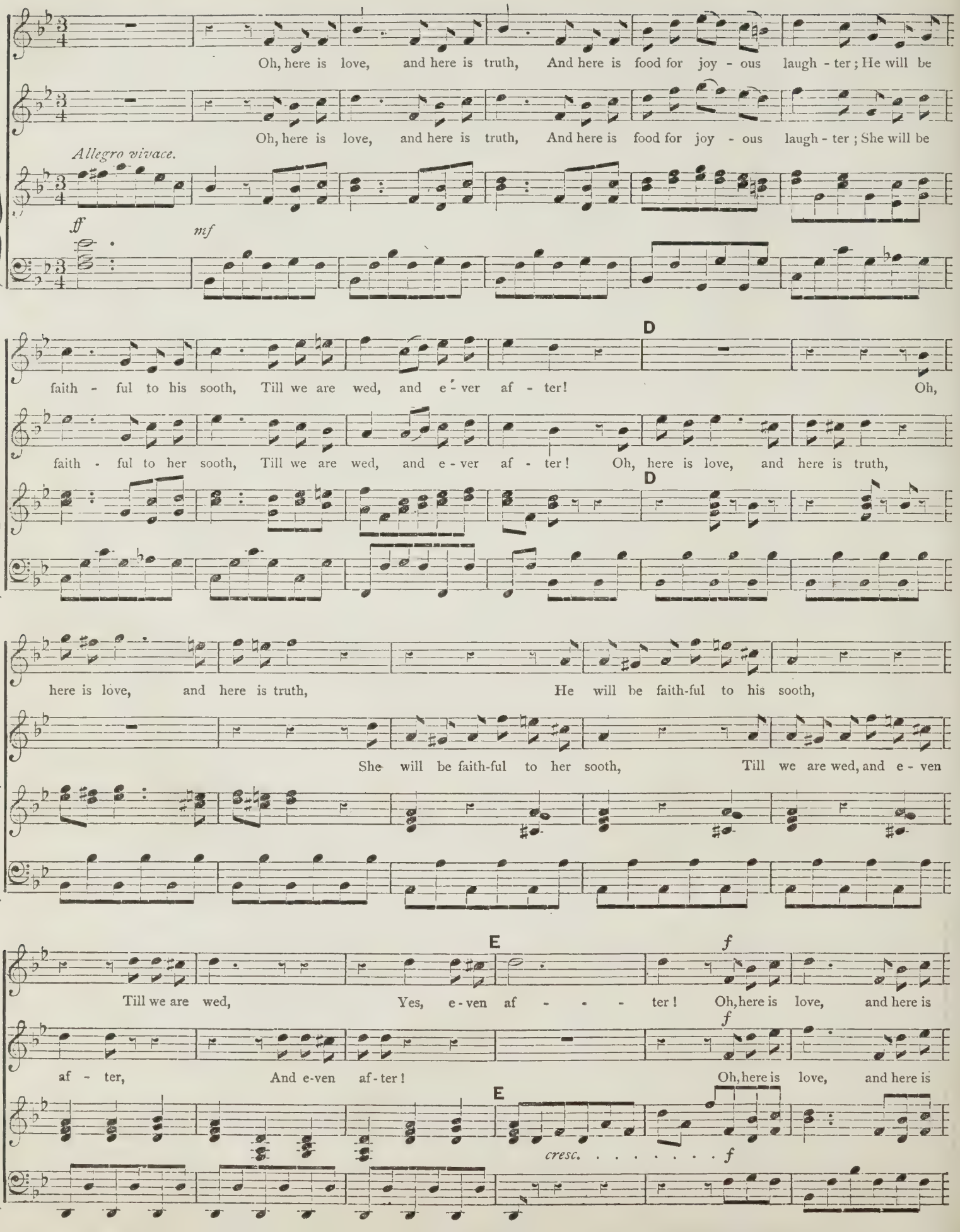
No. 8. DUET—Mabel & Frederic

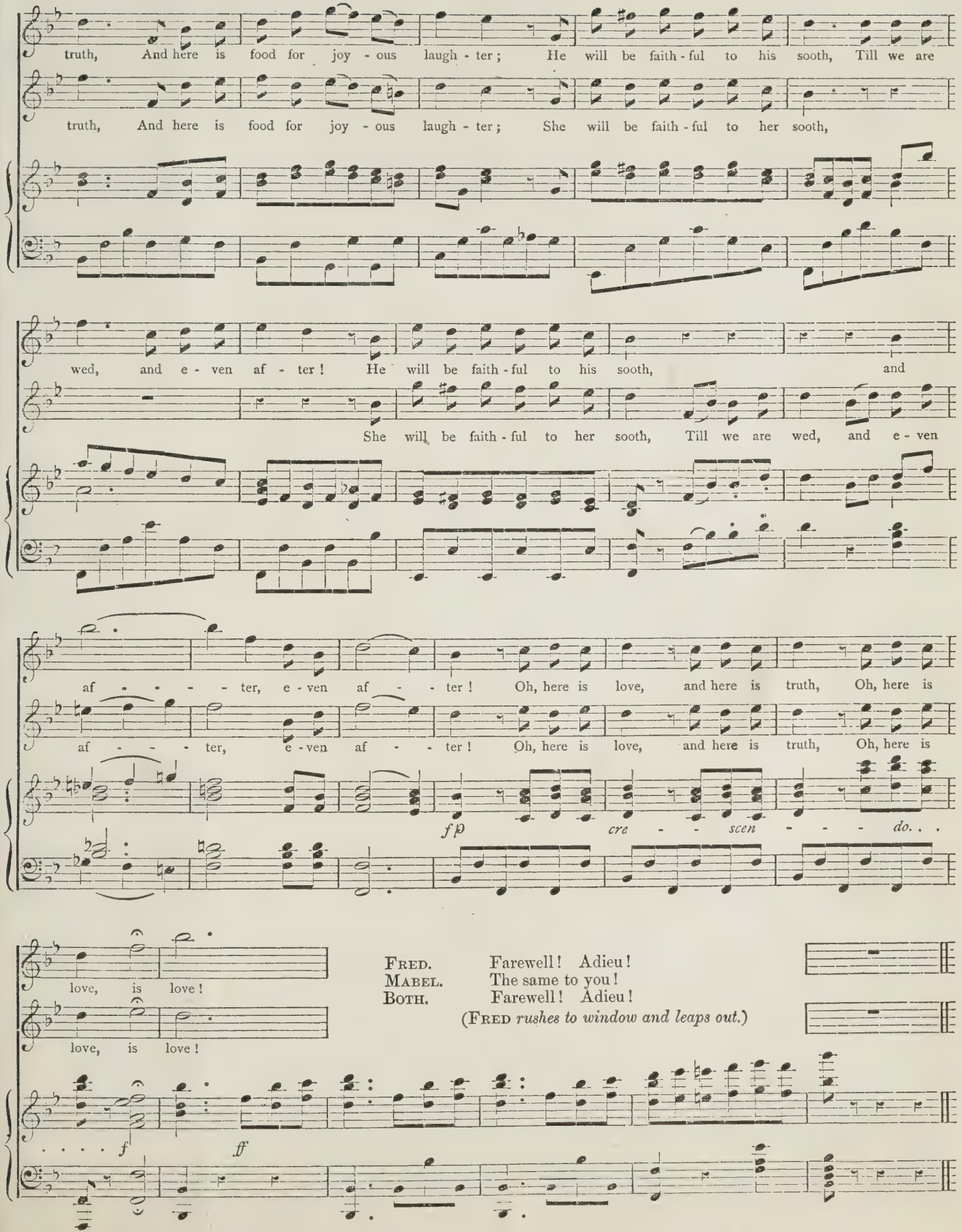


night I quit these walls! The thought my soul ap - pals; But when stern du - ty calls, I must o - bey!
p
A
Stay, Fred-'ric, stay! They have no claim No sha - dow of a shame Will fall . .
Nay, Ma-bel, nay; But du-ty's name. The thought . . my soul ap - pals; But when . .
A
. . up - on thy name; Stay, Fred-'ric, stay!
. . stern du - ty calls, I must o - bey!
f
ff


Andante.
MABEL.
B Ah, leave me not to pine A-lone and de-so-late! No fate seemed fair as mine, No hap--pi-ness so great; And
pp dolce.
na-ture, day by day, Has sung in ac-cents clear This joy-ous round-e-lay: He loves thee— he is
rall.
here! Fal la la la, Fal la la la! He loves thee— he is here! Fal la la la, Fal la!
cresc. . . . dim.
p
FRED.
Ah, I must leave thee here In end-less night to dream, Where joy is dark and drear, And sor--row all su-preme; When
p dolce.
na-ture, day by day, will sing in al-tered tone This wea-ry round-e-lay: He loves thee— he is


MABEL.
Fal la la la, Fal la!
rall.
gone. Fal la la la, Fal la la la! He loves thee, he is here. Fal la la la, Fal la!
cresc. . . . dim.
p
C RECIT.
It seems so long.
In 1940 I of age shall be; I'll then return and claim you, I de-clare it. Swear that till then you will be
C
p
(aside.)
Yes, I'll be strong; By all the Stan-leys, dead and gone, I swear it!
true to me!
fz
fz

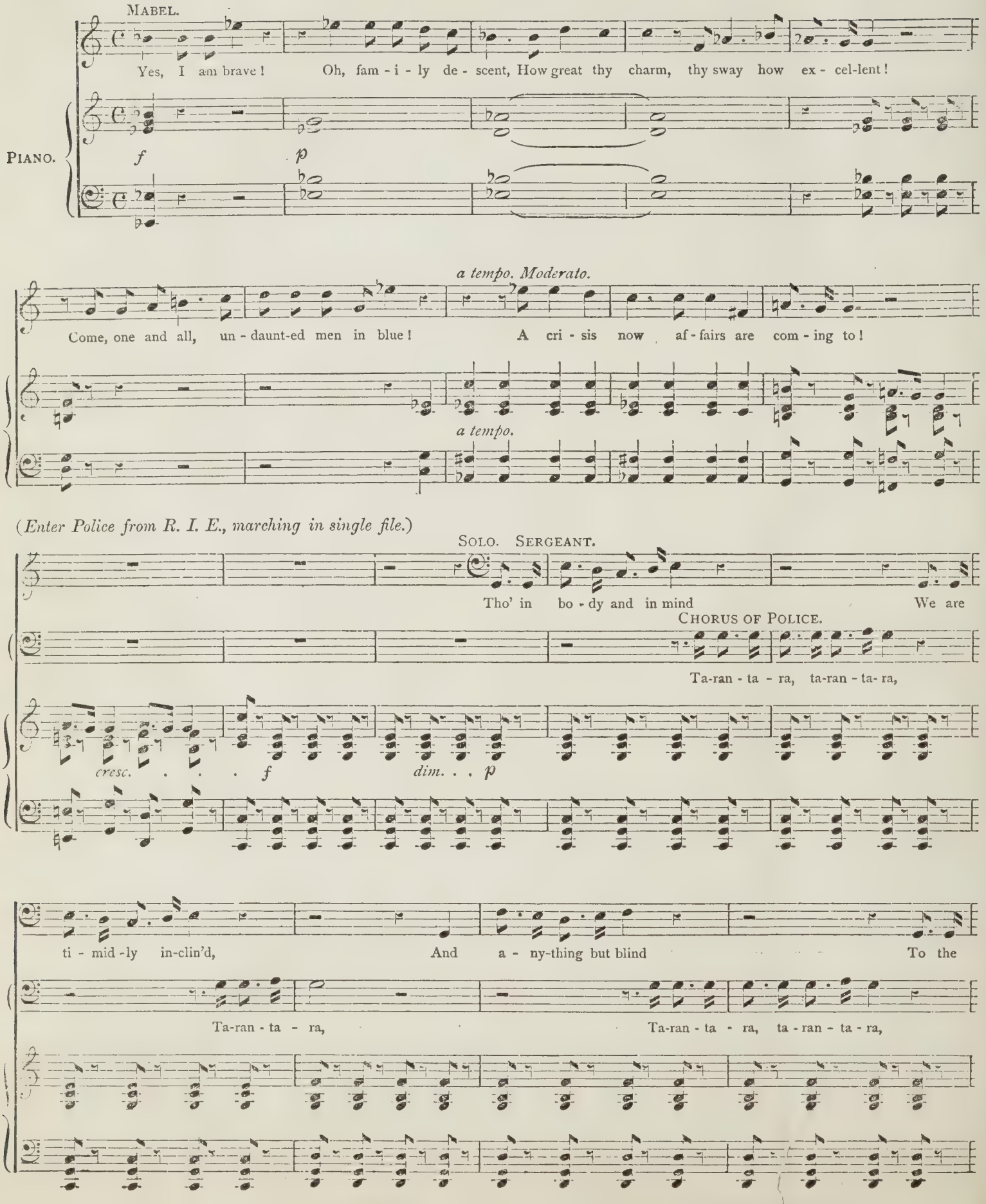

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joy - ous laugh - ter; He will be
Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joy - ous laugh - ter; She will be
Allegro vivace.
ff
mf
faith - ful to his sooth, Till we are wed, and e - ver af - ter! Oh,
faith - ful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and e - ver af - ter! Oh, here is love, and here is truth,
D
D
here is love, and here is truth, He will be faith-ful to his sooth,
She will be faith-ful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and e - ven
E
f
Till we are wed, Yes, e - ven af - - - - ter! Oh, here is love, and here is
f
af - ter, And e-ven af-ter! Oh, here is love, and here is
E
cresc. . . . . f

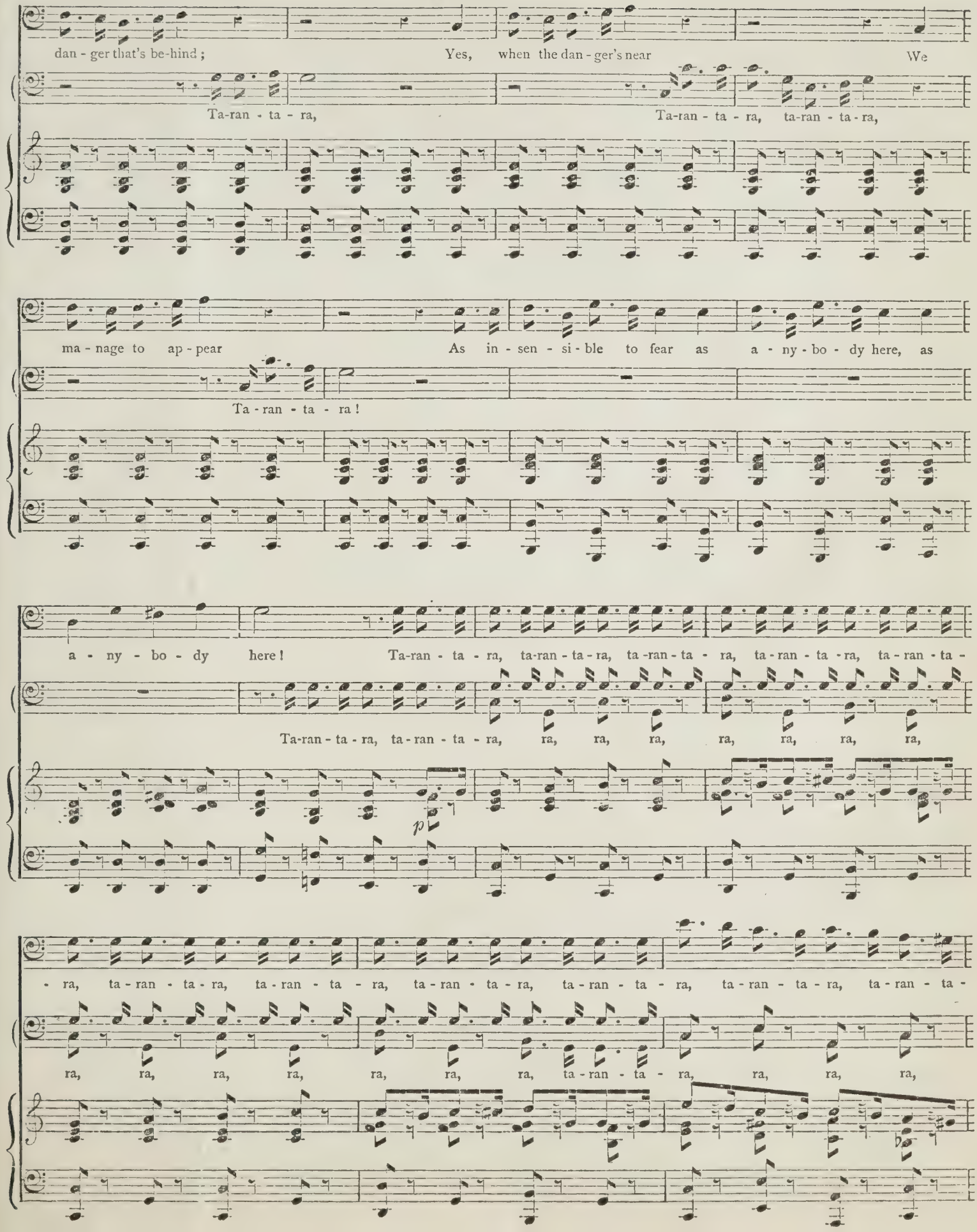


FRED. Farewell! Adieu!
MABEL. The same to you!
BOTH. Farewell! Adieu!

(FRED *rushes to window and leaps out.*)

No. 9. RECITATIVE—Mabel, &c. Chorus of Police.




dan - ger that's be-hind ; Yes, when the dan - ger's near We
Ta-ran - ta - ra, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra,
ma - nage to ap - pear As in - sen - si - ble to fear as a - ny - bo - dy here, as
Ta - ran - ta - ra !
a - ny - bo - dy here ! Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -
Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
p
- ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,

MABEL. "Death and glory."
- ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!
(Dialogue goes on.)
ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!
"old associates."
"acted nobly."
p CHORUS OF POLICE.
That is not a pleasant way of putting it!
He has acted shamefully!
He has acted nobly!
p
"go ye and do yours."
SERGEANT. "This is perplexing."
"sense of duty."
Very well!
We cannot understand it at all!
"we joined the force."
"Too late now."
That makes a difference, of course, but at the same time, we repeat, we cannot understand it at all!
We should!
It is!
Attacca.

MABEL. Sergeant, approach. Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.

ALL. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

MABEL. No matter. He will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.

ALL. He has acted shamefully!

MABEL. You speak falsely; you know nothing about it. He has acted nobly!

ALL. He has acted nobly!

MABEL. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold; but if it was *his* duty to constitute himself my foe, it is likewise *my* duty to regard him in that light. He has done his duty; I will do mine. Go ye and do yours. (*Exit* MABEL *R. I. E.*)

ALL. Very well.

SERGEANT. This is perplexing.

ALL. We cannot understand it at all.

SERGEANT. Still, if he is actuated by a sense of duty—

ALL. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time, we repeat we cannot understand it.

SERGEANT. No matter. Our course is clear; we must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all, but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

ALL. We should.

SERGEANT. It is too late now.

ALL. It is.

No. 10.—SONG—Sergeant & Chorus.

SERGEANT.

1. When a felon's not engaged in his em -
2. When the en-ter-prising burglar's not a -

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

p

- ployment, Or ma - tur - ing his fe - lo-nious lit - tle plans, His ca - pa - ci - ty for in - no - cent en -
- burg-ling, When the cut-throat is - n't oc - cu-pied in crime, He loves to hear the lit - tle brook a -

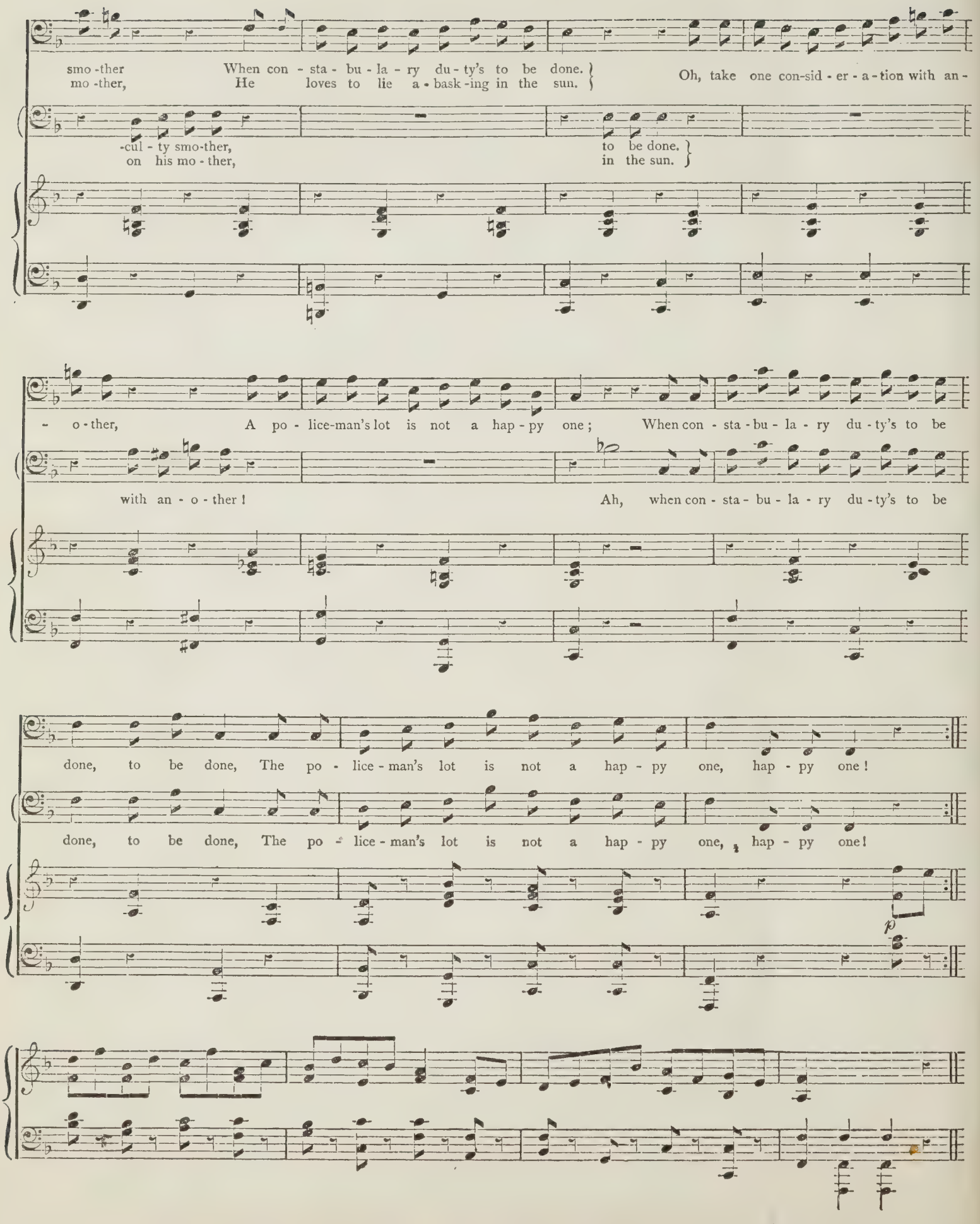
CHORUS OF POLICE.

p

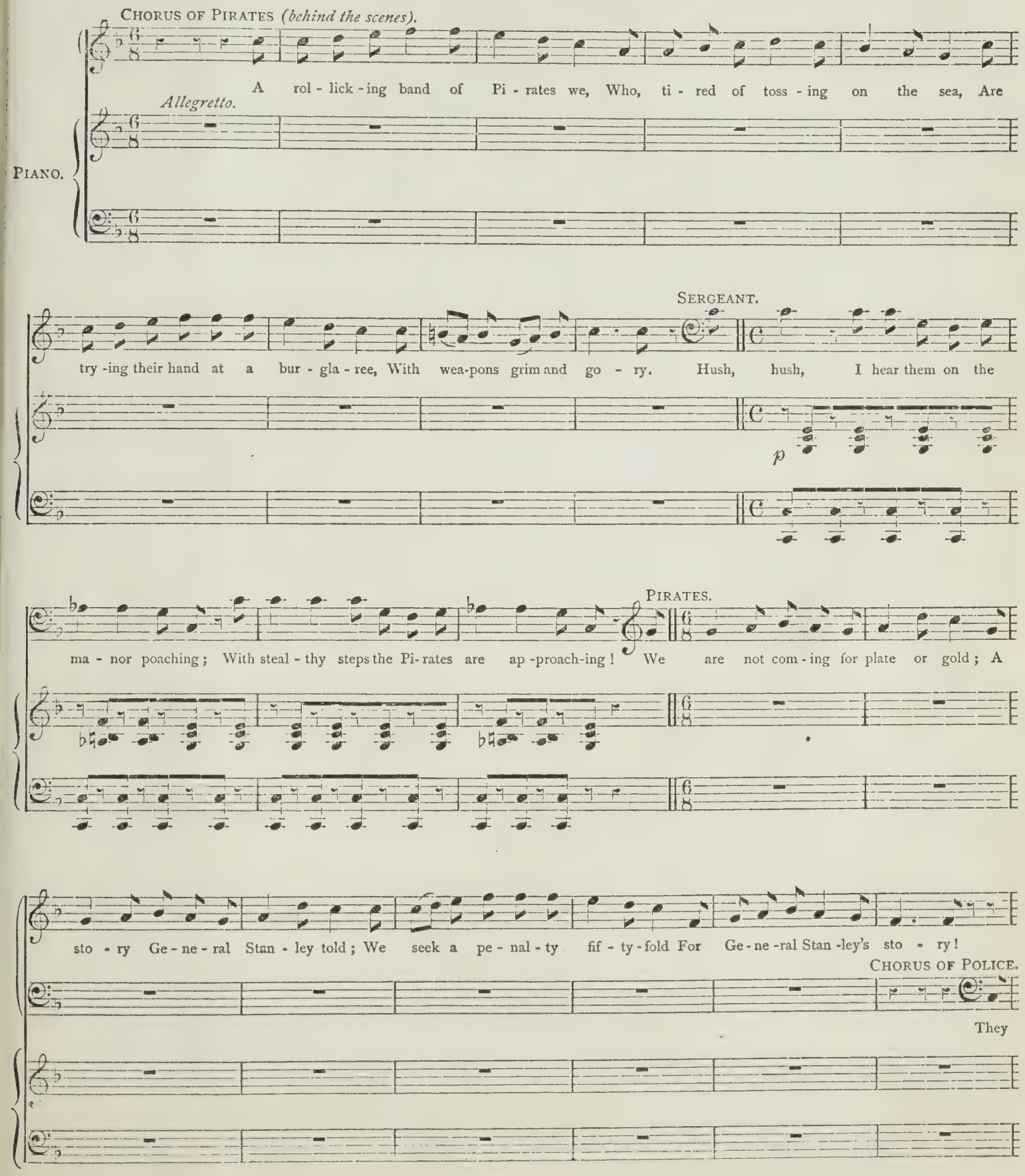
his em-ployment, lit - tle plans,
not a- burg-ling, - pied in crime,

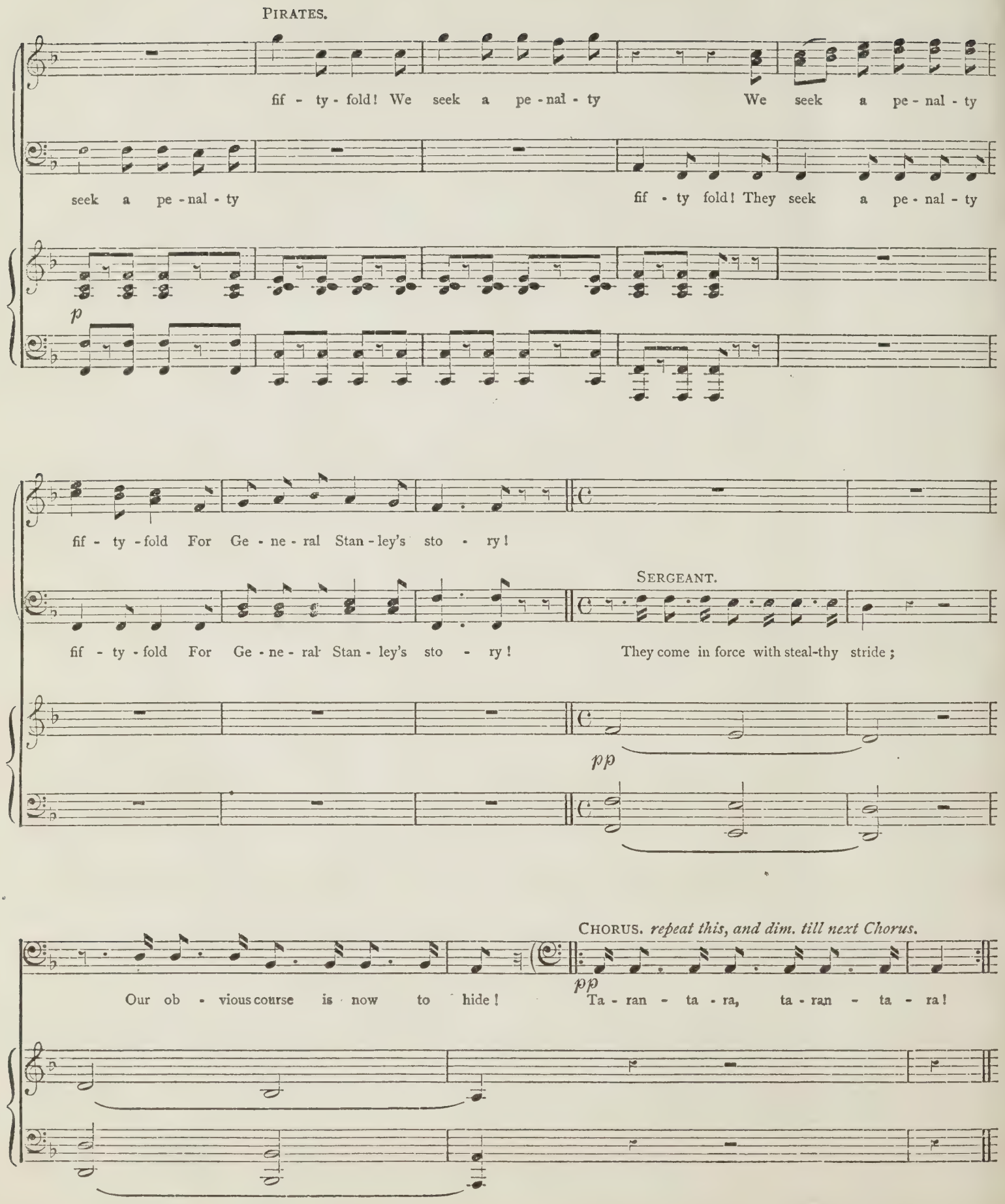
- joy-ment Is just as great as a - ny hon - est man's. Our feel- ings we with dif - fi - cul - ty
- gurg-ling, And lis - ten to the mer - ry vil - lage chime. When the cos- ter's fin-ished jump-ing on his

- cent en - joy-ment, hon - est man's.
brook a- gurg-ling, vil- lage chime.


smo-ther When con - sta - bu - la - ry du - ty's to be done.
mo-ther, He loves to lie a - bask - ing in the sun.
Oh, take one con-sid - er - a - tion with an -
-cul - ty smo-ther, to be done.
on his mo - ther, in the sun.
- o - ther, A po - lice-man's lot is not a hap - py one; When con - sta - bu - la - ry du - ty's to be
with an - o - ther! Ah, when con - sta - bu - la - ry du - ty's to be
done, to be done, The po - lice - man's lot is not a hap - py one, hap - py one!
done, to be done, The po - lice - man's lot is not a hap - py one, hap - py one!
p

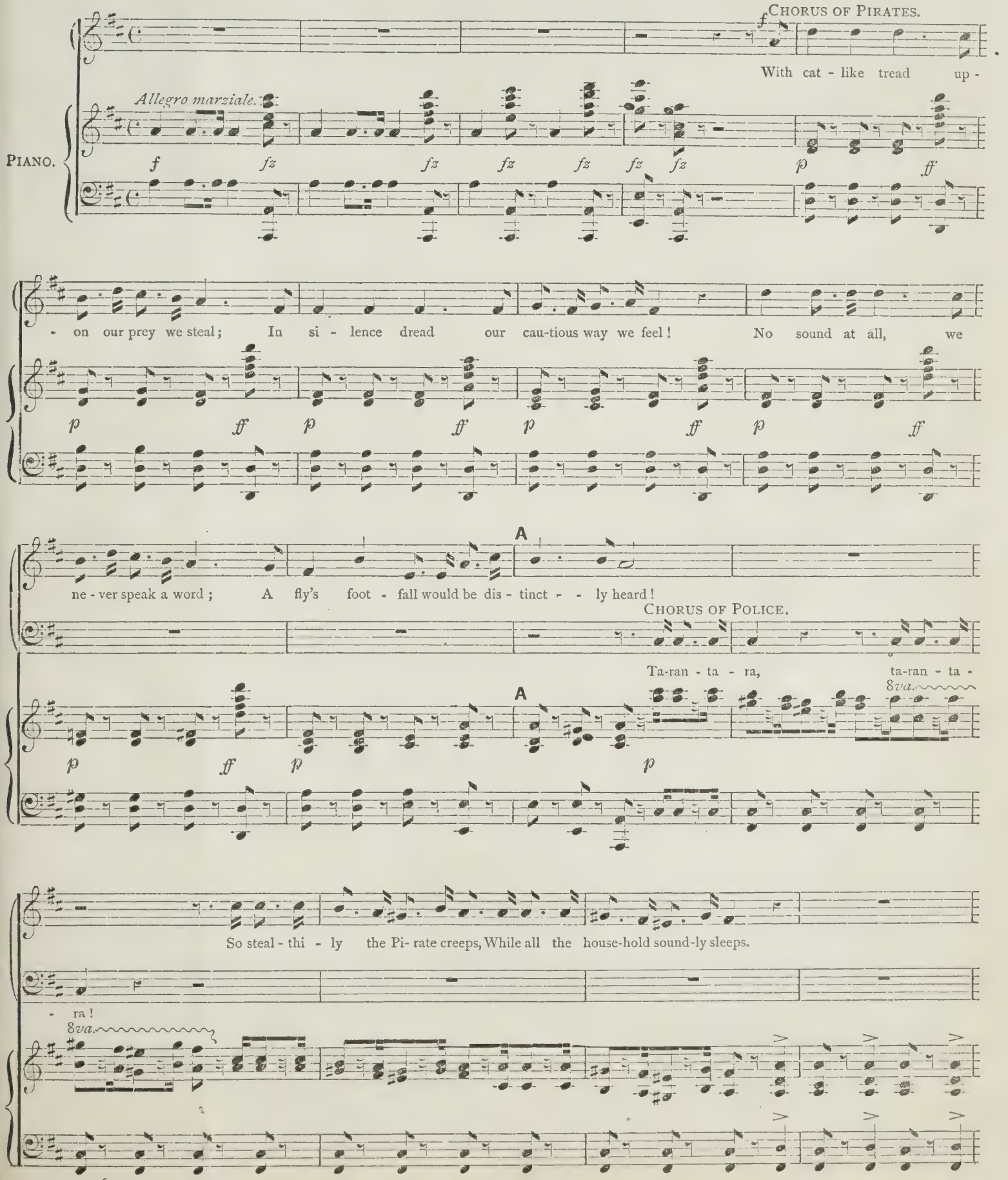
No. 11. SOLO—Sergeant, & Chorus of Pirates & Police.




PIRATES.
fif - ty - fold! We seek a pe - nal - ty We seek a pe - nal - ty
seek a pe - nal - ty fif - ty fold! They seek a pe - nal - ty
p
fif - ty - fold For Ge - ne - ral Stan - ley's sto - ry!
fif - ty - fold For Ge - ne - ral Stan - ley's sto - ry!
SERGEANT.
They come in force with steal-thy stride;
pp
CHORUS. repeat this, and dim. till next Chorus.
Our ob - vious course is now to hide!
pp
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!

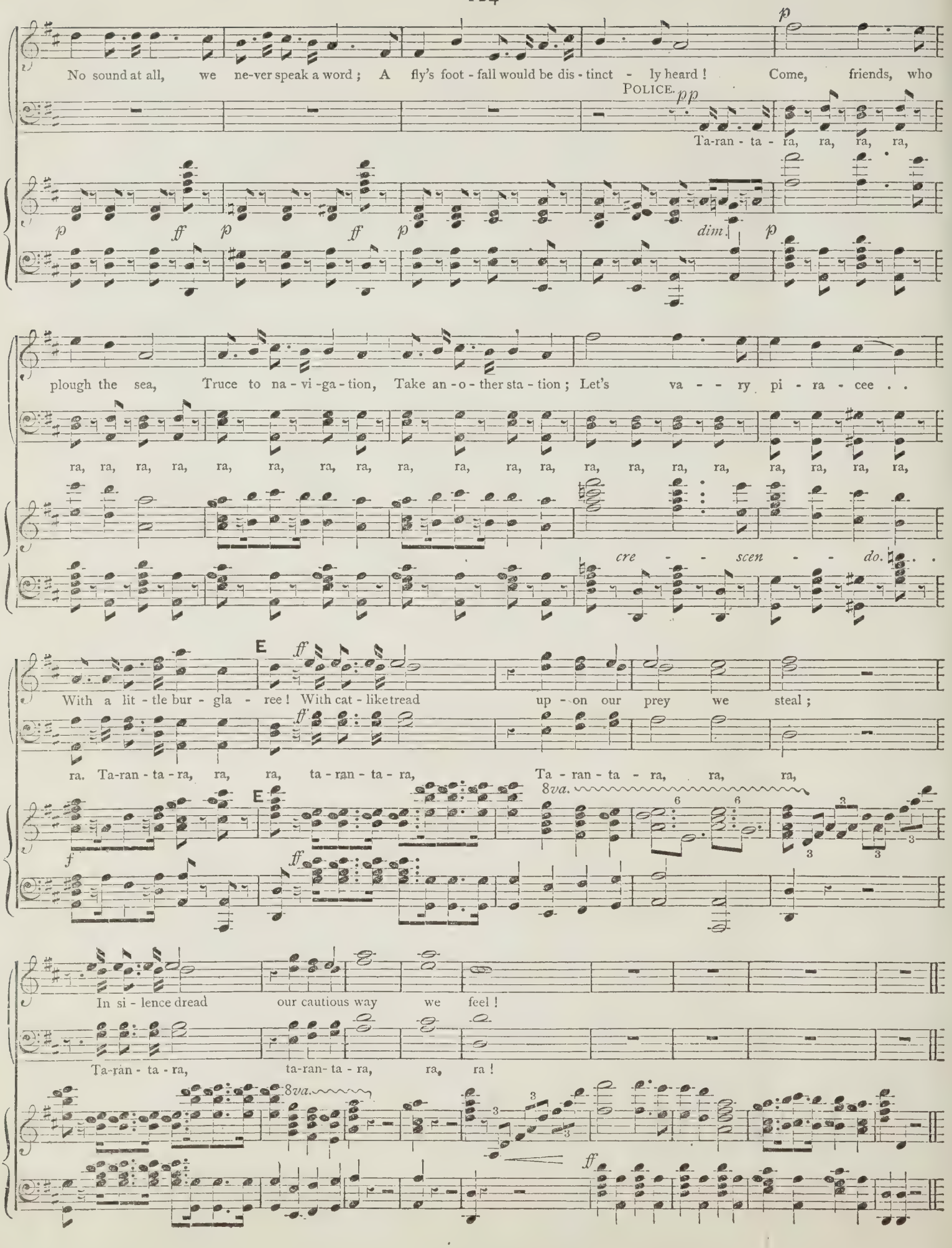
(Police conceal themselves in aisle L. As they do so the Pirates, with RUTH *and* FREDERIC, *are seen appearing at ruined window C. They enter cautiously, and come down stage on tiptoe. The* KING *is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc. etc.)*

No. 12. SOLO — Samuel, & Chorus of Pirates.

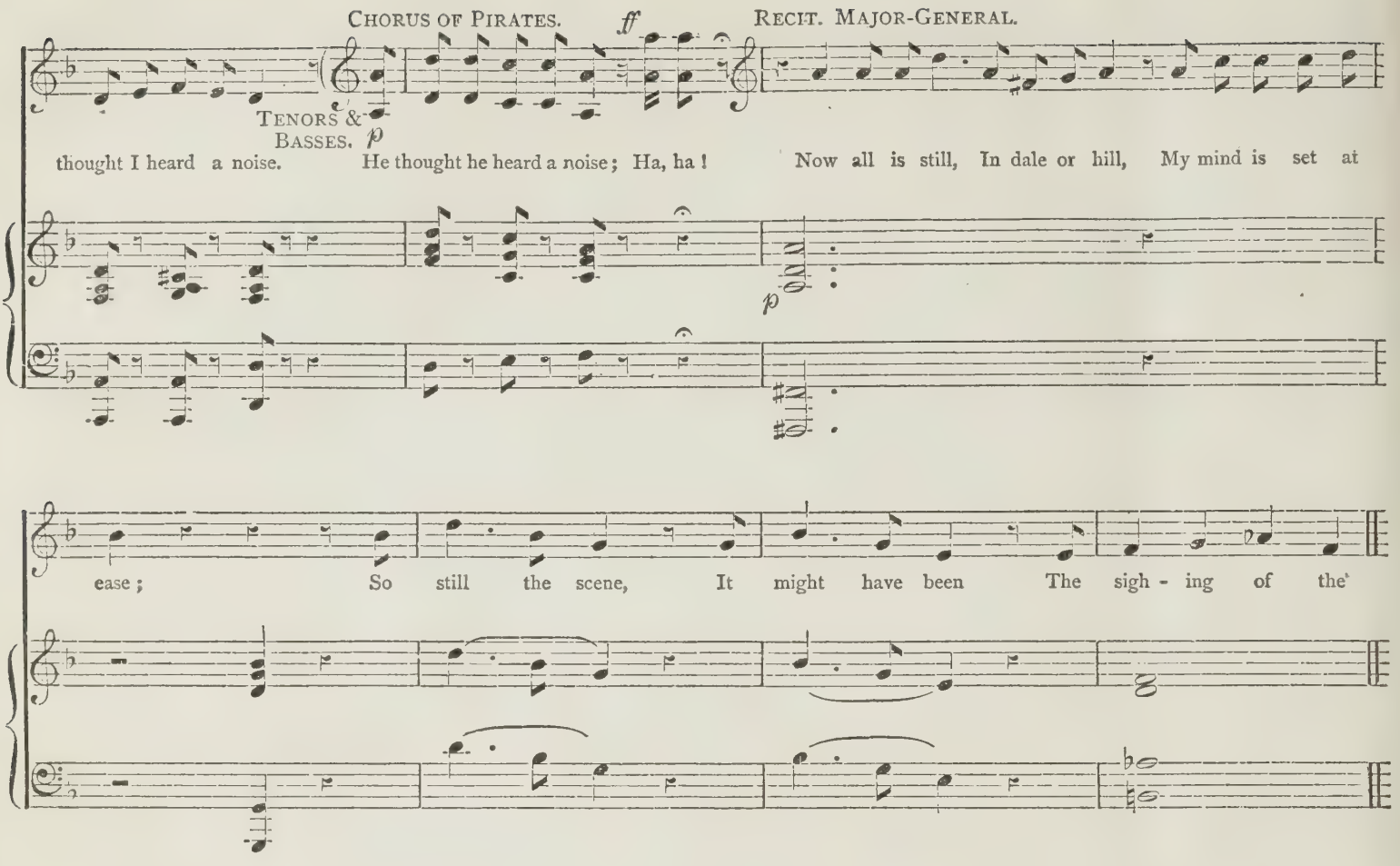


Come, friends, who plough the sea, Truce to na - vi - ga - tion, Take an - o - ther sta - tion;
Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree!
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!
B
Come, friends, who
Ra, ra, ra, ra,
plough the sea, Truce to na - vi - ga - tion, Take an - o - ther sta - tion; Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee . .
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
cre - - scen - - do. . .
C Solo. Samuel.
With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree! Here's your crow - bar, And . . your . .
ra, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra!
C

cen - tre - bit, Your life . . . pre - ser - - ver, You may want to hit!
Your si - lent match - es, Your dark lan - tern seize! Take your . . . file . . . . And your
p
ske - le - ton - ic keys!
D
f PIRATES.
With cat - like tread, in si - lence dread,
f POLICE.
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra - - - ra!
tr
D
f
ff
f PIRATES.
With cat - like tread up - on our prey we steal, In si - lence dread our cau - tious way we feel!
ff
p
ff
p
ff
p
ff
p
ff


No sound at all, we ne-ver speak a word ; A fly's foot - fall would be dis - tinct - ly heard ! Come, friends, who
POLICE.
Ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,
plough the sea, Truce to na - vi - ga - tion, Take an - o - ther sta - tion ; Let's va - - - ry pi - ra - cee . .
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,
cre - - scen - - do.
E
With a lit - tle bur - gla - ree ! With cat - like tread up - on our prey we steal ;
ra. Ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ra, ra,
8va.
In si - lence dread our cautious way we feel !
Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran- ta - ra, ra, ra !
8va.

No. 13. Frederic, King, Major-General, Police, & Pirates.



No. 14. SONG—Major-General & Chorus (Pirates & Police).

A
Set - ting na - ture all a - qui - ver, Rust - ling thro' the trees.
Brook and pop - lar mourn a lo - ver, Sigh - ing, "Well - a - day!"
And the brook, in
Ah, the do - ing
PIRATES. pp
Thro' the trees. . .
"Well - a - day!" . .
POLICE.
Thro' the trees. . .
"Well - a - day!" . .
A
p
rip - pling mea-sure, Laughs for ve - ry love, . . .
and un - do - ing That the rogue could tell; . . .
While the pop - lars, in their plea - sure, Wave their arms a -
When the breeze is out a - woo - ing Who can woo so
B
- bove! . . .
well? . . .
1. Yes, the trees for ve - ry love Wave their leaf - y arms a - bove.
2. Shock - ing tales the rogues could tell, No - bo - dy can woo so well.
SERGEANT with 2nd BASS.
1. Yes, the trees for ve - ry love Wave their leaf - y arms a - bove.
2. Shock - ing tales the rogues could tell, No - bo - dy can woo so well.
B

p MAJOR-GENERAL with 1st TENORS.
1. Ri - ver, ri - ver, lit - tle ri - ver, May thy lov - ing pros - per e'er; Hea - ven
2. Pret - ty brook, thy dream is o - ver, For thy love is but a ro - ver; Sad the
f
speed the pop - lar tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py be, Hea - ven speed the pop - lar
lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by a fic - kle breeze, Sad the lot of pop - lar
dim.
1st time.
2nd time.
tree, May thy woo - - ing hap - py be! . . . . by
trees, Court - ed
tr
mf
a fic - - - - - - - - kle breeze. . . . .
Ped.
Ped.

(*Enter the* GENERAL'S *daughters, led by* MABEL, *all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and carrying candles.*)

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

C *f* SOPRANOS.

Now what is this, and what is that? And why does fa - ther leave his bed At such a time of night as this, So

Allegro vivace.

C

f

ve - ry in - com-plete - ly dressed? Dear fa - ther is, and al - ways was, The most me - tho - di - cal of men; It's

his in - va - ri - a - ble rule To go to bed at half - past ten. What strange oc - cur - rence can it be That

calls dear fa - ther from his rest At such a time of night as this, So ve - ry in - com - plete - ly dressed!

D

So ve - ry in- com-plete-ly dressed, At such a time of night.

D

ff

KING. (*Springing up.*) Forward, my men, and seize that general there!
His life is over.

(*Dialogue.*)

GIRLS.

The pi-rates! the pirates! oh, des-pair!

fz fz fz

PIRATES.

Yes, we're the pi-rates; so des-pair!

E E

fz ff

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Fred-e-ric here! oh joy! oh rap-ture! Summon your men, and ef-fect their cap-ture.

MABEL.

Fred-e-ric, save us!

p

FRED.

Beau-ti-ful Ma-bel, I would if I could, But I am not a-ble.

PIRATES.

F

He's tell-ing the truth, he is not a-ble.

F

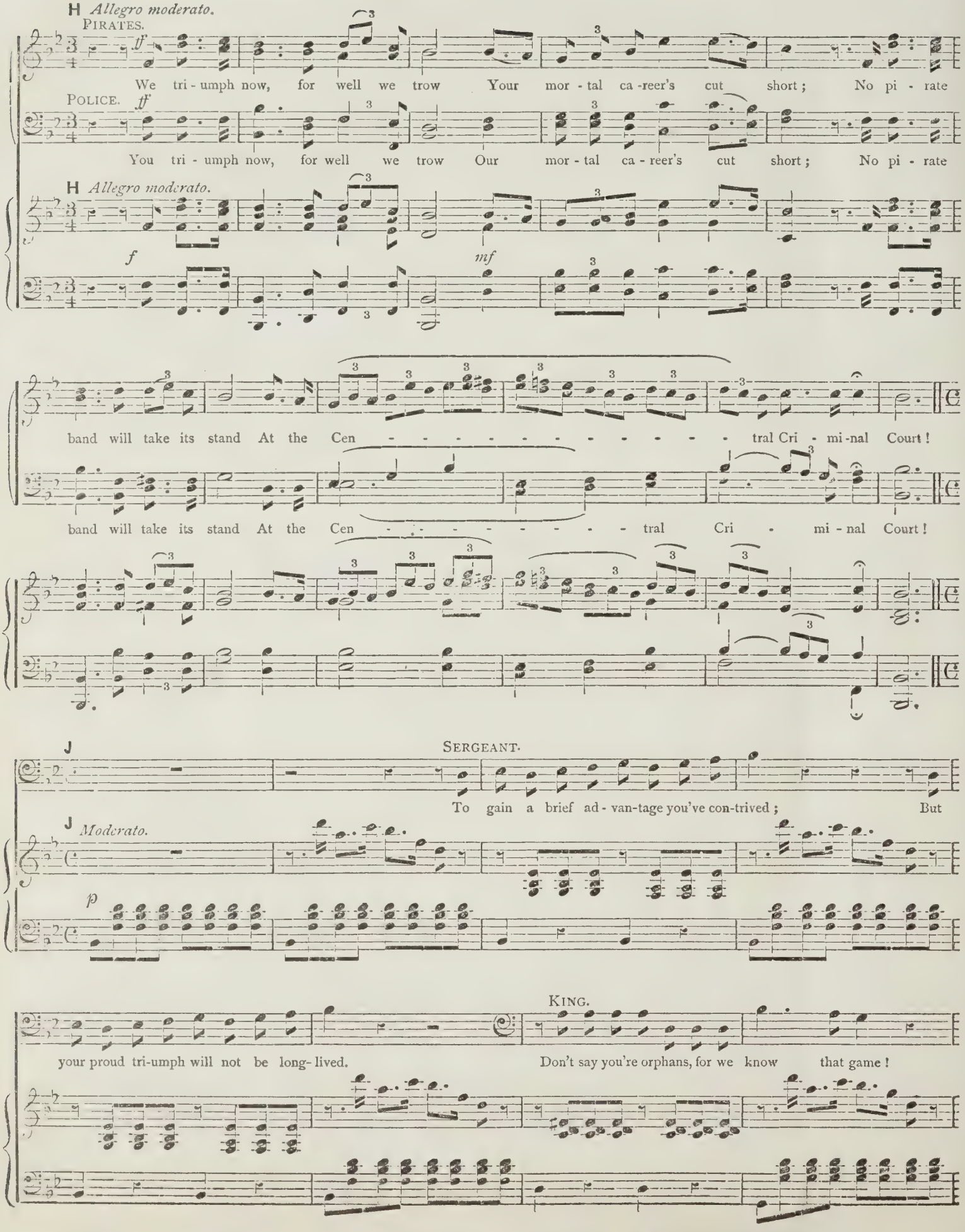
f ff

KING.

With base de-ceit you work up-on our feel-ings; Re-venge is sweet, and

p

fla-vours all our deal-ings; With cou-rage rare, and re-so-lu-tion man-ly, For death pre-pare, un-
G MABEL.
CHORUS OF GIRLS.
MABEL.
-hap-py Gen-'ral Stan-ley! Is he to die, un-shri-ven, un-an-neal'd? Oh, spare him! Will
G
p
GIRLS.
POLICE.
GIRLS.
no one in his cause a wea-pon wield? Oh, spare him! Yes, we are here, though hi-ther-to con-ceal'd! Oh, rap-ture!
(A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police, RUTH tackling SERGEANT. Eventually the Police are overcome and fall prostrate, the Pirates standing over them with drawn swords.)
POLICE.
GIRLS.
Lo! to our pow-ers pi-rates quick-ly yield! Oh, rap-ture!
cre-scen-do.
ff


H Allegro moderato.
PIRATES.
We tri - umph now, for well we trow Your mor - tal ca -reer's cut short; No pi - rate
POLICE.
You tri - umph now, for well we trow Our mor - tal ca - reer's cut short; No pi - rate
band will take its stand At the Cen - - - - - - - - - - - - tral Cri - mi - nal Court!
band will take its stand At the Cen - - - - - - - - - tral Cri - mi - nal Court!
J
SERGEANT.
To gain a brief ad - van-tage you've con-trived; But
J Moderato.
KING.
your proud tri-umph will not be long- lived. Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game!

SERGEANT.

K

On your al- le-giance we've a stron - ger claim; We bid you yield,

K

slower.

KING.

POLICE.

we bid you yield in Queen Vic -to - ria's name! You do? We

p

do! We charge you yield in Queen Vic - to - ria's name!

(Pirates kneel; Police stand over them triumphantly.)

L

KING.

We yield at once with hum - bled mien, . . Be - cause, with all our

L *L'istesso tempo.*

p

POLICE.

faults, we love our Queen! Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their

(*Police, holding Pirates by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.*)

1st SOPRANO. M RECIT. MAJOR-GENERAL. RUTH.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen! A - way with them, and place them at the bar! One

2nd SOPRANO.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

TENOR.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

POLICE. BASS.

Queen! Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

M

f

a tempo.

moment, let me tell you who they are: They are no members of the com- mon throng, They are all no- ble- men

p

Un poco più Animato. CHORUS OF GIRLS. O MAJOR-GENERAL.

who have gone wrong. Oh, spare them! they are all no- ble- men who have gone wrong. What,

Un poco più Animato.

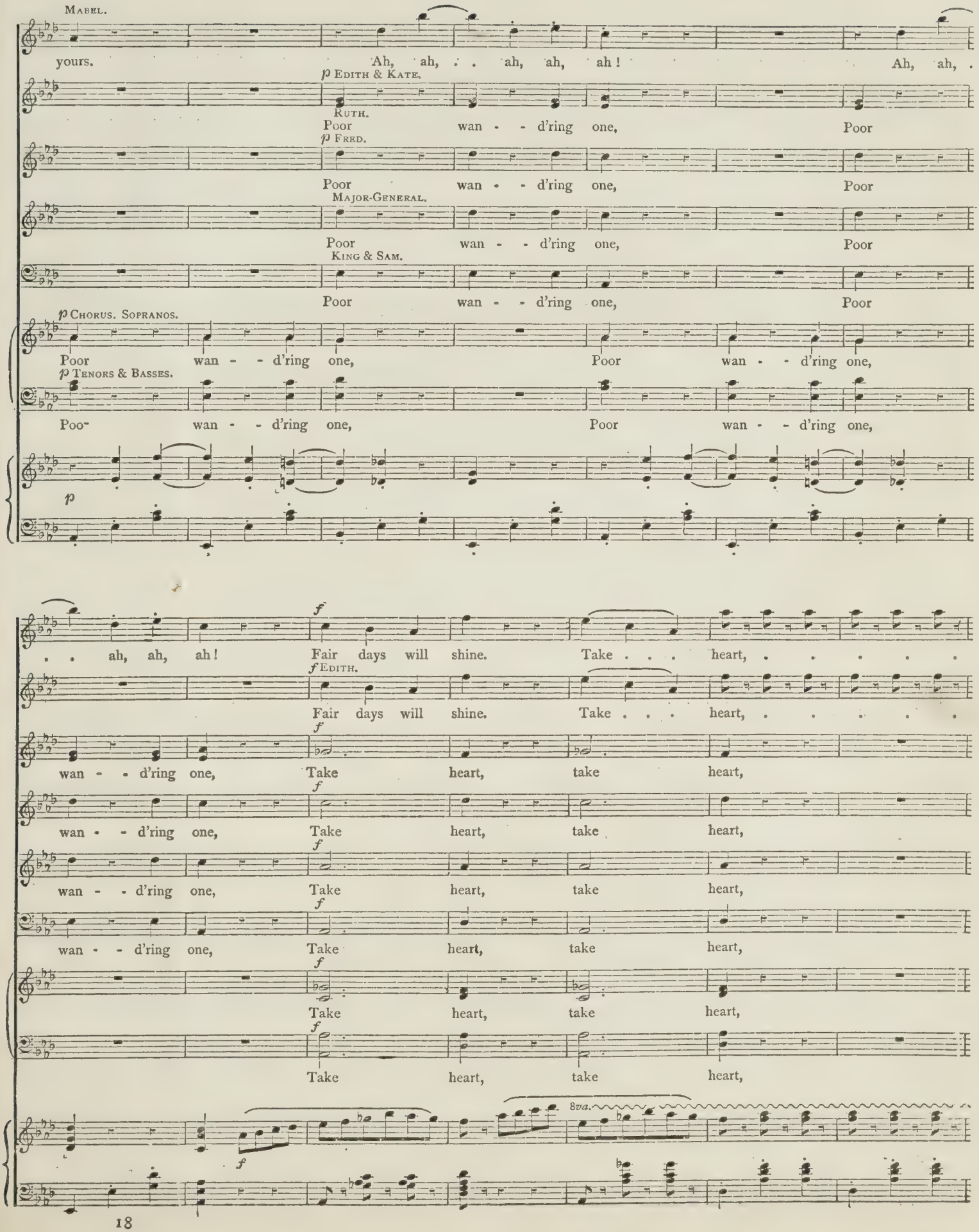
f

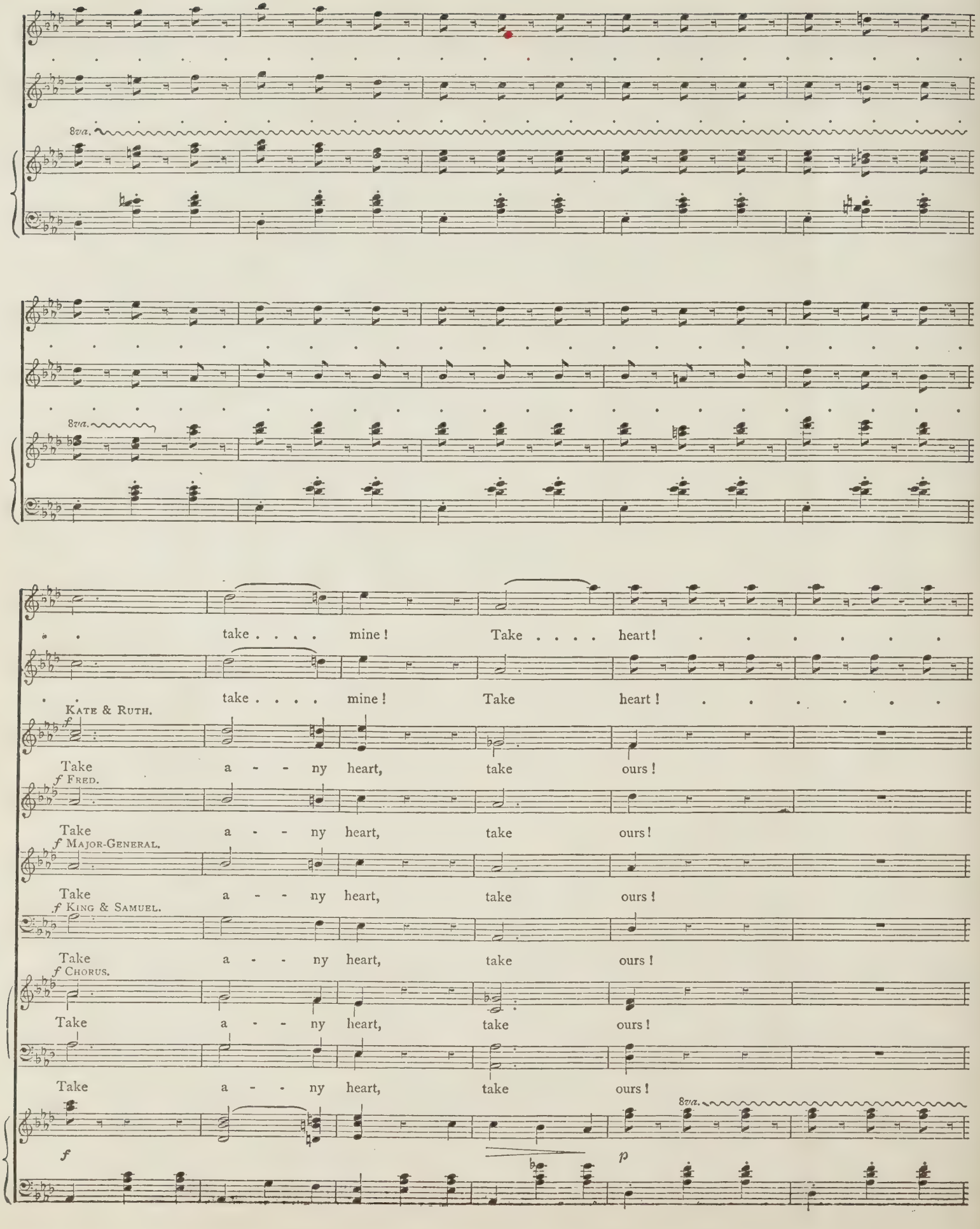
O

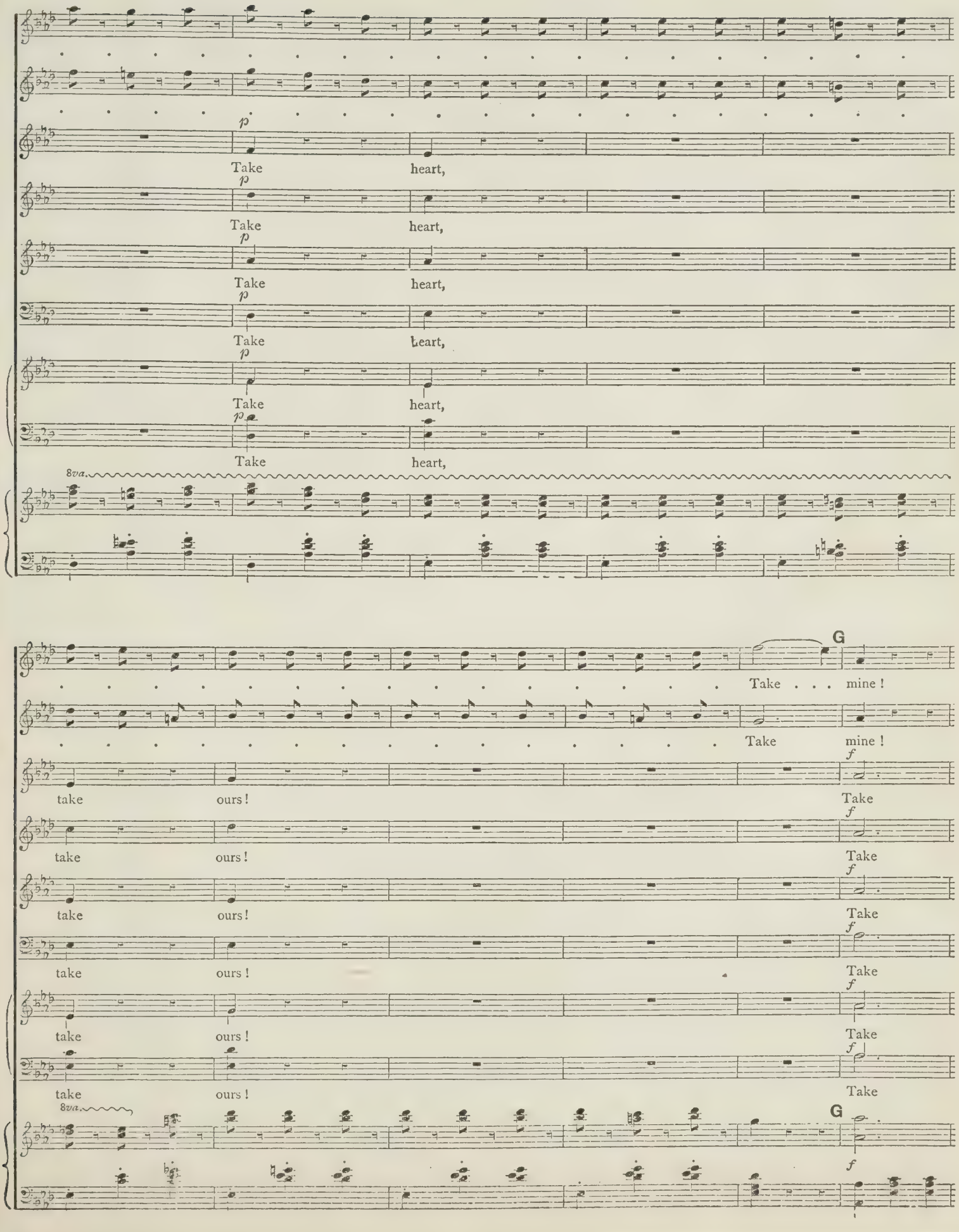
p

KING.
MAJOR-GENERAL.
KING.
all no-ble-men? Yes, *all* no-ble-men! What, all?..
Well, near-ly all!
P
ff
MAJOR-GENERAL. *Moderato.*
No Eng-lishman un-mov'd that state-ment hears! Be-cause, with all our
8va.
p
(*All kneel.*)
faults, we love our House.. of Peers; I pray you par-don me, ex-Pi-rate King! Peers will be Peers, and
youth will have its fling! Re-sume your rank and le-gis-la-tive du-ties, And take my daughters, all of whom are

MABEL.
beau - ties!
Tempo di valse.
p
p
Poor wan - d'ring ones, . .
. . . Though ye have sure - ly strayed, Take heart of grace,
Your steps re - trace, Poor wan - d'ring ones! . . . . . .
rall.
a tempo.
Poor wan - d'ring ones, . . . If such poor love . . as ours
Can help you find true peace of mind, Why, take it, it . . . is


Mabel.
yours. Ah, ah, . . ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah, .
p Edith & Kate.
Ruth.
Poor wan - - d'ring one, Poor
p Fred.
Poor wan - - d'ring one, Poor
Major-General.
Poor wan - - d'ring one, Poor
King & Sam.
Poor wan - - d'ring one, Poor
p Chorus. Sopranos.
Poor wan - - d'ring one, Poor wan - - d'ring one,
p Tenors & Basses.
Poo- wan - - d'ring one, Poor wan - - d'ring one,
p
. . ah, ah, ah! Fair days will shine. Take . . . heart, ...
f Edith.
Fair days will shine. Take . . . heart, ...
wan - - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,
wan - - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,
wan - - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,
wan - - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,
Take heart, take heart,
Take heart, take heart,
8va.


8va.
8va.
take . . . . mine ! Take . . . . heart !
take . . . . mine ! Take heart !
KATE & RUTH.
f
Take a - - ny heart, take ours !
f FRED.
Take a - - ny heart, take ours !
f MAJOR-GENERAL.
Take a - - ny heart, take ours !
f KING & SAMUEL.
Take a - - ny heart, take ours !
f CHORUS.
Take a - - ny heart, take ours !
Take a - - ny heart, take ours !
8va.
f
p


p
Take heart,
p
Take heart,
p
Take heart,
p
Take heart,
p
Take heart,
8va.
G
Take . . . mine !
Take mine !
f
take ours !
Take
take ours !
Take
take ours !
Take
take ours !
Take
take ours !
Take
take ours !
Take
8va.
G
f

MABEL, EDITH, & KATE, tacet.
RUTH, FRED., & MAJOR-GENERAL with SOP.
EDITH with 1st SOP.
heart, Fair days will shine, Take heart, Fair days will shine,
KING & SAM. with BASSES.
heart, Fair days will shine, Take heart, Fair days will shine,
MABEL & EDITH with 1st SOP.
MAJOR-GENERAL with 2nd SOP.
Take heart,
FRED. with TENOR.
KING & SAM. with BASS.
Take heart,
f
MABEL.
Take heart,
EDITH.
Take heart,
KATE & RUTH.
Take heart,
MAJOR-GENERAL.
Take heart,
Take heart, Take heart,
FRED. with TENOR. ff
Take heart, Take heart,
SAM. & KING with BASS.
cre - scen - do.
ff

Take . . ours ! . . . .
Take. . . ours ! . . . . .
Take . . ours ! . . . . .
Take . . ours ! . . . . .
Take . . ours ! . . . . .
sempre ff
8va.
Ped.

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Sullivan (Sir) Arthur Seymou
[The pirates of Penzance.
Piano-vocal score. English-
The pirates of Penzance

Music